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J. M. Macdeman
J. & THE
THE
B E A U T I E S

Chas. J. Hall
OF THE

R A M B L E R,
ADVENTURER, CONNOISSEUR,
WORLD, AND IDLER.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

A NEW EDITION.

L O N D O N:

PRINTED FOR G. KEARSLEY, AT JOHNSON'S HEAD, IN
FLEET-STREET.

M.DCC.XCVI.

HALLOWEEN GUN SHOW
13 NORTH FRONT STREET
HARRISBURG, PA.

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J. M. Hardman

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BEAUTIES

OF THE

ADVENTURER.

LABOUR.

NUMB. 2. SATURDAY, *November 11*, 1752.

Palma negata macrum, donata reducit opimum.

HOR.

—To sink in shame, or swell with pride,
As the gay palm is granted or deny'd.

FRANCIS.

THE multitudes that support life by corporal labour, and eat their bread in the sweat of their brow, commonly regard inactivity as idleness; and have no conception that weariness can be contracted in an elbow-chair, by now and then peeping into a book, and musing the rest of the day; the sedentary and studious, therefore raise their envy or contempt, as they appear either to possess the conveniences of life by mere bounty of fortune, or to suffer the want of them by refusing to work.

It is, however, certain, that to think is to labour; and that as the body is affected by the exercise of the mind, the fatigue of the study is not less than that of the field or the manufactory.

But the labour of the mind, though it is equally wearisome with that of the body, is not attended with the same advantages. Exercise gives health, vigour, and cheerfulness, sound sleep and a keen appetite: the effects

of sedentary thoughtfulness are diseases that embitter and shorten life, interrupted rest, tasteless meals, perpetual langour, and causeless anxiety.

No natural inability to perform manual operations, has been observed to proceed from disinclination; the reluctance, if it cannot be removed, may be surmounted; and the artificer then proceeds in his work with as much dexterity and exactness, as if no extraordinary effort had been made to begin it: but with respect to the productions of imagination and wit, a mere determination of the will is not sufficient; there must be a disposition of the mind which no human being can procure, or the work will have the appearance of a forced plan, in the production of which the industry of art has been substituted for the vigour of nature.

Nor does this disposition always ensure success, though the want of it never fails to render application ineffectual; for the writer who sits down in the morning fired with his subject, and teeming with ideas, often finds at night, that what delighted his imagination offends his judgment, and he has lost the day by indulging a pleasing dream, in which he joined together a multitude of splendid images without perceiving their incongruity.

Thus the wit is condemned to pass his hours, those hours which return no more, in attempting that which he cannot effect, or in collecting materials which he afterwards discovers to be unfit for use; but the mechanic and the husbandman know, that the work which they perform will always bear the same proportion to the time in which they are employed, and the diligence which they exert.

Neither is the reward of intellectual equally certain with that of corporal labour; the artificer, for the manufacture which he finishes in a day, receives a certain sum; but the wit frequently gains no advantage from a performance at which he has toiled many months, either because the town is not disposed to judge of his merit, or because he has not suited the popular taste.

It

It has been often observed, that not the value of a man's income, but the proportion which it bears to his expences, justly denominates him rich or poor; and that it is not so much the manner in which he lives, as the habit of life he has contracted, which renders them happy or wretched. For this reason, the labour of the mind, even when it is adequately rewarded, does not procure means of happiness in the same proportion as that of the body. They that sing at the loom, or whistle after the plough, wish not for intellectual entertainment; if they have plenty of wholesome food, they do not repine at the inelegance of their table, nor are they less happy because they are not treated with ceremonious respect and served with silent celerity. The scholar is always considered as becoming a gentleman by his education; and the wit as conferring honour upon his company, however elevated by their rank or fortune: they are, therefore, frequently admitted to scenes of life very different from their own; they partake of pleasures which they cannot hope to purchase; and many superfluities become necessary, by the gratification of wants, which in a lower class they would never have known.

Thus, the peasant and the mechanic, when they have received the wages of the day, and procured their strong beer and supper, have scarce a wish unsatisfied; but the man of nice discernment and quick sensations, who has acquired a high relish of the elegancies and refinements of life, has seldom philosophy enough to be equally content with that which the reward of genius can purchase.

And yet there is scarce any character so much the object of envy, as that of a successful writer. But those who only see him in company, or hear encomiums on his merit, form a very erroneous opinion of his happiness: they conceive him as perpetually enjoying the triumphs of intellectual superiority; as displaying the luxuriance of his fancy, and the variety of his knowledge, to silent admiration; or listening in voluptuous indolence to the music of praise. But they know not, that these

lucid intervals are short and few ; that much the greater part of his life is passed in solitude and anxiety ; that his hours glide away unnoticed, and the day like the night is contracted to a moment by the intense application of the mind to its object : locked up from every eye, and lost even to himself, he is reminded that he lives only by the necessities of life ; he then starts as from a dream, and regrets that the day has passed unenjoyed ; without affording means of happiness to the morrow.

WILL HARDMAN, the smith, had three sons, TOM, NED, and GEORGE. GEORGE, who was the youngest, he put apprentice to a taylor ; the two elder were otherwise provided for : he had by some means the opportunity of sending them to school upon a foundation, and afterwards to the university. WILL thought that this opportunity to give his boys good learning, was not to be missed : " Learning," he said, " was a portion which the D-v-l could not wrong them of ; and when he had done what he ought for them, they must do for themselves."

As he had not the same power to procure them livings, when they had finished their studies, they came to London. They were both scholars ; but TOM was a genius, and NED was a dunce ; NED became usher in a school at the yearly salary of twenty pounds, and TOM soon distinguished himself as an author : he wrote many pieces of great excellence ; but his reward was sometimes withheld by caprice, and sometimes intercepted by envy. He passed his time in penury and labour ; his mind was abstracted in the recollection of sentiment, and perplexed in the arrangement of his ideas and the choice of expression.

GEORGE in the mean time became a master in his trade, kept ten men constantly at work upon the board, drank his beer out of a silver tankard, and boasted, that he might be as well to pass in a few years as many of those for whom he made raced clothes, and who thought themselves his betters. NED wished earnestly that he could

could change stations with GEORGE: but TOM, in the pride of his heart, disdained them both; and declared, that he would rather perish upon a bulk with cold and hunger, than steal through life in obscurity, and be forgotten when he was dead.

DISTRESS ENCOURAGED TO HOPE.

NUMB. 7. TUESDAY, November 28, 1752.

Sit mihi fas audita loqui---

VIRG.

Wha I have heard, permit me to relate.

I RECEIVED, a few weeks ago, an account of the death of a lady whose name is known to many, but the "eventful history" of whose life has been communicated to few: to me it has been often related during a long and intimate acquaintance; and as there is not a single person living, upon whom the making it public can reflect unmerited dishonour, or whose delicacy or virtue can suffer by the relation, I think I owe to mankind a series of events from which the wretched may derive comfort, and the most forlorn may be encouraged to hope; as misery is alleviated by the contemplation of yet deeper distress, and the mind fortified against despair by instances of unexpected relief.

The father of MELISSA was the younger son of a country gentleman who possessed an estate of about five hundred a year; but as this was to be the inheritance of the elder brother, and as there were three sisters to be provided for, he was at about sixteen taken from Eton school, and apprenticed to a considerable merchant at Bristol. The young gentleman, whose imagination had been fired by the exploits of heroes, the victories gained by magnanimous presumption, and the wonders discovered by daring curiosity, was not disposed to consider the acquisition of wealth as the limit of his ambition, or the repute of honest industry as the total of his

fame. He regarded his situation as servile and ignominious, as the degradation of his genius and the preclusion of his hopes; and longing to go in search of adventures, he neglected his business as unworthy of his attention, heard the remonstrances of his master with a kind of sullen disdain, and after two years' legal slavery made his escape, and at the next town enlisted himself a soldier; not doubting but that, by his military merit and the fortune of war, he should return a general officer, to the confusion of those who would have buried him in the obscurity of a counting-house. He found means effectually to elude the enquiries of his friends, as it was of the utmost importance to prevent their officious endeavours to ruin his project and obstruct his advancement.

He was sent with other recruits to London, and soon after quartered with the rest of his company in a part of the country, which was so remote from all with whom he had any connection, that he no longer dreaded a discovery.

It happened that he went one day to the house of a neighbouring gentleman with his comrade, who was become acquainted with the chambermaid, and by her interest admitted into the kitchen. This gentleman, whose age was something more than sixty, had been about two years married to a second wife, a young woman who had been well educated and lived in the polite world, but had no fortune. By his first wife, who had been dead about ten years, he had several children; the youngest was a daughter who had just entered her seventeenth year; she was very tall for her age, had a fine complexion, good features, and was well shaped; but her father, whose affection for her was mere instinct, as much as that of a brute for its young, utterly neglected her education. It was impossible for him, he said, to live without her; and as he could not afford to have her attended by a governess and proper masters, in a place so remote from London, she was suffered to
continue.

continue illiterate and unpolished; she knew no entertainment higher than a game at romps with the servants; she became their confident, and trusted them in return, nor did she think herself happy any where but in the kitchen.

As the capricious fondness of her father had never conciliated her affection, she perceived it abate upon his marriage without regret. She suffered no new restraint from her new mother, who observed with a secret satisfaction that Miss had been used to hide herself from visitors, as neither knowing how to behave nor being fit to be seen, and chose rather to conceal her defects by excluding her from company, than to supply them by putting her to a boarding school.

Miss, who had been told by Betty that she expected her sweetheart, and that they were to be merry, stole down stairs, and without any scruple, made one in a party at blindman's buff. The soldier of fortune was struck with her person, and discovered, or thought he discovered, in the simplicity of nature, some graces which are polished away by the labour of art. However, nothing that had the appearance of an adventure could be indifferent to him; and his vanity was flattered by the hope of carrying off a young lady under the disguise of a common soldier, without revealing his birth, or boasting of his expectations. In this attempt, he became very assiduous, and succeeded. The company being ordered to another place, Betty and her young mistress departed early in the morning with their gallants; and there being a privileged chapel in the next town, they were married.

The old gentleman, as soon as he was informed that his daughter was missing, made so diligent and scrupulous an enquiry after her, that he learned with whom and which way she was gone: he mounted his horse, and pursued her, not without curses and imprecations; discovering rather the transports of rage, than the emotion of tenderness, and resenting her offence rather as

the rebellion of a slave than the disobedience of a child. He did not, however, overtake them till the marriage had been consummated; of which, when he was informed by the husband, he turned from him with expressions of brutality and indignation, swearing never to forgive a fault which he had taken no care to prevent.

The young couple, notwithstanding their union frequently doubled their distress, still continued fond of each other. The spirit of enterprize, and the hope of presumption, were not yet quelled in the young soldier; and he received orders to attend King William, when he went to the siege of Namur, with exultation and transport, believing his elevation to independence and distinction as certain as if he had been going to take possession of a title and estate.--His wife who had been some months pregnant, as she had no means of subsistence in his absence, procured a passage with him. When she came on shore, and mingled with the crowd that followed the camp, wretches, who without compunction, wade in human blood, to strip the dying and the dead, to whom horror is become familiar, and compassion impossible, she was terrified: the discourse of the women, rude and unpolished as she was, covered her with confusion; and the brutal familiarity of the men filled her with indignation and disgust: her maid, Betty, who had also attended her husband, was the only person with whom she could converse, and from whom she could hope the assistance of which she was so soon to stand in need. In the mean time she found it difficult to subsist; but accidentally hearing the name of an officer, whom she remembered to have visited her mother soon after her marriage, she applied to him, told him her name, and requested that he would afford her his protection, and permit her to take care of his linen. With this request the captain complied; her circumstances became less distressed, and her mind more easy: but new calamity suddenly overtook her; she saw her husband march to an engagement in the morning, and saw him
desperately

desperately wounded at night. The next day he was removed in a waggon with many others who were in the same condition, to a place of greater safety, at the distance of about three leagues, where proper care might be taken of their wounds. She intreated the captain to let her go in the waggon with him; but to this he could not consent, because the waggon would be filled with those who neither were able to walk, nor could be left behind. He promised, however, that if she would stay till the next day, he would endeavour to procure her a passage; but she chose rather to follow the waggon on foot, than to be absent from her husband. She could not, however, keep pace with it and she reached the hospital but just time enough to kneel down by him upon some clean straw, to see him sink under the last agony, and hear the groan that is repeated no more. The fatigue of the journey, and the perturbation of her mind, immediately threw her into labour, and she lived but to be delivered of MELISSA, who was thus in the most helpless state left without father, mother, or friend, in a foreign country, in circumstances which could afford no hope of reward to the tenderness that should attempt the preservation of her life, and among persons who were become obdurate and insensible, by having been long used to see every species of distress.

It happened that among those whom accident or distress had brought together at the birth of MELISSA, there was a young woman, whose husband had fallen in the late engagement, and who a few days before had lost a little boy that she suckled. This person, rather perhaps to relieve herself from an inconveniency, than in compassion to the orphan, put it to her breast: but whatever was her motive, she believed that the affording sustenance to the living, conferred a right to the apparel of the dead, of which she therefore took possession; but in searching her pocket she found only a thimble, the remains of a pocket looking-glass, about the value of a penny in Dutch money, and the certifi-

cate of her marriage. The paper, which she could not read, she gave afterwards to the captain, who was touched with pity at the relation which an inquiry after his laundress produced. He commended the woman who had preserved the infant, and put her into the place of its mother. This encouraged her to continue her care of it till he returned to England, with whom she also returned and became his servant.

This gentleman, as soon as he had settled his immediate concerns, sent MELISSA, under the care of her nurse, to her grandfather; and inclosed the certificate of her mother's marriage in a letter containing an account of her death, and the means by which the infant had been preserved. He knew that those who had been once dear to us, by whatever offence they may have alienated our affection when living, are generally remembered with tenderness when dead; and that after the grave has sheltered them from our resentment, and rendered reconciliation impossible, we often regret as severe that conduct which before we approved as just; he, therefore, hoped, that the parental fondness which an old man had once felt for his daughter, would revive at the sight of her offspring; that the memory of her fault would be lost in the sense of her misfortunes; and that he would endeavour to atone for that inexorable resentment, which produced them, by cherishing a life to which she had, as it were, transferred her own. But in these expectations, however reasonable, he was mistaken. The old man, when he was informed by the messenger that the child she held in her arms was his grand-daughter, whom she was come to put under his protection, refused to examine the contents of the letter, and dismissed her with menaces and insult. The knowledge of every uncommon event soon becomes general in a country town. An uncle of MELISSA's, who had been rejected by his father for having married his maid, heard this fresh instance of his brutality with grief and indignation; he sent immediately for the child and the letter, and assured the servant.

want that his niece should want nothing which he could bestow: to bestow much, indeed, was not in his power, for his father having obstinately persisted in his resentment, his whole support was a little farm which he rented of the 'squire: but as he was a good œconomist, and had no children of his own, he lived decently; nor did he throw away content, because his father had denied him affluence.

MELISSA, who was compassionate for her mother's misfortunes, of which her uncle had been particularly informed by her maid Betty, who had returned a widow to her friends in the country, was not less beloved for her own good qualities; she was taught to read and write, and work at her needle, as soon as she was able to learn; and she was taken notice of by all the gentry as the prettiest girl in the place: but her aunt died when she was about eleven years old, and before she was thirteen she lost her uncle.

She was now again thrown back upon the world, still helpless though her wants were increased, and wretched in proportion as she had known happiness: she looked back with anguish, and forward with distraction; a fit of crying had just afforded her a momentary relief, when the 'squire, who had been informed of the death of his tenant, sent for her to his house. This gentleman had heard her story from her uncle, and was unwilling that a life which had been preserved almost by miracle, should at last be abandoned to misery; he therefore determined to receive her into his family, not as a servant but as a companion to his daughter, a young lady finely accomplished, and now about fifteen. The old gentleman was touched with her distress, and miss received her with great tenderness and complacency: she wiped away her tears, and of the intolerable anguish of her mind, nothing remained but a tender remembrance of her uncle, whom she loved and revered as a parent. She had now courage to examine the contents of a little box which he had put her hand just before he expired; she found in it only the certificate of her mother's marriage, enclosed in the captain's letter, and an account of the events that have

been before related, which her uncle had put down as they came to his knowledge: the train of mournful ideas that now rushed upon her mind, raised emotions which, if they could not be suppressed by reason, were soon destroyed by their own violence.

NUMB. 8. SATURDAY, *December 2, 1752.*

Durate, et vosmet rebus servate secundis.

VIRG.

Endure and conquer, live for better fate.

IN this family, which in a few weeks after returned to London, MELISSA soon became a favourite: the good 'squire seemed to consider her as his child, and miss as her sister; she was taught dancing and music, introduced to the best company, elegantly dressed, and allowed such sums as were necessary for trivial expences. Youth seldom suffers the dread of to-morrow to intrude upon the enjoyment of to-day, but rather regards present felicity as the pledge of future: MELISSA was probably as happy as if she had been in the actual possession of a fortune, that, to the ease and splendor which she enjoyed already would have added stability and independence.

She was now in her eighteenth year, and the only son of her benefactor was just come from the university to spend the winter with his father in town. He was charmed with her person, behaviour, and discourse; and what he could not but admire, he took every opportunity to commend. She soon perceived that he shewed particular marks of respect to her, when he thought they would not be perceived by others; and that he endeavoured to recommend himself by an officious assiduity, and a diligent attention to the most minute circumstances that might contribute to her pleasure. But this behaviour of the young gentleman, however it might gratify her vanity, could not fail to alarm her fear: she foresaw, that if what she had remarked in his conduct should be perceived by his father or sister, the peace of the family would be destroyed; and that she must either be shipwrecked in the storm,

form, or thrown overboard to appease it. She therefore affected not to perceive, that more than general complaisance was intended by her lover; and hoped that he would thus be discouraged from making an explicit declaration: but though he was mortified at her disregard of that which he knew she could not but see, yet he determined to address her in such terms as should not leave this provoking neutrality in her power: though he revered her virtue, yet he feared too much the anger of his father to think of making her his wife; and he was too deeply enamoured of her beauty, to relinquish his hopes of possessing her as a mistress. An opportunity for the execution of his purpose was not long wanting: she received his general professions of love with levity and merriment; but when she perceived that his view was to seduce her to prostitution, she burst into tears, and fell back, in an agony unable to speak. He was immediately touched with grief and remorse; his tenderness was alarmed at her distress, and his esteem increased by her virtue; he caught her in his arms, and as an atonement for the insult she had received, he offered her marriage: but as her chastity would not suffer her to become his mistress, neither would her gratitude permit her to become his wife; and as soon as she was sufficiently recollected, she intreated him never more to urge her to violate the obligation she was under either to herself or to her benefactor: "Would not," said she, "the presence of a wretch whom you had seduced from innocence and peace to remorse and guilt perpetually upbraid you; and would you not always fear to be betrayed by a wife, whose fidelity no kindness could secure; who had broken all the bands that restrain the generous and the good; and who by an act of the most flagitious ingratitude had at once reached the pinnacle of guilt, to which others ascend by imperceptible gradations?"

These objections, though they could neither be obviated nor evaded, had yet no tendency to subdue desire: he loved with greater delicacy, but with more ardour; and

and as he could not always forbear expostulations, neither could she always silence them in such a manner as might most effectually prevent their being repeated. Such was one morning the situation of the two lovers: he had taken her hand into his, and was speaking with great eagerness; while she regarded him with a kind of timorous complacency, and listened to him with an attention which her heart condemned: his father, in this tender moment, in which their powers of perception were mutually engrossed by each other, came near enough to hear that his heir had made proposals of marriage, and retired without their knowledge.

As he did not dream that such a proposal could possibly be rejected by a girl in MELISSA's situation, imagining that every woman believed her virtue to be inviolate, if her person was not prostituted, he took his measures accordingly. It was near the time his family had been used to remove into the country: he, therefore, gave orders, that every thing should be immediately prepared for the journey, and that the coach should be ready at six the next morning, a man and horse being dispatched in the mean time to give notice of their arrival. The young folks were a little surprized at this sudden removal; but though the squire was a good-natured man, yet as he governed his family with high authority, and as they perceived something had offended him, they did not enquire the reason, nor indeed did they suspect it. MELISSA packed up her things as usual: and in the morning the young gentleman and his sister having by their father's orders got into the coach, he called MELISSA into the parlour; where in a few words, but with great acrimony, he reproached her with having formed a design to marry his son without his consent, an act of ingratitude which he said justified him in upbraiding her with the favours which he had already conferred upon her, and in a resolution he had taken that a bank bill of fifty pounds, which he then put into her hand, should be the last: adding, that he expected

she

she should within one week leave the house. To this heavy charge she was not in a condition to reply; nor did he stay to see whether she would attempt it, but hastily got into the coach, which immediately drove from the door.

Thus was MELISSA a third time, by a sudden and unexpected desertion, exposed to penury and distress, with this aggravation, that ease and affluence were become habitual; and that though she was not so helpless as at the death of her uncle, she was exposed to yet greater danger; for few that have been used to slumber upon down, and wake to festivity, can resist the allurements of vice, who still offers ease and plenty, when the alternative are a flock bed and a garret, short meals, coarse apparel, and perpetual labour.

MELISSA, as soon as she had recovered from the stupor which had seized her upon so astonishing and dreadful a change of fortune, determined not to accept the bounty of a person who imagined her to be unworthy of it; nor to attempt her justification, while it would render her veracity suspected, and appear to proceed only from the hope of being restored to a state of splendid dependence, from which jealousy or caprice might again at any time remove her, without cause and without notice: she had not, indeed, any hope of being able to defend herself against her accuser upon equal terms; nor did she know how to subsist a single day, when she had returned his bill and quitted his house: yet such was the dignity of her spirit, that she immediately inclosed it in a blank cover, directed to him at his country seat, and calling up the maid who had been left to take care of the house, sent her immediately with it to the post-office. The tears then burst out, which the agitation of her mind had before restrained; and when the servant returned, she told her all that had happened, and asked her advice what she should do. The girl, after the first emotions of wonder and pity had subsided, told her
that

that she had a sister who lodged in a reputable house, and took in plain work, to whom she would be welcome, as she could assist her in her business, of which she had often more than she could do; and with whom she might continue til some more eligible situation could be obtained. MELISSA listened to this proposal as to the voice of Heaven; her mind was suddenly relieved from the most tormenting perplexity, from the dread of wandering about without money or employment, exposed to the menaces of a beadle, or the insults of the rabble: she was in haste to secure her good fortune, and felt some degree of pain lest she should lose it by the earlier application of another; she therefore went immediately with the maid to her sister, with whom it was soon agreed that MELISSA should work for her board and lodging; for she would not consent to accept as a gift, that which she could by any means deserve as a payment.

While MELISSA was a journeywoman to a person, who but a few weeks before would have regarded her with envy, and approached her with confusion; it happened that a suit of linen was brought from the milliner's wrapped up in a newspaper: the linen was put into a work-basket, and the paper being thrown carelessly about, MELISSA at last caught it up, and was about to read it, but perceiving that it had been published a fortnight, was just going to put it into the fire, when by an accidental glance she saw her father's name: this immediately engaged her attention, and with great perturbation of mind she read an advertisement, in which her father, said to have left his friends about eighteen years before, and to have entered either into the army or the navy, was directed to apply to a person in Staples-Inn, who could inform him of something greatly to his advantage. To this person MELISSA applied with all the ardour of curiosity, and all the tumult of expectation: she was informed that the elder brother of the person mentioned in the advertisement was lately dead, unmarried; that he was possess-

ed

ed of fifteen hundred a year, five hundred of which had descended to him from his father, and one thousand had been left him by an uncle, which upon his death, there being no male heir, had been claimed by his sisters; but that a mistress who had lived with him many years, and who had been treated by the supposed heiresses with too much severity and contempt, had in the bitterness of her resentment published the advertisement, having heard in the family that there was a younger brother abroad.

The conflict of different passions that were at once excited with uncommon violence in the breast of MELISSA, deprived her for a time of the power of reflection; and when she became more calm, she knew not by what method to attempt the recovery of her right: her mind was bewildered amidst a thousand possibilities, and distressed by the apprehension that all might prove ineffectual. After much thought and many projects, she recollected that the captain, whose servant brought her to England, could probably afford her more assistance than any other person: as he had been often pointed out to her in public places by the 'squire, to whom her story was well known, she was acquainted with his person, and knew that within a few months he was alive: she soon obtained directions to his house, and being readily admitted to a conference, she told him with as much presence of mind as she could, that she was the person whom his compassion had contributed to preserve when an infant, in confirmation of which she produced his letter, and the certificate which it inclosed; that by the death of her father's elder brother, whose family she had never known, she was become entitled to a very considerable estate; but that she knew not what evidence would be necessary to support her claim, how such evidence was to be produced, nor with whom to intrust the management of an affair in which wealth and influence would be employed against her. The old captain received her with that easy politeness which is almost peculiar to his profession, and

and with a warmth of benevolence that is seldom found in any: he congratulated her upon so happy and unexpected an event; and without the parade of ostentatious liberality, without extorting an explicit confession of her indigence, he gave her a letter to his lawyer, in whom he said she might with the utmost security confide, and with whom she would have nothing more to do than to tell her story: "And do not," said he, "doubt of success, for I will be ready to testify what I know of the affair, whenever I shall be called upon; and the woman who was present at your birth, and brought you over, still lives with me, and upon this occasion may do you signal service."

MELISSA departed, melted with gratitude and elated with hope. The gentleman to whom the captain's letter was a recommendation, prosecuted her claim with so much skill and assiduity, that within a few months she was put in possession of her estate. Her first care was to wait upon the captain, to whom she now owed not only life but a fortune: he received her acknowledgements with a pleasure, which only those who merit it can enjoy; and insisted that she should draw upon him for such sums as she should want before her rents became due. She then took very handsome ready-furnished lodgings, and determined immediately to justify her conduct to the 'squire, whose kindness she still remembered, and whose resentment she had forgiven. With this view she set out in a chariot and six, attended by two servants in livery on horseback, and proceeded to his country-seat, from whence the family was not returned: she had lain at an inn within six miles of the place, and when the chariot drove up to the door, as it was early in the morning she could perceive the servants running to and fro in a hurry, and the young lady and her brother gazing through the window to see if they knew the livery: she remarked every circumstance which denoted her own importance with exultation; and enjoyed the solicitude which her presence produced among those, from whose society she

she had so lately been driven with disdain and indignation.

She now encreased their wonder, by sending in a servant to acquaint the old gentleman, that a lady desired to speak with him about urgent business, which would not however long detain him: he courteously invited the lady to honour him with her commands, hastened into his best parlour, adjusted his wig, and put himself in the best order to receive her: she alighted, and displayed a very rich undress, which corresponded with the elegance of her chariot, and the modish appearance of her servants. She contrived to hide her face as she went up the walk, that she might not be known too soon: and was immediately introduced to her old friend, to whom she soon discovered herself to his great astonishment, and before he had recovered his presence of mind, she addressed him to this effect: "You see, sir, an orphan who is under the greatest obligations to your bounty, but who has been equally injured by your suspicions. When I was a dependent upon your liberality, I would not assert my innocence, because I could not bear to be suspected of falsehood: but I assert it now I am the possessor of a paternal estate, because I cannot bear to be suspected of ingratitude; that your son pressed me to marry him, is true; but it is also true that I refused him, because I would not disappoint your hopes and impoverish your posterity."

The old gentleman's confusion was increased by the wonders that crowded upon him: he first made some attempts to apologize for his suspicions with awkwardness and hesitation; then doubting the truth of appearance, he broke off abruptly and remained silent; then reproaching himself, he began to congratulate her upon her good fortune, and again desisted before he had finished the compliment. MELISSA perceived his perplexity and guessed the cause; she was, therefore, about to account more particularly for the sudden change of her circumstances, but Miss, whose maid had brought her

her

her intelligence from the servants, that the lady's name who was with her papa was MELISSA, and that she was lately come to a great estate by the death of her uncle, could no longer restrain the impatience of her affection and joy; she rushed into the room and fell upon her neck, with a transport that can only be felt by friendship, and expressed by tears. When this tender silence was past, the scruples of doubt were soon obviated; the reconciliation was reciprocal and sincere; the father led out his guest, and presented her to his son with an apology for his conduct to them both.

MELISSA had bespoke a dinner and beds at the inn, but she was not suffered to return. Within a few weeks she became the daughter of her friend, who gave her hand to his son, with whom she shared many years that happiness which is the reward of virtue. They had several children, but none survived them; and MELISSA, upon the death of her husband, which happened about seven years ago, retired wholly from town to her estate in the country, where she lived beloved, and died in peace.

HAPPINESS AND MISERY.

NUMB. 10. SATURDAY, *December 9, 1752.*

*Da, Pater, augustam menti conscendere sedem;
Da, fontem lustrare boni; da, luce repertâ,
In Te conspicuos animi desigere visus!*

BOETH.

Give me, O Father, to thy throne access,
Unshaken seat of endless happiness!
Give me, unveil'd, the source of good to see!
Give me thy light, and fix mine eyes on thee!

NOTHING has offended me more, than the manner in which subjects of eternal moment are often treated. To dispute on moral and theological topics is become a fashion; and it is usual with persons, of whom it is no reproach

reproach to say they are ignorant, because their opportunities of gaining knowledge have been few, to determine with the utmost confidence upon questions to which no human intellect is equal. In almost every tavern and every alehouse illiterate petulance prates of fitness and virtue, of freedom and fate; and it is common to hear disputes concerning everlasting happiness and misery, the mysteries of religion and the attributes of GOD, intermingled with lewdness and blasphemy, or at least treated with wanton negligence and absurd merriment.

For lewdness and blasphemy, it is hoped, no apology will seriously be offered: and it is probable, that if the question in debate was, which of the disputants would be hanged on the morrow, it would be conducted with decency and gravity, as a matter of some importance: that risible good-humour, and that noble freedom, of which they appear to be so fond, would be thought not well to agree with their subject; nor would either of the gentlemen be much delighted, if an argument intended to demonstrate that he would within a few hours be suspended on a gibbet, should be embellished with a witty allusion to a button and loop, or a jocular remark that it would effectually secure him from future accidents either by land or water: and yet the justice and mercy of OMNIPOTENCE, the life and death of the Soul, are treated with ridicule and sport; and it is contended that with ridicule and sport they ought always to be treated.

But the effect, as well as the manner of these fashionable disputes, is always ill: They tend to establish what is called Natural Religion, upon the ruins of CHRISTIANITY; and a man has no sooner styled himself a moral philosopher, than he finds that his duty both to GOD and man is contracted into a very small compass, and may be practised with the greatest facility. Yet as this effect is not always apparent, the unwary are frequently deluded into fatal error; and imagine
they

they are attaining the highest degree of moral excellence, while they are intently losing the principles upon which alone temptation can be resisted, and a steady perseverance in well-doing secured.

Among other favourite and unsuspected topics, is the EXCELLENCY OF VIRTUE. Virtue is said necessarily to produce its own happiness, and to be constantly and adequately its own reward; as vice on the contrary, never fails to produce misery, and inflict upon itself the punishment it deserves; propositions, of which every one is ready to affirm, that they may be admitted without scruple, and believed without danger. But, from hence it is inferred, that future rewards and punishments are not necessary, either to furnish adequate motives to the practice of virtue, or to justify the ways of God. In consequence of their being not necessary, they become doubtful; the DEITY is less and less the object of fear and hope; and as virtue is said to be that which produces ultimate good below, whatever is supposed to produce ultimate good below, is said to be virtue; right and wrong are confounded, because remote consequences cannot perfectly be known; the principal barrier, by which appetite and passion are restrained, is broken down: the remonstrances of conscience are overborne by sophistry; and the acquired and habitual shame of vice is subdued by the perpetual efforts of vigorous resistance.

But the inference from which these dreadful consequences proceed, however plausible, is not just; nor does it appear from experience, that the premises are true.

That VIRTUE ALONE IS HAPPINESS BELOW, is indeed a maxim in speculative morality, which all the treasures of learning have been lavished to support, and all the flowers of wit collected to recommend; it has been the favourite of some among the wisest and best of mankind in every generation, and is at once venerable for its age, and lovely in the bloom of a new youth.

youth. And yet, if it be allowed, that they who languish in disease and indigence, who suffer pain, hunger, and nakedness, in obscurity and solitude, are less happy than those, who, with the same degree of virtue, enjoy health, and ease, and plenty, who are distinguished by fame, and courted by society; it follows, that virtue alone is not efficient of happiness, because virtue cannot always bestow those things upon which happiness is confessed to depend.

It is indeed true that virtue in prosperity enjoys more than vice, and that in adversity she suffers less: if prosperity and adversity, therefore, were merely accidental to virtue and vice, it might be granted, that, setting aside those things upon which moral conduct has no influence, as foreign to the question, every man is happy, either negatively or positively, in proportion as he is virtuous; though it were denied, that virtue alone could put into his possession all that is essential to human felicity.

But prosperity and adversity, affluence and want, are not independant upon moral conduct: external advantages are frequently obtained by vice, and forfeited by virtue; for, as an estate may be gained by secreting a will, or loading a die, an estate may also be lost by with-holding a vote or rejecting a job.

Are external advantages then too light to turn the scale? Will an act of virtue, by which all are rejected, ensure more happiness than an act of vice, by which all are procured? Are the advantages, which an estate obtained by an act of vice bestows, overbalanced through life, by regret and remorse? And the indigence and contumely that follow the loss of conveniencies, which virtue has rejected, more than compensated by content and self-approbation?

That which is ill gotten, is not always ill used; nor is that which is well rejected always remembered without regret. It is not to be supposed that he, who by an act of fraud gained the possession of a thousand pounds

pounds a year, which he spends in such a gratification of his appetites and passions as is consistent with health and reputation, in the reciprocation of civilities among his equals, and sometimes in acts of bounty and munificence, and who uses the power and influence which it gives him so as to conciliate affection and procure respect; has less happiness below, than if by a stronger effort of virtue, he had continued in a state of dependence and poverty, neglected and despised, destitute of any other means to exercise the social affections than mutual condolence with those who suffer the same calamity, and almost wishing, in the bitterness of his distress, that he had improved the opportunity which he had lost,

It may indeed be urged, that the happiness and infelicity of both these states are still in exact proportion to virtue: that the affluence which was acquired by a single act of vice, is enjoyed only by the exercise of virtue, and that the penury incurred by a single effort of virtue, is rendered afflictive only by impatience and discontent.

But whether this be granted or denied, it remains true, that the happiness in both these states is not equal; and that, in one, the means to enjoy life were acquired by vice, which, in the other, were lost by virtue. And if it be possible, by a single act of vice, to encrease happiness upon the whole of life; from what rational motives can the temptation to that act be resisted? From none, surely, but such as arise from the belief of a future state, in which virtue will be rewarded, and vice punished; for to what can happiness be wisely sacrificed, but to greater happiness? and how can the ways of God be justified, if a man, by the irreparable injury of his neighbour, becomes happier upon the whole, than he would have been if he had observed the eternal rule, and done to another as he would that another should do to him?

Perhaps I may be told, that to talk of sacrificing happiness

happiness to a greater happiness, as virtue, is absurd; and that he who is restrained from fraud or violence, merely by the fear of hell, is no more virtuous than he who is restrained merely by the fear of a gibbet.

But supposing this to be true, yet with respect to society, mere external rectitude of conduct answers all the purposes of virtue; and if I travel without being robbed, it is of little consequence to me, whether the persons whom I meet on the road were restrained from attempting to invade my property, by the fear of punishment, or the abhorrence of vice: so that the gibbet, if it does not produce virtue, is yet of such incontestible utility, that I believe those gentlemen would be very unwilling that it should be removed, who are, notwithstanding, so zealous to steel every breast against the fear of damnation; nor would they be content, however negligent of their souls, that their property should be no otherwise secured, than by the power of MORAL BEAUTY, and the prevalence of ideal enjoyments.

If it be asked, how moral agents became the subjects of accidental and adventitious happiness and misery; and why they were placed in a state in which it frequently happens that virtue only alleviates calamity, and vice only moderates delight; the answer of REVELATION is known, and it must be the task of those who reject it to give a better: It is enough for me to have proved that man is at present in such a state: I pretend not to trace the "the unfearchable ways of the ALMIGHTY," nor attempt to "penetrate the darkness that surrounds his throne:" but amidst this enlightened generation, in which such multitudes can account for apparent obliquities and defects in the natural and the moral world, I am content with an humble expectation of that time, in which "every thing that is crooked shall be made straight, and every thing that is imperfect shall be done away."

INFIDELITY.

NUMB. 12. SATURDAY, *December*, 16, 1752.*Magnum pauperies opprobrium jubet
Quidvis aut facere aut pati.*

HOR.

He whom the dread of want ensnares,
With baseness acts, with meanness bears.*To the* ADVENTURER.

SIR,

OF all the expedients that have been found out to alleviate the miseries of life, none is left to despair but complaint; and though complaint without hope of relief, may be thought rather to encrease, than mitigate anguish, as it recollects every circumstance of distress, and imbitters the memory of past sufferings by the anticipation of future; yet, like weeping, it is an indulgence of that which it is pain to suppress, and soothes with the hope of pity the wretch who despairs of comfort. Of this number is he who now addresses you: yet the solace of complaint, and the hope of pity, are not the only motives that have induced me to communicate the series of events, by which I have been led on in an insensible deviation from felicity, and at last plunged in an irremediable calamity: I wish that others may escape perdition; and am, therefore, solicitous to warn them of the path that leads to the precipice from which I have fallen.

I am the only child of a wealthy farmer, who, as he was himself illiterate, was the more zealous to make his son a scholar; imagining that there was in the knowledge of Greek and Latin, some secret charm of perpetual influence, which, as I passed through life, would smooth the way before me, establish the happiness of success, and supply new resources to disappointment.

pointment. But not being able to deny himself the pleasure he found in having me about him, instead of sending me out to a boarding school, he offered the curate of the parish ten pounds a year and his board to become my tutor.

This gentleman, who was in years, and had lately buried his wife, accepted the employment, but refused the salary: the work of education, he said, would agreeably fill his intervals of leisure, and happily coincide with the duties of his function: but he observed that his curacy, which was thirty pounds a year, and had long subsisted him, when he had a family, would make him wealthy now he was a single man; and therefore he insisted to pay for his board: to this my father, with whatever reluctance, was obliged to consent. At the age of six years, I began to read my *Accidence* under my preceptor; and at fifteen, had gone through the Latin and Greek *Classicks*. But the languages were not all that I learned of this gentleman; besides other science of less importance, he taught me the theory of *CHRISTIANITY* by his precepts, and the practice by his example.

As his temper was calm and steady, the influence which he had acquired over me was unlimited: he was never capriciously severe: so that I regarded his displeasure not as an effect of his infirmity, but of my own fault: he discovered so much affection in the pleasure with which he commended, and in the tender concern with which he reproved me, that I loved him as a father; and his devotion, though rational and manly, was yet so habitual and fervent, that I revered him as a saint. I found even my passions controuled by an awe which his presence impressed; and by a constant attention to his doctrine and his life, I acquired such a sense of my connection with the invisible world, and such a conviction of the consciousness of *DEITY* to all my thoughts, that every inordinate wish was secretly suppressed,

pressed, and my conduct regulated by the most scrupulous circumspection.

My father thought he had now taken sufficient care of my education, and therefore began to expect that I should assist in overlooking his servants, and managing his farm, in which he intended I should succeed him: but my preceptor, whose principal view was not my temporal advantage, told him, that, as a farmer, great part of my learning would be totally useless; and that the only way to make me serviceable to mankind, in proportion to the knowledge I had acquired, would be to send me to the university, that at a proper time I might take orders. But my father, besides that he was still unwilling to part with me, had probably many reasons against my entering the world in a cassock: such, however, was the deference which he paid to my tutor, that he had almost implicitly submitted to his determination, when a relation of my mother, who was an attorney of great practice in the Temple, came to spend part of the long vacation at our house, in consequence of invitations which had been often repeated during an absence of many years.

My father thought that an opportunity of consulting how to dispose of me, with a man so well acquainted with life, was not to be lost; and perhaps he secretly hoped, that my preceptor would give up his opinion as indefensible, if a person of the lawyer's experience should declare against it. My cousin was accordingly made umpire in the debate; and after he had heard the arguments on both sides, he declared against my becoming a farmer: he said, it would be an act of injustice to bury my parts and learning in the obscurity of rural life; because, if produced to the world, they would probably be rewarded with wealth, and distinction. My preceptor imagined the question was now finally determined in his favour; and being obliged to visit one of his parishoners that was sick, he gave me a look of congratulation

gratulation as he went out, and I perceived his cheek glow with a blush of triumph, and his eye sparkle with tears of delight.

But he had no sooner left the room, than my cousin gave the conversation another turn; he told my father, that though he had opposed his making me a farmer, he was not an advocate for my becoming a parson; for that to make a young fellow a parson, without being able to procure him a living, was to make him a beggar: he then made some witty reflections on the old gentleman who was just gone out; "Nobody," he said, "could question his having been put to a bad trade, who considered his circumstances now he had followed it forty years." And after some other sprightly sallies, which, though they made my father laugh, made me tremble, he clapped him upon the shoulder, "If you have a mind your boy should make a figure in life, old gentleman," says he, "put him clerk to me; my lord chancellor King was no better than the son of a country shopkeeper; and my master gave a person of much greater eminence many a half crown when he was an attorney's clerk in the next chambers to mine. What say you? shall I take him up with me or no?" My father who had listened to this proposal with great eagerness, as soon as my cousin had done speaking, cried, "A match;" and immediately gave him his hand, in token of his consent. Thus the bargain was struck, and my fate determined before my tutor came back.

It was in vain that he afterwards objected to the character of my new master, and expressed the most dreadful apprehensions at my becoming an attorney's clerk, and entering into the society of wretches who had been represented to him, and perhaps not unjustly, as the most profligate upon earth: they do not, indeed, become worse than others, merely as clerks; but as young persons, who with more money to spend in the gratification of appetite, are sooner than others abandoned to their own conduct: for though they are taken from under the

protection of a parent, yet being scarce considered as in a state of servitude, they are not sufficiently restrained by the authority of a master.

My father had conceived of my cousin as the best-natured man in the world: and probably was intoxicated with the romantic hope, of living to see me upon the Bench at Westminster-Hall, or of meeting me on the circuit lolling in my own coach, and attended by a crowd of the inferior instruments of justice. He was not, therefore, to be moved either by expostulation or intreaty; and I set out with my cousin on horseback, to meet the stage at a town within a few miles, after having taken leave of my father, with a tenderness that melted us both; and received from the hoary saint his last instructions and benediction, and at length the parting embrace, which was given with the silent ardour of unutterable wishes, and repeated with tears that could no longer be suppressed or concealed.

When we were seated in the coach, my cousin began to make himself merry with the regret and discontent that he perceived in my countenance, at leaving a cow-house, a hog-stye, and two old grey pates, who were contending whether I should be buried in a farm or a college. I, who had never heard either my father or my tutor treated with irreverence, could not conceal my displeasure or resentment: but he still continued to rally my country simplicity with many allusions which I did not then understand, but which greatly delighted the rest of the company. The fourth day brought us to our journey's end, and my master, as soon as we reached his chambers, shook me by the hand and bid me welcome to the Temple.

He had been some years a widower, and his only child, a daughter, being still at a boarding-school, his family consisted only of a man and maid-servant and myself: for though he had two hired clerks, yet they lodged and boarded themselves. The horrid lewdness and profaneness of these fellows terrified and disgusted

me;

me; nor could I believe that my master's property and interest could be safely intrusted with men, who in every respect appeared to be so destitute of virtue and religion: I, therefore, thought it my duty to apprise him of his danger; and accordingly one day when we were dinner, I communicated my suspicion, and the reason upon which it was founded. The formal solemnity with which I introduced this conversation, and the air of importance which I gave to my discovery, threw him into a violent fit of laughter, which struck me dumb with confusion and astonishment. As soon as he recovered himself, he told me, that though his clerks might use some expressions that I had not been accustomed to hear, yet he believed them very honest; and that he placed more confidence in them, than he would in a formal prig, of whom he knew nothing but that he went every morning and evening to prayers, and said grace before and after meat; that as to swearing they meant no harm; and as he did not doubt but that every young fellow liked a girl, it was better they should joke about it than be hypocritical and sly: not that he would be thought to suspect my integrity, or to blame me for practices, which he knew to be merely effects of the bigotry and superstition in which I had been educated, and not the disguises of cunning or the subterfuges of guilt.

I was greatly mortified at my cousin's behaviour on this occasion, and wondered from what cause it could proceed, and why he should so lightly pass over those vices in others, from which he abstained himself; for I had never heard him swear; and as his expressions were not obscene, I imagined his conversation was chaste; in which, however, my ignorance deceived me, and it was not long before I had reason to change my opinion of his character.

NUMB. 13. TUESDAY, *December 19, 1752.*

———*Sic omnia fatis*

In pectus ruere, ac retro sublatſa r. forri :

Non aliter quam qui adverſis vix ſtremis lembum

Remigis ſubigit : Si brachia forte remiſit,

Atque illum in præceps prono rapit ulvens amni,

VIRGIL

Thus all below, whether by nature's curſe,

Or fate's decree, degenerate ſtill to worſe.

So the boat's brawny crew the current ſtem,

And ſlow advancing, ſtruggle with the ſtream :

But if they ſlack their hands, or ceaſe to ſtrive,

Then down the flood with headlong haſte they drive. DRYDEN.

THERE came one morning to enquire for him at his chambers, a lady who had ſomething in her manner which caught my attention and excited my curioſity: her clothes were fine, but the manner in which they were put on was rather ſlaunting than elegant; her addreſs was not eaſy nor polite, but ſeemed to be a ſtrange mixture of affected ſtate and licentious familiarity: ſhe looked in the glaſs while ſhe was ſpeaking to me, and without any confuſion adjusted her tucker; ſhe ſeemed rather pleaſed than diſconcerted at being regarded with earneſtneſs; and being told that my couſin was abroad, ſhe aſked ſome trifling queſtions, and then making a ſlight curtſey, took up the ſide of her hoop with a jerk that diſcovered at leaſt half her leg, and hurried down ſtairs.

I could not help enquiring of the clerks, if they knew this lady; and was greatly confounded when they told me with an air of ſecrecy, that ſhe was my couſin's miſtreſs, whom he had kept almoſt two years in lodgings near Covent-garden. At firſt I ſuſpected this information; but it was ſoon confirmed by ſo many circumſtances, that I could no longer doubt of its truth.

As my principles were yet untainted, and the influence of my education was ſtill ſtrong, I regarded my couſin's ſentiments as impious and deteſtable; and his example

example rather struck me with horror, than seduced me to imitation. I flattered myself with hopes of effecting his reformation, and took every opportunity to hint the wickedness of allowed incontinence; for which I was always rallied when he was disposed to be merry, and answered with the contemptuous sneer of self-sufficiency when he was sullen.

Near four years of my clerkship were now expired, and I had never yet entered the list as a disputant with my cousin: for though I conceived myself to be much his superior in moral and theological learning, and though he often admitted me to familiar conversation, yet I still regarded the subordination of a servant to a master, as one of the duties of my station, and preserved it with such exactness, that I never exceeded a question or a hint when we were alone, and was always silent when he had company, though I frequently heard such positions advanced, as made me wonder that no tremendous token of the divine displeasure immediately followed: but coming one night from the tavern, warm with wine, and as I imagined, flushed with polemic success, he insisted upon my taking one glass with him before he went to bed; and almost as soon as we were seated, he gave me a formal challenge, by denying all DIVINE REVELATION, and defying me to prove it.

I now considered every distinction as thrown down, and stood forth as the champion of religion, with that elation of mind which the hero always feels at the approach of danger. I thought myself secure of victory; and rejoicing that he had now compelled me to do what I had often wished he would permit, I obliged him to declare that he would dispute upon equal terms, and we began the debate. But it was not long before I was astonished to find myself confounded by a man, whom I saw half drunk, and whose learning and abilities I despised when he was sober: for as I had but very lately discovered, that any of the principles of religion, from the immortality of the soul to the deepest mystery, had
C 5 been

been so much as questioned, all his objections were new. I was assaulted where I had made no preparation for defence; and having not been so much accustomed to disputation, as to consider, that in the present weakness of human intellects, it is much easier to object than answer, and that in every disquisition difficulties are found which cannot be resolved, I was overborne by the sudden onset, and in the tumult of my search after answers to his cavils, forgot to press the positive arguments on which religion is established: he took advantage of my confusion, proclaimed his own triumph, and because I was depressed, treated me as vanquished.

As the event which had thus mortified my pride, was perpetually revolved in my mind, the same mistake still continued: I enquired for solutions instead of proofs, and found myself more and more entangled in the snares of sophistry. In some other conversations which my cousin was now eager to begin, new difficulties were started, the labyrinth of doubt grew more intricate, and as the question was of infinite moment, my mind was brought into the most distressful anxiety. I ruminated incessantly on the subject of our debate, sometimes chiding myself for my doubts, and sometimes applauding the courage and freedom of my inquiry.

While my mind was in this state, I heard by accident that there was a club at an alehouse in the neighbourhood, where such subjects were freely debated, to which every body was admitted without scruple or formality; to this club in an evil hour I resolved to go, that I might learn how knotty points were to be discussed, and truth distinguished from error.

Accordingly on the next club night I mingled with the multitude that was assembled in this school of folly and infidelity: I was at first disgusted at the gross ignorance of some, and shocked at the horrid blasphemy of others; but curiosity prevailed, and my sensibility by degrees wore off. I found that almost every speaker had a different opinion, which some of them supported by arguments,

ments, that to me, who was utterly unacquainted with disputation, appeared to hold opposite probabilities in exact equipoise; so that, instead of being confirmed in any principle, I was divested of all; the perplexity of my mind was increased, and I contracted such a habit of questioning whatever offered itself to my imagination, that I almost doubted of my own existence.

In proportion as I was less assured in my principles, I was less circumspect in my conduct: but such was still the force of education, that any gross violence offered to that which I had held sacred, and every act which I had been used to regard as incurring the forfeiture of the DIVINE FAVOUR, stung me with remorse. I was indeed still restrained from flagitious immorality, by the power of habit: but this power grew weaker and weaker, and the natural propensity to ill gradually took place; as the motion that is communicated to a ball which is struck up into the air, becomes every moment less and less, till at length it recoils by its own weight.

Fear and hope, the great springs of human action had now lost their principal objects, as I doubted, whether the enjoyment of the present moment was not all that I could secure; my power to resist temptation diminished with my dependence upon the GRACE OF GOD, and regard to the sanction of his law; and I was first seduced by a prostitute, in my return from a declamation on the BEAUTY of virtue, and the strength of the MORAL SENSE.

I began now to give myself up intirely to sensuality, and the gratification of appetite terminated my prospects of felicity: that peace of mind, which is the sunshine of the soul, was exchanged for the gloom of doubt, and the storm of passion; and my confidence in GOD and hope of everlasting joy, for sudden terrors and vain wishes, the lothings of satiety, and the anguish of disappointment.

I was indeed impatient under this fluctuation of
C 6
opinion,

opinion, and therefore, I applied to a gentleman who was a principal speaker at the club, and deemed a profound philosopher, to assist the labours of my own mind in the investigation of truth, and relieve me from distraction by removing my doubts: but this gentleman, instead of administering relief, lamented the prejudice of education, which he said hindered me from yielding without reserve to the force of truth, and might perhaps always keep my mind anxious, though my judgment should be convinced. But as the most effectual remedy for this deplorable evil, he recommended to me the works of Chubb, Morgan, and many others, which I procured, and read with great eagerness; and though I was not at last a sound deist, yet I perceived with some pleasure that my stock of polemic knowledge was greatly increased; so that instead of being an auditor, I commenced a speaker at the club: and though to stand up and babble to crowd in an alehouse, till silence is commanded by the stroke of a hammer, is as low an ambition as can taint the human mind, yet I was much elevated by my new distinction, and pleased with the deference that was paid to my judgment. I sometimes, indeed, reflected, that I was propagating opinions by which I had myself become vicious and wretched: but it immediately occurred, that though my conduct was changed, it could not be proved that my virtue was less; because many things, which I avoided as vicious upon my old principles, were innocent upon my new. I therefore went on in my career, and was perpetually racking my invention for new topics and illustration; and among other expedients, as well to advance my reputation, as to quiet my conscience, and deliver me from the torment of remorse, I thought of the following:

Having learned that all error is innocent, because it is involuntary, I concluded, that nothing more was necessary to quiet the mind than to prove that all vice was error: I therefore formed the following argument;
 “No man becomes vicious, but from a belief that vice
 “will

“ will confer happiness: he may, indeed, have been
“ told the contrary: but implicit faith is not required of
“ reasonable beings: therefore, as every man ought to
“ seek happiness, every man may lawfully make the ex-
“ periment: if he is disappointed, it is plain that he did
“ not intend that which has happened; so that every vice
“ is an error; and therefore no vice will be punished.”

I communicated this ingenious contrivance to my friend the philosopher, who, instead of detecting the difference between ignorance and perverseness; or stating the limitations within which we are bound to seek our own happiness, applauded the acuteness of my penetration, and the force of my reasoning. I was impatient to display so novel and important a discovery to the club, and the attention that it drew upon me gratified my ambition; to the utmost of my expectation. I had indeed some opponents; but they were so little skilled in argumentation, and so ignorant of the subject, that it only rendered my conquest more signal and important; for the chairman summoned up the arguments on both sides, with so exact and scrupulous an impartiality, that as I appeared not to have been confuted, those who could not discover the weakness of my antagonists, thought that to confute me was impossible; my sophistry was taken for demonstration, and the number of proselytes was incredible. The assembly consisted chiefly of clerks and apprentices, young persons who had received a religious though not a liberal education; for those who were totally ignorant, or wholly abandoned, troubled not themselves with such disputations as were carried on at our club; and these unhappy boys, the impetuosity of whose passions was restrained chiefly by fear, as virtue had not yet become a habit, were glad to have the shackles struck off which they were told priestcraft had put on.

But however I might satisfy others, I was not yet satisfied myself; my torment returned, and new opiates became necessary: they were not indeed easily to be found;

found ; but such was my good fortune, that an illiterate mechanic afforded me a most seasonable relief, “ by discussing the important question, and demonstrating “ that the soul was not, nor could be immortal.” I was, indeed, disposed to believe without the severest scrutiny, what I now began secretly to wish ; for such was the state of my mind, that I was willing to give up the hope of everlasting happiness, to be delivered from the dread of perpetual misery ; and as I thought of dying as a remote event, the apprehension of losing my existence with my life, did not much interrupt the pleasures of the bagnio and the tavern.

They were, however, interrupted by another cause ; for I contracted a distemper, which alarmed and terrified me, in proportion as its progress was swift, and its consequences were dreadful. In this distress I applied to a young surgeon, who was a speaker at the club, and gained a genteel subsistence by keeping it in repair ; he treated my complaint as a trifle ; and to prevent any serious reflections in this interval of pain and solitude, he rallied the deplorable length of my countenance, and exhorted me to behave like a man.

My pride, rather than my fear, made me very solicitous to conceal this disorder from my cousin ; but he soon discovered it, rather with pleasure than anger, as it completed his triumph, and afforded him a new subject of raillery and merriment. By the spiritual and corporeal assistance of my surgeon, I was at length restored to my health, with the same dissolute morals, and a resolution to pursue my pleasures with more caution : instead, therefore, of hiring a prostitute, I now endeavoured to seduce the virgin, and corrupt the wife.

NUMB. 14. SATURDAY, December 23, 1752.

*Admoneat, et magnâ testatur voce per umbras :
Discite justitiam moniti, et non temere Divos.*

VIRG.

Ev'n yet his voice from hell's dread shades we hear——
“Beware, learn justice, and the Gods revere.”

IN these attempts, my new principles afforded me great assistance : for I found that those whom I could convert, I could easily debauch ; and that to convert many, nothing more was necessary than to advance my principles, and alledge something in defence of them, by which I appeared to be convinced myself ; for not being able to dispute, they thought that the argument which had convinced me, would, if they could understand it, convince them : so that, by yielding an implicit assent, they at once paid a compliment to their own judgments, and smoothed the way to the indulgence of appetite.

While I was thus gratifying every inordinate desire, and passing from one degree of guilt to another, my cousin determined to take his daughter, who was now in her 19th year, from school ; and as he intended to make her mistress of his family, he quitted his chambers, and took a house.

This young lady I had frequently seen, and always admired ; she was therefore no sooner come home, than I endeavoured to recommend myself by a thousand assiduities, and rejoiced in the many opportunities that were afforded me to entertain her alone ; and perceived that she was not displeased with my company, nor insensible to my complaisance.

My cousin, though he had seen the effects of his documents of infidelity in the corruption of my morals, yet could not forbear to sneer at religion in the presence of his daughter ; a practice in which I now always concurred,

curred, as it facilitated the execution of a design that I had formed of rendering her subservient to my pleasures. I might indeed have married her, and perhaps my cousin secretly intended that I should; but I knew women too well to think that marriage would confine my wishes to a single object; and I was utterly averse to a state, in which the pleasure of variety must be sacrificed to domestic quiet, or domestic quiet to the pleasure of variety; for I neither imagined that I could long indulge myself in an unlawful familiarity with many women, before it would by some accident be discovered to my wife; nor that she would be so very courteous or philosophical, as to suffer this indulgence without expostulation and clamour: and besides, I had no liking to a brood of children, whose wants would soon become importunate, and whose claim to my industry and frugality would be universally acknowledged; though the offspring of a mistress might be abandoned to beggary, without breach of the law, or offence to society.

The young lady, on the contrary, as she perceived that my addresses exceeded common civilities, did not question but that my view was to obtain her for a wife; and I could discern that she often expected such a declaration, and seemed disappointed that I had not yet proposed an application to her father: but imagining, I suppose, that these circumstances were only delayed till the fittest opportunity, she did not scruple to admit all the freedoms that were consistent with modesty; and I drew every day nearer to the accomplishment of my design, by insensible approaches, without alarming her fear, or confirming her hopes.

I knew that only two things were necessary; her passions were to be inflamed, and the motives from which they were to be suppressed, removed.

I was therefore perpetually insinuating, that nothing which was natural could be ill; I complained of the impositions and restraints of priestcraft and superstition;
and

and as if these hints were casual and accidental, I would immediately afterwards sing a tender song, repeat some seducing verses, or read a novel.

But henceforward, let never insulted beauty admit, a second time, into her presence the wretch who has once attempted to ridicule religion, and substitute other aids to human frailty, for that "love of GOD which is better than life," and that "fear which is the beginning of wisdom:" for whoever makes such an attempt, intends to betray; the contrary conduct being, without question, the interest of every one whose intentions are good, because even those who profanely deny religion to be of DIVINE origin, do yet acknowledge that it is a political institution well calculated to strengthen the band of society, and to keep out the ravager, by intrenching innocence, and arming virtue. To oppose these corrupters by argument rather than contempt, is to parly with a murderer, who may be excluded by shutting a door.

My cousin's daughter used frequently to dispute with me, and these disputes always favoured the execution of my project: though, lest I should alarm her too much, I often affected to appear half in jest; and when I ventured to take any liberty, by which the bounds of modesty were somewhat invaded, I suddenly dissipated with an air of easy negligence; and as the attempt was not pursued, and nothing farther seemed to be intended than was done, it was regarded but as wagging, and punished only with a slap or a frown. Thus she became familar with infidelity and indecency by degrees.

I once subtly engaged her in a debate, whether the gratification of natural appetites was in itself innocent: and whether, if so, the want of external ceremony could in any case render it criminal. I insisted, that virtue and vice were not influenced by external ceremonies, nor founded upon human laws, which were arbitrary, temporary, and local; and that as a young lady's shutting herself up in a nunnery was still evil,

evil, though enjoined by such laws, so the transmitting her beauty to posterity was still good, though under certain circumstances it had by such laws been forbidden. This she affected utterly to deny, and I proposed that the question should be referred to her papa, without informing him of our debate, and that it should be determined by his opinion; a proposal to which she readily agreed. I immediately adverted to other subjects, as if I had no interest in the issue of our debate; but I could perceive that it sunk deep into her mind, and that she continued more thoughtful than usual.

I did not however fail to introduce a suitable topic of discourse the next time my cousin was present, and, having stated the question in general terms, he gave it in my favour, without suspecting that he was judge in his own cause; and the next time I was alone with his daughter, without mentioning his decision, I renewed my familiarity, I found her resistance less resolute, pursued my advantage, and completed her ruin.

Within a few months she perceived that she was with child; a circumstance that she communicated to me with expressions of the most piercing distress: but instead of consenting to marry her, to which she had often urged me with all the little arts of persuasion that she could practise, I made light of the affair, chid her for being so much alarmed at so trivial an accident, and proposed a medicine which, I told her, would effectually prevent the discovery of our intercourse, by destroying the effect of it before it could appear. At this proposition she fainted, and when she recovered, opposed it with terror and regret, with tears, trembling, and intreaty: but I continued inflexible, and at length either removed or over-ruled her scruples, by the same arguments that had first seduced her to guilt.

The long vacation was now commenced, and my clerkship

clerkship was just expired : I therefore proposed to my cousin that we should all make a visit to my father, hoping that the fatigue of the journey would favour my purpose, by increasing the effect of the medicine, and accounting for an indisposition which it might be supposed to cause.

The plan being thus concerted, and my cousin's concurrence being obtained, it was immediately put in execution. I applied to my old friend the club surgeon, to whom I made no secret of such affairs, and he immediately furnished me with medicaments, which he assured me would answer my purpose ; but either by a mistake in the preparation, or in the quantity, they produced a disorder, which, soon after the dear, injured, unhappy girl arrived at her journey's end, terminated in her death.

My confusion and remorse at this event are not to be expressed, but confusion and remorse were suddenly turned into astonishment and terror ; for she was scarce dead before I was taken into custody, upon suspicion of murder. Her father had deposed, that just before she died, she desired to speak to him in private ; and that then, taking his hand, and entreating his forgiveness, she told him that she was with child by me, and that I had poisoned her, under pretence of preserving her reputation.

Whether she made this declaration, or only confessed the truth, and her father, to revenge the injury, had forged the rest, cannot now be known ; but the coroner having been summoned, and the body viewed, and found to have been pregnant, with many marks of a violent and uncommon disorder, a verdict of wilful murder was brought in against me, and I was committed to the county gaol.

As the judges were then upon the circuit, I was, within less than a fortnight, convicted and condemned by the zeal of the jury, whose passions had been so greatly inflamed by the enormity of the crime with
which

which I had been charged. that they were rather willing that I should suffer being innocent, than that I should escape being guilty; but it appearing to the judge in the course of the trial that murder was not intended, he reprieved me before he left the town.

I might now have redeemed the time, and, awakened to a sense of my folly and my guilt, might have made some reparation to mankind for the injury which I had done to society; and endeavoured to rekindle some spark of hope in my own breast, by repentance and devotion. But, alas! in the first transports of my mind, upon so sudden and unexpected a calamity, the fear of death yielded to the fear of infamy, and I swallowed poison: the excess of my desperation hindered its immediate effect; for, as I took too much, great part of it was thrown up, and only such a quantity remained behind, as was sufficient to insure my destruction, and yet leave me time to contemplate the horrors of the gulf into which I am sinking.

In this deplorable situation I have been visited by the surgeon who was the immediate instrument of my misfortune, and the philosopher who directed my studies: but these are friends who only rouse me to keener sensibility, and inflict upon me more exquisite torment. They reproach me with folly, and upbraid me with cowardice: they tell me too that the fear of death has made me regret the errors of superstition; but what would I now give for those erroneous hopes, and that credulous simplicity, which, though I have been taught to despise them, would sustain me in the tremendous hour that approaches, and avert from my last agony the horrors of despair!

I have indeed a visitor of another kind, the good old man who first taught me to frame a prayer, and first animated me with the hope of heaven; but he can only lament with me that this hope will not return, and that I can pray with confidence no more: he cannot by a sudden miracle re-establish the principles which I
have

have subverted. My mind is all doubt, and terror, and confusion; I know nothing but that I have rendered ineffectual the clemency of my JUDGE, that the approach of death is swift and inevitable, and that either the shades of everlasting night, or the gleams of unquenchable fire, are at hand. My soul in vain shrinks backward: I grow giddy with the thought: the next moment is distraction! : Farewell.

OPSINOUS.

DEVIATION TO VICE.

NUMB. 20. SATURDAY, *January 13, 1753.*

—*Said violentius aere tyranni.*

JUV.

Rough truth soon irritates a tyrant's ear.

BY which of the Indian fables of antiquity the following story was written, or whether the people of the East have any remote tradition upon which it is founded, is not known: but it was probably related in the first person, to give it an air of greater dignity, and render its influence more powerful: nor would it, perhaps, appear altogether incredible, to people among whom the METEMPSYCHOSIS is an article of faith, and the visible agency of SUPERIOR BEINGS admitted without scruple.

AMURATH, Sultan of the East, the judge of nations, the disciple of adversity, records the wonders of his life: let those who presumptuously question the ways of PROVIDENCE, blush in silence and be wise; let the proud be humble and obtain honour; and let the sensual reform and be happy.

The angel of death closed the eyes of the Sultan ABRADIN my father, and his empire descended to me in the eighteenth year of my age. At first my mind was awed to humility, and softened with grief; I was insensible to the splendor of dominion, I heard the addresses of flattery with disgust, and received the homage
of

of dependent greatness with indifference. I had always regarded my father not only with love but reverence; and I was now perpetually recollecting instances of his tenderness, and reviewing the solemn scene, in which he recommended me to heaven in imperfect language, and grasped my hand in the agonies of death.

One evening, after having concealed myself all day in his chambet, I visited his grave: I prostrated myself on his tomb: sorrow overflowed my eyes, and devotion kindled in my bosom. I felt myself suddenly smitten on the shoulder as with a rod; and looking up, I perceived a man whose eyes were piercing as light, and his beard whiter than snow. "I am," said he, "the Genius SYNDARAC, the friend of thy father ABRADIN, who was the fear of his enemies, and the desire of his people; whose smile diffused gladness like the lustre of the morning, and whose frown was dreadful as the gathering of a tempest: resign thyself to my influence, and thou shalt be like him." I bowed myself to the earth in token of gratitude and obedience, and he put a ring on the middle finger of my left hand, in which I perceived a ruby of a deep colour and uncommon brightness. "This ring," said he, "shall mark out to thee the boundaries of good and evil; that, without weighing remote consequences, thou mayest know the nature and tendency of every action. Be attentive, therefore, to the silent admonition; and when the circle of gold shall by a sudden contraction press thy finger, and the ruby shall grow pale, desist immediately from what thou shalt be doing, and mark down that action in thy memory as a transgression of the rule of right: keep my gift as a pledge of happiness and honour, and take it not off for a moment." I received the ring with a sense of obligation which I strove to express, and an astonishment that compelled me to be silent. The GENIUS perceived my confusion, and turning from me with a smile of complacency, immediately disappeared.

During the first moon, I was so cautious and circumspect,

spect, that the pleasure of reflecting that my ring had not once indicated a fault, was lessened by a doubt of its virtue. I applied myself to public business: my melancholy decreased as my mind was diverted to other objects; and lest the youth of my court should think that recreation was too long suspended, I appointed to hunt the lion. But though I went out to the sport rather to gratify others than myself, yet my usual ardour returned in the field; I grew warm in the pursuit, I continued the chase, which was unsuccessful, too long, and returned fatigued and disappointed.

As I entered the Seraglio, I was met by a little dog that had been my father's, who expressed his joy at my return by jumping round me, and endeavouring to reach my hand: but as I was not disposed to receive his caresses, I struck him in the fretfulness of my displeasure so severe a blow with my foot, that it left him scarce power to crawl away and hide himself under a sofa in a corner of the apartment. At this moment, I felt the ring press my finger, and looking upon the ruby, I perceived the glow of its colour abated.

I was at first struck with surprize and regret: but surprize and regret quickly gave way to disdain. "Shall not the Sultan AMURATH," said I, "to whom a thousand kings pay tribute, and in whose hand is the life of nations, shall not AMURATH strike a dog that offends him, without being reproached for having transgressed the rule of right?" My ring again pressed my finger, and the ruby became more pale: immediately the palace shook with a burst of thunder, and the Genius SYNDARAC again stood before me.

"AMURATH," said he, "thou hast offended against thy brother of the dust; a being who, like thee, has received from the ALMIGHTY a capacity of pleasure and pain; pleasure which caprice is not allowed to suspend, and pain which justice only has a right to inflict. If thou art justified by power, in afflicting inferior beings, I should be justified in af-
"flicting

"afflicting thee: but my power yet spares thee, because
 "it is directed by the laws of sovereign goodness, and
 "because thou mayest yet be reclaimed by admonition.
 "But yield not to the impulse of quick resentment, nor
 "indulge in cruelty the forwardness of disgust, lest by
 "the laws of goodness I be compelled to afflict thee;
 "for he that scorns reproof, must be reformed by punish-
 "ment, or lost for ever."

At the presence of SYNDARAC, I was troubled, and
 his words covered me with confusion: I fell prostrate
 at his feet, and heard him pronounce with a milder ac-
 cent, "Expect not henceforth that I should answer the
 "demands of arrogance, or gratify the security of specu-
 "lation: confide in my friendship, and trust implicitly
 "to thy ring."

As the chace had produced so much infelicity, I did
 not repeat it; but invited my nobles to a banquet, and
 entertained them with dancing and music. I had given
 leave that all ceremony should be suspended, and that
 the company should treat me not as a sovereign but an
 equal, because the conversation would otherwise be en-
 cumbered or restrained; and I encouraged others to
 pleasantry, by indulging the luxuriancy of my own
 imagination. But though I affected to throw off the
 trappings of royalty, I had not sufficient magnanimity
 to despise them. I enjoyed the voluntary deference
 which was paid me, and was secretly offended at ALI-
 BEG, my Visier, who endeavoured to prevail upon the
 assembly to enjoy the liberty that had been given them,
 and was himself an example of the conduct that he
 recommended. I singled out as the subject of my rail-
 lery, the man who alone deserved my approbation: he
 believed my condescension to be sincere, and imagined
 that he was securing my favour, by that behaviour
 which had incurred my displeasure; he was, therefore,
 grieved and confounded to perceive that I laboured to
 render him ridiculous and contemptible: I enjoyed his
 pain, and was elated at my success; but my attention

was

was suddenly called to my ring, and I perceived the ruby change colour. I desisted for a moment; but some of my courtiers having discovered and seconded my intention, I felt my vanity and my resentment gratified: I endeavoured to wash away the remembrance of my ring with wine: my satire became more bitter, and ALIBEG discovered yet greater distress. My ring again reproached me; but I still persevered: the Visier was at length roused to his defence; probably he had discovered and despised my weakness; his replies were so poignant, that I became outrageous, and descended from raillery to invective: at length, disguising the anguish of his mind with a smile, "AMURATH," "said he, if the
"SULTAN should know, that after having invited your
"friends to festivity and merriment, you had assumed
"his authority, and insulted those who were not aware
"that you disdained to be treated with the familiarity of
"friendship, you would certainly fall under his displea-
"sure." The severity of this sarcasm, which was ex-
torted by long provocation from a man warmed with
wine, stung me with intolerable rage; I started up,
and spurning him from the table was about to draw my
poignard: when my attention was called to my ring, and
I perceived, with some degree of regret, that the ruby
had faded almost to a perfect white.

But instead of resolving to be more watchful against whatever might bring me under this silent reproof, I comforted myself, that the GENIUS would no more alarm me with his presence. The irregularities of my conduct increased almost imperceptibly, and the intimations of my ring become proportionably more frequent though less forcible, till at last they were so familiar, that I scarce remarked when they were given and when they were suspended.

It was soon discovered that I was pleased with servility; servility, therefore, was practised, and I rewarded it sometimes with a pension and sometimes with a place. Thus the government of my kingdoms was left to petty

tyrants, who oppressed the people to enrich themselves. In the mean time, I filled my Seraglio with women, among whom I abandoned myself to sensuality, without enjoying the pure delight of that love which arises from esteem. But I had not yet stained my hands with blood, nor dared to ridicule the laws which I neglected to fulfil.

My resentment against ALIBEG, however unjust, was inflexible, and terminated in the most perfect hatred; I degraded him from his office: but I still kept him at court, that I might embitter his life by perpetual indignities, and practise against him new schemes of malevolence.

SELIMA, the daughter of this prince, had been intended by my father for my wife; and the marriage had been delayed only by his death: but the pleasure and the dignity that ALIBEG would derive from this alliance, had now changed my purpose. Yet such was the beauty of SELIMA, that I gazed with desire; and such was her wit, that I listened with delight. I therefore resolved, that I would if possible, seduce her to voluntary prostitution; and that when her beauty should yield to the charm of variety, I would dismiss her with marks of disgrace. But in this attempt I could not succeed; my solicitations were rejected, sometimes with tears and sometimes with reproach. I became every day more wretched, by seeking to bring calamity upon others; I considered my disappointment as the triumph of a slave, whom I wished but did not dare to destroy; and I regarded his daughter as the instrument of my dishonour. Thus the tenderness, which before had often shaken my purpose, was weakened; my desire of beauty became as selfish and as sordid an appetite as my desire of food, and as I had no hope of obtaining the complete gratification of my lust and my revenge, I determined to enjoy SELIMA by force, as the only expedient to alleviate my torment.

She resided by my command in an apartment of the Seraglio, and I entered her chamber at midnight by a private

private door of which I had a key; but with inexpressible vexation I found it empty. To be thus disappointed in my last attempt, at the very moment in which I thought I had insured success, distracted me with rage; and instead of returning to my chamber, and concealing my design, I called for her women. They run in pale and trembling: I demanded the lady; they gazed on me astonished and terrified, and then looking upon each other, stood silent: I repeated my demand with fury and execration, and to enforce it called aloud for the ministers of death: they then fell prostrate at my feet, and declared with one voice that they knew not where she was; that they had left her, when they were dismissed for the night, sitting on a sofa pensive and alone; and that no person had since, to their knowledge, passed in or out of her apartment.

NUMB. 21. TUESDAY, *January 16, 1753.*

*Si genus humanum et mortalia temeritis arma;
At sperate Deos memores sancti atque nefandi.*

VIRG.

Of mortal Justice if thou scorn the rod—
Believe and tremble, thou art judg'd of GOD.

IN this account, however incredible, they persisted without variation, and having filled the palace with alarm and confusion, I was obliged to retire without gaining any intelligence by what means I had been baffled, or on whom to turn my resentment. I reviewed the transactions of the night with anguish and regret, and bewildered myself among the innumerable possibilities that might have produced my disappointment. I remembered that the windows of SELIMA's apartment were open, and I imagined that she might that way have escaped into the gardens of the Seraglio. But why should she escape who had never been confined? If she had designed to depart, she might have departed by day. Had she an assignation? and did she intend to return

without being known to have been absent? This supposition increased my torment; because, if it was true, SELIMA had granted to my slave, that which she had refused to me. But as all these conjectures were uncertain, I determined to make her absence a pretence to destroy her father.

In the morning, I gave orders that he should be seized and brought before me; but while I was yet speaking, he entered, and prostrating himself, thus anticipated my accusation: "May the Sultan AMURATH, in whose wrath the Angel of Death goes forth, rejoice for ever in the smile of HEAVEN! let the wretched ALIBEG perish; but let my lord remember SELIMA with mercy; let him dismiss the slave in whom he ceases to delight." I heard no more, but cried out, "Darest thou to mock me with a request, to dismiss the daughter whom thou hast stolen! thou whose life, that has been so often forfeited, I have yet spared! Restore her within one hour, or affronted mercy shall give thee up." "O!" said he, "let not the mighty sovereign of the East sport with the misery of the weak: if thou hast doomed us to death, let us die together."

Though I was now convinced that ALIBEG believed I had confined SELIMA, and decreed her death, yet I resolved to persist in requiring her at his hands: and therefore dismissed him with a repetition of my command to reduce her within an hour upon pain of death.

My ring, which, during this series of events, had given perpetual intimations of guilt, which were always disregarded, now pressed my finger so forcibly, that it gave me great pain, and compelled my notice. I immediately retired, and gave way to the discontent that swelled my bosom. "How wretched a slave is AMURATH to an invisible tyrant! a being, whose malevolence or envy has restrained me in the exercise of my authority as a prince, and whose cunning has contrived perpetually to insult me by intimating that every action of my life is a crime! How long shall I
" groan

“ groan under this intolerable oppression! This accursed
“ ring is the badge and the instrument of my subjection
“ and dishonour: he who gave it, is now, perhaps, in
“ some remote region of the air; perhaps, he rolls some
“ planet in its orbit, agitates the southern ocean with a
“ tempest, or shakes some distant region with an earth-
“ quake; but, wherever he is, he has surely a more im-
“ portant employ than to watch my conduct. Perhaps
“ he has contrived this Talisman, only to restrain me
“ from the enjoyment of some good, which he wishes
“ to withhold. I feel that my desires are controuled;
“ and to gratify these desires is to be happy.” As I
pronounced these words, I drew off the ring, and threw
it to the ground with disdain and indignation: immediately the air grew dark; a cloud burst in thunder over
my head, and the eye of SYNDARAC was upon me. I
stood before him motionless and silent; horror thrilled
in my veins, and my hair stood upright. I had neither
power to deprecate his anger, nor to confess my faults.
In his countenance there was a calm severity; and I
heard him pronounce these words: “ Thou hast now,
“ as far as it is in thine own power, thrown off humanity
“ and degraded thy being; thy form, therefore, shall
“ no longer conceal thy nature, nor thy example render
“ thy vices contagious.” He then touched me with
his rod: and while the sound of his voice yet vibrated
in my ears, I found myself in the midst of a desert, not
in the form of a man, but of a monster, with the fore-
parts of my body like a wolf, and the hinder parts like
a goat. I was still conscious to every event of my life,
and my intellectual powers were continued, though my
passions were irritated to frenzy. I now rolled in the
sand in an agony not to be described; and now hastily
traversed the desert, impelled only by the vain desire of
flying from myself. I now bellowed with rage, and now
howled in despair; this moment I breathed execration
against the GENIUS, and the next reproached myself for
having forfeited his friendship.

By this violent agitation of mind and body, the powers of both were soon exhausted: I crawled into a den, which I perceived near me, and immediately sunk down in a state of insensibility. I slept, but sleep instead of prolonging, put an end to this interval of quiet. The GENIUS still terrified me with his presence; I heard his sentence repeated, and felt again all the horrors of my transformation. When I awaked, I was not refreshed: calamity, though it is compelled to admit slumber, can yet exclude rest. But I was now roused by hunger; for hunger, like sleep, is irresistible.

I went out in search of prey; and if I felt any alleviation of misery, besides the hope of satisfying my appetite, it was in the thought of tearing to pieces whatever I should meet, and inflicting some part of the evil which I endured; for though I regretted my punishment, I did not repent of my crimes: and as I imagined SYNDARAC would now neither mitigate nor encrease my sufferings, I was not restrained, either by hope or fear, from indulging my disposition to cruelty and revenge. But while I was thus meditating the destruction of others, I trembled lest by some stronger savage I should be destroyed myself.

In the midst of this variety of torment, I heard the cry of dogs, the trampling of horses, and the shouts of the hunters; and such is the love of life, however wretched, that my heart sunk within me at the sound. To hide myself was impossible, and I was too much enfeebled either to fly or resist. I stood still till they came up. At first they gazed at me with wonder, and doubted whether they should advance: but at length a slave threw a net over me, and I was dragged to the city.

I now entered the metropolis of my empire, amidst the noise and tumult of a rabble, who the day before would have hid themselves at my presence.—I heard the sound of music at a distance: the heralds approached, and ALIBEG was proclaimed in my stead. I was now
deserted

deserted by the multitude, whose curiosity was diverted by the pomp of the procession; and was conducted to the place where other savages are kept, which custom has considered as part of the regalia.

My keeper was a black slave whom I did not remember ever to have seen, and in whom it would indeed have been a fatal presumption to have stood before me. After he had given me food, and the vigour of nature was restored, he discovered in me such tokens of ferocity, that he suffered me to fast many hours before I was again fed. I was so enraged at this delay, that, forgetting my dependence, I roared horribly when he again approached me: so that he found it necessary to add blows to hunger, that he might gain such an ascendancy over me, as was suitable to his office. By this slave, therefore, I was alternately beaten and famished, till the fierceness of my disposition being suppressed by fear and langour, a milder temper insensibly stole upon me; and a demeanour that was begun by constraint, was continued by habit.

I was now treated with less severity, and strove to express something like gratitude, that might encourage my keeper to yet greater kindness. His vanity was flattered by my submission; and, to shew as well his courage as the success of his discipline, he ventured sometimes to caress me in the presence of those whose curiosity brought them to see me. A kind of friendship thus imperceptibly grew between us, and I felt some degree of the affection that I had feigned. It happened that a tiger, which had been lately taken, broke one day into my den, while my keeper was giving me my provision, and leaping upon him, would instantly have torn him to pieces, if I had not seized the savage by the throat, and dragged him to the ground: the slave presently dispatched him with his dagger, and turned about to caress his deliverer; but starting suddenly backward, he stood motionless with astonishment, perceiving that I was no longer a monster but a dog.

I was myself conscious of the change which had again passed upon me, and leaping out of my den, escaped from my confinement. This transformation I considered as a reward of my fidelity, and was perhaps never more happy than in the first moments of my escape; for I reflected, that as a dog, my liberty was not only restored, but insured; I was no longer suspected of qualities which rendered me unfit for society; I had some faint resemblance of human virtue, which is not found in other animals, and therefore hoped to be more generally caressed. But it was not long before this joy subsided in the remembrance of that dignity from which I had fallen, and from which I was still at an immeasurable distance. Yet I lifted up my heart in gratitude to the POWER, who had once more brought me within the circle of nature. As a brute I was more thankful for a mitigation of punishment, than as a King I had been for offers of the highest happiness and honour. And who, that is not taught by affliction, can justly estimate the bounties of Heaven?

As soon as the first tumult of my mind was past, I felt an irresistible inclination once more to visit the apartments of my Seraglio. I placed myself behind an Emir whom I knew to have been the friend of ALBEG, and was permitted to follow him into the presence. The persons and the place, the retrospection of my life which they produced, and the comparison of what I was with what I had been, almost overwhelmed me. I went unobserved into the garden, and lay down under the shade of an almond-tree, that I might indulge those reflections, which, though they oppressed me with melancholy, I did not wish to lose.

I had not been long in this place, before a little dog, which I knew to be the same that I spurned from me when he caressed me at my return from hunting, came and fawned at my feet. My heart now smote me, and I said to myself, "Dost thou know me under this disguise? Is thy fidelity to thy lord unshaken? Cut off

“ as I am from the converse of mankind, hast thou pre-
“ served for me an affection, which I once so lightly
“ esteemed, and requited with evil? This forgetfulness
“ of injury, and this steady friendship, are they less than
“ human, or are they more?” I was not prevented
by these reflections from returning the caresses that I re-
ceived; and ALIBEG, who just then entered the gar-
den, took notice of me, and ordered that I should not be
turned out.

In the Seraglio I soon learned, that a body, which was
thought to be mine, was found dead in the chamber;
and that ALIBEG had been chosen to succeed me, by the
unanimous voice of the people: but I gained no intelli-
gence of SELIMA, whose apartment I found in the pos-
session of another, and for whom I had searched every
part of the palace in vain: I became restless; every place
was irksome; a desire to wander prevailed; and one
evening I went out at the garden gate, and travelling till
midnight, I lay down at the foot of a sycamore-tree,
and slept.

In the morning I beheld, with surprize, a wall of
marble that seemed to reach to heaven, and gates that
were sculptured with every emblem of delight. Over
the gate was inscribed, in letters of gold, “ Within this
“ wall liberty is unbounded, and felicity complete: Na-
“ ture is not oppressed by the tyranny of religion, nor
“ is pleasure awed by the frown of virtue. The gate is
“ obedient to thy wish, whosoever thou art; enter there-
“ fore, and be happy.”

When I read this inscription, my bosom throbbed
with tumultuous expectation: but my desire to enter
was repressed by the reflection, that I had lost the form,
in which alone I could gratify the appetites of a man.
Desire and curiosity were notwithstanding predominant:
the door immediately opened inward; I entered, and it
closed after me.

NUMB. 22. SATURDAY, *January 20, 1753.*

Rufus et in veterem fato revoluta figuram.

VIRG.

His native form at length by fate restor'd.

BUT my ears were now stunned with the dissonance of riot, and my eye sickened at the contortions of misery : disease was visible in every countenance, however otherwise impressed with the character of rage, of drunkenness, or of lust. Rape and murder, revelling and strife, filled every street and every dwelling.

As my retreat was cut off, I went forward with timidity and circumspection ; for I imagined, that I could no otherwise escape injury, than by eluding the notice of wretches, whose propensity to ill was restrained by no law, and I perceived, too late, that to punish vice is to promote happiness.

It was now evening, and that I might pass the night in greater security, I quitted the public way, perceiving a house that was encircled by a mote, I swam over to it, and chose an obscure corner of the area for my asylum. I heard from within the sound of dancing and music : but after a short interval, was alarmed with the menaces of rage, the shrieks of terror, and the wailings of distress. The window of the banqueting room flew open, and some venison was thrown out, which fell just at my feet. As I had eaten nothing since my departure from the Seraglio, I regarded this as a fortunate accident ; and after the pleasure of an unexpected repast, I again lay down in expectation of the morning, with hope and fear ; but in a short time, many persons rushed from the house with lights, and seemed solicitous to gather up the venison which had been thrown out ; but not being able to find it, and at the same time perceiving me, they judged that I had devoured it : I was immediately seized and led into the house : but as I could not discover that

I was

I was the object either of malignity or kindness, I was in doubt what would be the issue of the event. It was not long before this doubt was resolved; for I soon learned from the discourse of those about me, that I was suspected to have eaten poison, which had been intended for another, and was secured, that the effect might either remove or confirm the suspicion. As it was not expected that the poison would immediately operate, I was locked up in a room by myself, where I reflected upon the cause and the event of my confinement, with inexpressible anguish, anxiety, and terror.

In this gloomy interval, a sudden light shone round me, and I found myself once more in the presence of the GENIUS. I crawled towards him trembling and confounded, but not utterly without hope. "Yet a few moments," said he, "and the Angel of Death shall teach thee, that the wants of nature cannot be supplied with safety, where the inordinate appetites of vice are not restrained. Thy hunger required food; but the lust and revenge of others have given thee poison." My blood grew chill as he spake; I discovered and abhorred my folly: but while I wished to express my contrition, I fell down in an agony: my eyes failed me, I shivered, was convulsed, and expired.

That spark of immaterial fire which no violence can quench, rose up from the dust which had thus been restored to the earth, and now animated the form of a dove. On this new state of existence, I entered with inexpressible delight; I imagined that my wings were not only a pledge of safety, but of the favour of SYNDARAC, whom I was now more than ever solicitous to please. I flew immediately from the window, and turning towards the wall through which I had entered, I endeavoured to rise above it, that I might quit for ever a place in which guilt and wretchedness were complicated in every object, and which I now detested as much as before I had desired. But over this region a sulphureous vapour hovered like a thick cloud, which I had no sooner

entered than I fell down panting for breath, and had scarce strength to keep my wings sufficiently extended to break my fall. It was now midnight, and I alighted near the mouth of a cave, in which I thought there appeared some faint glimmerings of light. Into this place I entered without much apprehension; as it seemed rather to be the retreat of penitence, than the recess of luxury: but lest the noise of my wings should discover me to any hateful or mischievous inhabitant of this gloomy solitude, I entered in silence and upon my feet. As I went forward the cave grew wider; and by the light of a lamp which was suspended from the roof, I discovered a hermit listening to a young lady, who seemed to be greatly affected with the events which she was relating. Of the hermit I had no knowledge; but the lady I discerned to be SELIMA. I was struck with amazement at this discovery; I remembered with the deepest contrition my attempts upon her virtue, and I now secretly rejoiced that she had rendered them ineffectual. I watched her lips without the utmost impatience of curiosity, and she continued her narrative.

“ I was sitting on a sofa one evening after I had been
 “ carested by AMURATH, and my imagination kindled
 “ as I mused. Why, said I aloud, should I give up the
 “ delights of love with the splendor of royalty? Since
 “ the presumption of my father has prevented my marriage, why should I not accept the blessings that are
 “ still offered? Why is desire restrained by the dread of
 “ shame? and why is the pride of virtue offended by
 “ the softness of nature? Immediately a thick cloud
 “ surrounded me; I felt myself lifted up and conveyed
 “ through the air with incredible rapidity. I descended,
 “ the cloud dissipated, and I found myself sitting in an
 “ alcove, by the side of a canal that encircled a stately
 “ edifice and a spacious garden. I saw many persons
 “ pass along; but discovered in all something either dissolute or wretched, something that alarmed my fears,
 “ or excited my pity. I suddenly perceived many men
 “ with

“ with their swords drawn, contending for a woman,
“ who was forced along irresistibly by the crowd, which
“ moved directly towards the place in which I was sit-
“ ting. I was terrified, and looked round me with
“ eagerness, to see where I could retreat with safety. A
“ person richly dressed perceived my distress, and invited
“ me into the house which the canal surrounded. Of
“ this invitation I hastily accepted with gratitude and
“ joy: but I soon remarked several incidents, which
“ filled me with new perplexity and apprehension. I
“ was welcomed to a place in which infamy and honour
“ were equally unknown; where every wish was in-
“ dulgèd without the violation of any law, and where the
“ will was therefore determined only by appetite. I was
“ presently surrounded by women, whose behaviour co-
“ vered me with blushes; and though I rejected the
“ caresses of the person into whose power I was deli-
“ vered, yet they became jealous of the distinction with
“ which he treated me: my expostulations were not
“ heard, and my tears were treated with merriment:
“ preparations were made for revelling and jollity; I
“ was invited to join the dance, and upon my refusal was
“ entertained with music. In this dreadful situation, I
“ sighed thus to myself: How severe is that justice,
“ which transports those who form licentious wishes, to
“ a society in which they are indulgèd without restraint!
“ Who shall deliver me from the effects of my own
“ folly? who shall defend me against the vices of others?
“ At this moment I was thus encouraged by the voice
“ of some invisible being, ‘ The friends of VIRTUE
“ are mighty; reject not their protection, and thou art
“ safe.’ As I renounced the presumptuous wish which
“ had once polluted my mind, I exulted in this intima-
“ tion with an assurance of relief; and when supper was
“ set before me, I suffered the principal lady to serve me
“ with some venison; but the friendly voice having
“ warned me that it was poisoned, I fell back in my seat
“ and turned pale: the lady enquired earnestly what had
“ disordered

“ disordered me ; but instead of making a reply, I threw
 “ the venison from the window, and declared that she
 “ had intended my death. The master of the table, who
 “ perceived the lady to whom I spoke change counte-
 “ nance, was at once convinced that she had indeed
 “ attempted to poison me, to preserve that interest which
 “ as a rival she feared I should subvert. He rose up in a
 “ rage, and commanded the venison to be produced ; a
 “ dog that was supposed to have eaten it was brought in :
 “ but before the event could be known, the tumult was
 “ become general, and my rival, after having suddenly
 “ stabbed her patron, plunged the same poignard in her
 “ own bosom.

“ In the midst of this confusion I found means to
 “ escape, and wandered through the city in search of some
 “ obscure recess, where, if I received not the assistance
 “ which I hoped, death at least might secure my person
 “ from violation, and close my eyes on those scenes,
 “ which, wherever I turned, filled me not only with
 “ disgust, but with horror. By that BENEVOLENT
 “ POWER, who, as a preservative from misery, has placed
 “ in us a secret and irresistible disapprobation of vice,
 “ my feet have been directed to thee, whose virtue has
 “ participated in my distress, and whose wisdom may
 “ effect my deliverance.”

I gazed upon SELIMA, while I thus learned the ar-
 dour of that affection which I had abused, with sentiments
 that can never be conceived but when they are felt. I
 was touched with the most bitter remorie, for having
 produced one wish that could stain so amiable a mind ;
 and abhorred myself for having used the power which I
 derived from her tenderness, to effect her destruction.
 My fondness was not less ardent, but it was more chaste
 and tender ; desire was not extinguished, but it was
 almost absorbed in esteem. I felt a passion, to which,
 till now, I had been a stranger ; and the moment LOVE
 was kindled in my breast, I resumed the form proper to
 the nature in which alone it can subsist, and SELIMA
 beheld :

beheld AMURATH at her feet. At my sudden and unexpected appearance, the colour faded from her cheeks, the powers of life were suspended, and she sunk into my arms. I clasped her to my breast, and, looking towards the hermit for his assistance, I beheld in his stead the friendly GENIUS, who had taught me happiness by affliction. At the same instant SELIMA recovered. "Arise," said SYNDARAC, "and look round." We looked round; the darkness was suddenly dissipated, and we perceived ourselves in the road to Golconda, and the spires of the city sparkled before us. "Go," said he, "AMURATH, henceforth the husband of SELIMA, and the father of thy people! I have revealed thy story to ALIBEG in a vision; he expects thy return, and the chariots are come out to meet thee. Go, and I will proclaim before thee, AMURATH the Sultan of the East, the judge of nations, the taught of heaven: AMURATH, whose ring is equal to the ring of SOLOMON, returns to reign with wisdom, and diffuse felicity." I now lifted up my eyes, and beheld the chariots coming forward. We were received by ALIBEG with sentiments which could not be uttered, and by the people with the loudest acclamations; SYNDARAC proclaimed our return, in thunder that was heard through all the nations of my empire; and has prolonged my reign in prosperity and peace.

For the world I have written, and by the world let what I write be remembered: for to none who hear of the ring of AMURATH shall its influence be wanting. Of this, is not thy heart a witness, thou whose eye drinks instruction from my pen? Hast thou not a MONITOR who reproaches thee in secret, when thy foot deviates from the paths of virtue? Neglect not the first whispers of this friend to thy soul; it is the voice of a greater than SYNDARAC, to resist whose influence is to invite destruction.

THE THEATRE COMPARED TO LIFE.

NUMB. 24. SATURDAY, *January 27, 1753.*

*Longa mora est, quantum noxæ sit ubique repertum,
Enumerare.—*

OVID.

The various ills ordain'd to man by fate,
Where'er he turns, 'tis tedious to relate.

To the ADVENTURER.

SIR,

YOU have lately remarked, that the sedentary and recluse, thoſe who have not acquired an extensive and experimental knowledge of mankind, are frequently warmed with conceptions, which, when communicated, are received with the moſt frigid indifference. As I have no pretensions to this knowledge, it is probable, that the ſubject of my letter, though it pleaſed me in the fervour of my imagination, may yet appear to others trite and unimportant; to your judgment, therefore, I appeal, as the ſubſtitute of the public, and leave you to determine both for them and for me.

I have a ſmall eſtate in a remote and ſequeſtered part of the kingdom, upon which I have conſtantly reſided. As in this place I was not ſeduced to entertainments that endangered either my virtue or my fortune, I indulged my inclination to books; and by reading I could always prevent ſolitude from becoming irkſome. My library conſiſted chiefly of books of entertainment, but they were the beſt of their kind; and, therefore, though I was moſt delighted with dramatic writers, I had no plays but Shakeſpeare's. Shakeſpeare was, indeed, my favourite author; and after my fancy had been buſied in attempting to realize the ſcenes that he drew, I ſometimes regretted the labour, and ſometimes repined that it was ineffectual. I longed to ſee them repreſented on a theatre;
and:

and had formed romantic ideas of the force they would derive from proper action, habits, and machinery.

The death of a wealthy relation of my wife's, who has made my little boy his heir, called me this winter to London. I set out alone: and as I had been used to that reciprocation of affection and duty, which constitutes the happiness of a family; as we all met together in the evening, after having been separated by the different employments of the day, with smiles of complacency and good-humour, and mutually rejoiced in the satisfaction which each derived from the presence of the other; I found myself, after my first day's journey, in a very forlorn and comfortless situation at an inn. My evening was passed among people, with whom I had no tender connection; and when I went to bed, I reflected, that there was not within many miles a single person, who cared whether I should be found living or dead in the morning.

The melancholy which this situation, and these reflections, however whimsical, brought upon me, increased as my home became more distant. But the moment I entered London, speculation was at an end; the innumerable objects which rushed upon my senses, left me power only to hear and see.

When I turned into the inn-yard, the first thing that caught my attention was a large sheet of paper, printed in characters that differed not only in size but colour, some being red and others black. By the perusal of this pompous page, I learned that a comedy and a pantomime were to be performed at the theatre in the evening. It was now two o'clock; and I resolved to atone for the want of enjoyments which I had left behind me, by securing what I had been used to think the highest intellectual entertainment which art could furnish: the play was not indeed a tragedy, nor Shakespeare's; but if it was not excellent, it was new to me, and therefore equally excited my curiosity. As soon as I had taken possession of a room, and safely deposited my portman-

teau,

teau, I communicated my purpose to my host, who told me I could not have a better opportunity; for that both the play and entertainment were thought by the best judges to be very fine, and the principal parts were to be performed by the most celebrated actors of the age. My imagination was fired with this account; and being told that the house would be so soon full, that to secure a good place I must be there by four o'clock; I hastily swallowed my dinner, and getting into an hackney-coach, was driven to the theatre, and by the coachman conducted to the door that leads to the pit.

At this door I waited near half an hour with the utmost impatience; and the moment it was open rushed in, driven forward by the crowd that had gathered round me. Following the example of others, I paid my three shillings, and entering the pit among the first that gained admittance, seated myself as near as I could to the centre. After having gazed once or twice round me with wonder and curiosity, my mind was wholly taken up in the anticipation of my entertainment, which did not, however, much alleviate the torments of delay. At length, the stage was illuminated, the last music was played, and I beheld the curtain rise with an emotion which, perhaps, was little inferior to that of a lover, when he is first admitted to the presence of his mistress.

But just at this moment a very tall man, by the contrivance of two ladies, who had kept a seat for him by spreading their hoops, placed himself so exactly before me, that his head intercepted great part of the stage, and I could now see the actors no lower than the knee. This incident, after all my care and solicitude to secure an advantageous situation, was extremely vexatious: my attention to the play for some time suspended, and I suffered much more than I enjoyed: but it was not long before the scenery and the dialogue wholly possessed my mind; I accommodated myself the best I could to the inconvenience of my seat, and thought of it no more. The first act, as it was little more than a prelude to the ac-

tion,

tion, pleased me rather by what it promised, than by what it gave: I expected the sequel with yet more ardour, and suffered the interval with all the fretfulness of suspended curiosity. The second act gratified my imagination with a greater variety of incidents; but they were such as had a direct tendency to render appetite too strong for the curb of reason: I this moment rioted in the luxurious banquet, that was by a kind of enchantment placed before me; and the next reflected with regret and indignation upon those arts, under the influence of which I perceived my virtue to be enervated, and that I became contemptible even to myself. But this struggle did not last long: these images, which could not be seen without danger, were still multiplying before me; my resistance grew proportionably more languid; and at length I indulged every sensation, without enquiring whether I was animated to the imitation of virtue, or seduced by the blandishments of vice.

In the third act, I was become acquainted with the characters, which the author intended to exhibit; and discerned that, though some of them were sustained with great judgment and address, yet others were mistaken: I had still some person before me, whose manner was that of a player, and who, when I had been introduced into scenes of real life by the skill of another, immediately brought me back to a crowd and a theatre: I found that, upon the whole, I was not so constantly present to the events of the drama, as if I had read them silently in my study, though some circumstances might be more forcibly represented: but these critical remarks, as they lessened my pleasure, I resolved to remit. In the fourth act, therefore, I endeavoured to supply every defect of the performer by the force of my own fancy, and in some degree I succeeded: but my pleasure was now interrupted by another cause; for though my entertainment had not been equal to my expectation, yet I now began to regret that it was almost at an end, and earnestly wished that it was again to begin. In the fifth act, curiosity

was.

was no longer excited; I had discovered in what events the action would terminate, and what was to be the fate of the persons: nothing remained but the forms necessary to the conclusion of the play; the marriage of lovers, their reconciliation with offended parents, and the sudden reformation of a rake, who had, through the whole representation, been employed to produce incidents which might render his vices contagious, and to display qualities that might save them from contempt. But though the last act was thus rendered insipid, yet I was sorry when it was over: I reflected with a sigh, that the time was at hand, in which I must return to the comfortless solitude of my inn.

But this thought, however mortifying, was transient; I pleased myself with the expectation of the pantomime, an entertainment of which I had no conception, and of which I had heard the highest encomium from those about me: I, therefore, once more sat down upon the rising of the curtain, with an intention to the stage which nothing could divert. I gazed at the prodigies which were every moment produced before me with astonishment; I was bewildered in the intricacies of enchantment; I saw woods, rivers, and mountains, alternately appear and vanish; but I knew not in what cause, or to what end. The entertainment was not adapted to my understanding, but to my senses; and my senses were indeed captivated with every object of delight; in particular, the dress of the women discovered beauties which I could not behold without confusion; the wanton caresses which they received and returned, the desire that languished in their eyes, the kiss snatched with eagerness, and the embrace prolonged with reciprocal delight, filled my breast with tumultuous wishes, which, though I feared to gratify, I did not wish to suppress. Besides all these incentives to dissolute pleasure, there was the dance, which indulged the spectators with a view of almost every charm that apparel was intended to conceal; but of the pleasure of this indulgence I was deprived.

prived by the head of the tall man who sat before me, and I suffered again all the vexation which had interrupted my attention to the first act of the play. But before the last scene, my mind had been so violently agitated, and the inconveniences of so long a confinement, in a multitude, were become so sensible, I was so much oppressed with heat, and offended with the smell of the candles that were either burning in the sockets or expiring in smoke, that I grew weary of my situation; my faculties were suspended as in a dream, and I continued to sit motionless, with my eyes fixed upon the curtain, some moments after it fell. When I was roused from my reverie, I found myself almost alone; my attachment to the place was dissolved, the company that had surrounded me were gone out, and without reflecting whither I was to go, I wished to follow them.

When I was returned to the inn, and had locked myself into my room, I endeavoured to recover that pleasing tranquillity in which I had been used to resign myself to sleep, and which I now regretted to have once changed for tumult and dissipation: of my theatrical adventure I remembered no incident with pleasure, but that which, when it happened, I regarded as a misfortune, the stature of the person who sat before me, which intercepted the more gross indecencies, and defended me from their influence. This reflection immediately opened a new vein of thought; I considered the evening which I had just spent as an epitome of life, and the stage as an emblem of the world.

The youth is all ardour and expectation; he looks around with wonder and curiosity, and he is impatient for the time in which the world is to be thrown open before him. This time arrives; but he finds some unexpected obstacle to enjoyment, and in the first act of life he discovers, that his hopes are rather transferred to more distant objects than fulfilled by those which are present. As he proceeds, the scene grows more busy, and his attachments to life increase in number and in strength: he is now seduced by temptation; and the moment its influence

influence is suspended, and the pleasure which it promised is at end, he abhors it as debasing his nature, disappointing his highest hopes, and betraying him to remorse and regret.

This is the crisis of life, the period upon which immortality depends. Some continue the contest, and become more than conquerors; they reflect, with gratitude to PROVIDENCE, upon circumstances which intercepted temptations by adversity, and perceive that they owe their safety to incidents which they laboured to prevent. Others abandon themselves to sensuality; and, affecting to believe all things uncertain, eagerly catch at whatever is offered by the present moment, as the whole of their portion: but at length novelty, that mighty charm, that beauty of perpetual influence, novelty is no more! every object that gave delight is become familiar; and is therefore beheld, not with desire, but with disgust.

Thus life at length almost ceases to be a positive good; and men would scarce desire to live, but that they fear to die. Yet the same enjoyments which are despised, are also regretted; in time they are remembered without the circumstances that diminished their value; and the wretch who has survived them, wishes that they would return. Life, from this period, is more wearisome in proportion as it is prolonged; nothing is expected with ardour, because age has been too often cheated to trust to the promises of time, and because to-day has anticipated the enjoyment of to-morrow. The play is now over, the powers of the mind are exhausted, and intellectual pleasure and pain are almost at an end. The last stage, the state of dotage remains, and this is the pantomime of life; the images are new only in proportion as they are extravagant, and please only because the imagination is distempered or infirm: but the sensibility of corporal misery remains; infirmities multiply: the hours of pain and imbecility pass in anguish which none can alleviate, and in fretfulness which none regard: the palsied dotard looks round with impenitent

tent solicitude; he perceives himself to be alone, he has survived his friends, and he wishes to follow them; his wish is fulfilled, he drops torpid and insensible into that gulph which is deeper than the grave, and it closes over him for ever. From this dreadful picture I started with terror and amazement; it vanished; and I was immediately relieved by reflecting that life and the joys of life were still before me; that I should soon return to my paternal inheritance; that my evenings would no more be passed in tumult, and end in satiety; but that they would close upon scenes of domestic felicity, felicity which is pure and rational, and which is still heightened by the hope that it will be repeated to-morrow. And is not the human mind a STRANGER and a SOJOURNER upon earth? has he not an inheritance in a BETTER COUNTRY that is incorruptible and undefiled? an inheritance to which all may return, who are not so foolish as, after perpetual disappointment in the search of pleasure which they never found, still to continue the pursuit till every hope is precluded, and life terminates either in the stupor of insensibility, or the agonies of despair?

MORAL CONDUCT AND RELIGION.

NUMB. 28. SATURDAY, February 10, 1753.

*Cælo supinas si tuleris manus
Nascente Luniâ. rustica Phidyle;
Nec pesti en, em sentiet Africum
Fœcunda vitis*—————

HOR.

If rustic Phidyle her prayer renews,
Her artless prayer, when secret hours return,
Her vines shall droop beneath no blighting dews,
Nor southern storms her yellow harvest burn.

THAT mankind have any natural propensity to ill, or that their minds are subject to the influence of any invisible and malevolent being, are notions that of late

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have

have been treated with the utmost contempt and disdain. And yet I have remarked, that men frequently neglect to practise those duties of religion, without which they believe the DIVINE FAVOUR cannot be secured, though by such neglect they do not obtain any immediate advantage.

The miserable wretches who swarm in the streets of this metropolis, covered with filth and rags, pining with cold and hunger, and rotting with diseases, will be found to have a general belief, that by going to church men please GOD, and obtain the pardon of their sins; and yet those who expect to be relieved by the congregation, will linger at the church door till the service is at an end. In this instance, surely, they become, in their own opinion, the servants of sin, for no other wages than death. To the rich, irreligion, as well as vice, sometimes offers immediate pleasure; and it is easy to conceive, why they should rather sink in a luxurious slumber on a bed of down, than kneel at the altar; but why does the beggar, in the severity of winter, shiver at the porch, when he might take shelter in the aisle? If he was as near to any other building which he could as easily enter, he would not hesitate a moment; but rather than become a candidate for the blessing of GOD, he will forego the advantage of exciting the charity of the devout, by an appearance of devotion.

Of the duties and the privileges of religion, prayer is generally acknowledged to be the chief: and yet I am afraid, that there are few who will not be able to recollect some seasons, in which their unwillingness to pray has been more than in proportion to the labour and the time that it required; seasons in which they would have been less willing to repeat a prayer than any other composition; and rather than have spent five minutes in an address to GOD, would have devoted an equal space of time wholly to the convenience of another, without any enjoyment or advantage to themselves.

These facts, I believe, will scarce be controverted by
any;

any; and those who cannot shew that they have adequate natural causes, must allow that they have some other. It also must be acknowledged, that if men are tempted to neglect the worship of God by any spiritual enemy, to worship God is by such an enemy known to be their interest: but because I would not rest much upon this argument in favour of religion, I shall only say, that it has more force than any that I have heard against it.

I believe, indeed, there are some who, with whatever reluctance, punctually conform to the rituals of religion, as an atonement for an allowed and perpetual neglect of virtue; who dream, that by going to church on Sunday, they balance the account of the week, and may again lie, defraud, swear, and be drunken, with impunity. These wretches, although in spite of indignation they move my pity, I shall not here reprove, because their conduct does not only imply the grossest ignorance, but the most deplorable stupidity: and it is hopeless to write for those, of whom it cannot be expected that they should read.

There are others, who, believing that neither virtue nor religion alone is sufficient to secure immortality, neglect RELIGION as useless, because they cannot resolve to practise VIRTUE: so the purchase of a telescope would be a superfluous expence to a man that is blind, though all the advantages of sight cannot be obtained without it by those who can see.

Upon these slaves of sensuality, it is to be feared little effect can be produced, by an address either to their reason or their passions: for their reason is already convinced, and their passions alarmed; they live in a perpetual violation of the dictates of conscience; purposes of amendment are every moment formed and broken; they look backward with remorse, and forward with terror; and they accumulate guilt, even while they are anticipating judgment. Nor can I press them to put on an appearance of religion for mere temporary purposes; not

only because it would be an aggravation of their wickedness, but because it would conceal their true character, and might, therefore, injure society.

A man who apparently lives without religion, declares to the world, that he is without virtue, however he may otherwise conceal his vices: for when the obstacles to virtue are surmounted, the obstacles to religion are few. What should restrain him who has broken the bonds of appetite, from rising at the call of devotion? Will not he, who has accomplished a work of difficulty, secure his reward at all events, when to secure it is easy? Will not he that has panted in the race, stretch forth his hand to receive the prize?

It may, perhaps, be expected, that from this general censure I should except those, who believe that all religion is the contrivance of tyranny and cunning; and that every human action which has DEITY for its object, is enthusiastic and absurd. But of these there are few, who do not give other evidence of their want of virtue, than their neglect of religion; and even of this few it must be acknowledged, that they have not equal motives to virtue, and therefore to say, that they have not equal virtue, is only to affirm that effects are proportionate to their causes; a proposition which, I am confident, no philosopher will deny.

By these motives, I do not mean merely the hope and fear of future reward and punishment; but such as arise from the exercise of religious duties, both in public and private, and especially of prayer.

I know, that concerning the operation and effects of prayer, there has been much doubtful disputation, in which innumerable metaphysical subtilties have been introduced, and the understanding has been bewildered in sophistry, and affronted with jargon. Those who have no other proofs of the fitness and advantage of prayer than are to be found among these speculations, are but little acquainted with the practice.

He who has acquired an experimental knowledge of this

this duty, knows that nothing so forcibly restrains from ill, as the remembrance of a recent address to HEAVEN for protection and assistance. After having petitioned for power to resist temptation, there is so great an incongruity in not continuing the struggle, that we blush at the thought, and persevere, lest we lose all reverence for ourselves. After fervently devoting our souls to GOD, we start with horror at immediate apostacy: Every act of deliberate wickedness is then complicated with hypocrisy and ingratitude: it is a mockery of the FATHER OF MERCY; the forfeiture of that peace in which we closed our address, and a renunciation of the hope that it inspired:

For a proof of this, let every man ask himself, as in the presence of "HIM who searches the heart," whether he has never been deterred from prayer, by his fondness for some criminal gratification, which he could not with sincerity profess to give up, and which he knew he could not afterwards repeat without greater compunction? If prayer and immorality appear to be thus incompatible, prayer should not surely be lightly rejected by those, who contend that moral virtue is the summit of human perfection; nor should it be encumbered with such circumstances, as must inevitably render it less easy and less frequent: It should be considered as the wings of the soul, and should be always ready, when a sudden impulse prompts her, to spring up to GOD. We should not think it always necessary to be either in a church or in our closet, to express joy, love, desire, trust, reverence, or complacency, in the fervour of a silent ejaculation. Adoration, hope, and even a petition, may be conceived in a moment; and the desire of the heart may ascend, without words, to "HIM by whom our thoughts are known afar off." He who considers himself as perpetually in the presence of the ALMIGHTY, need not fear that gratitude or homage can ever be ill-timed, or that it is profane thus to worship in any circumstances that are not criminal.

There is no preservative from vice, equal to this habitual and constant intercourse with GOD ; neither does any thing equally alleviate distress, or heighten prosperity ; in distress, it sustains us with hope ; and in prosperity, it adds to every other enjoyment the delight of gratitude.

Let those, therefore, who have rejected religion, as they have given up incontestible advantages, try whether they cannot yet be recovered ; let them review the arguments by which their judgment has been determined, and see whether they compel the assent of reason ; and let those, who, upon this recollection, perceive, that, though they have professed infidelity, they do indeed believe and tremble, no longer sacrifice happiness to folly, but pursue that WISDOM “ whose ways are pleasantness and peace.”

GOOD NATURE.

NUMB. 30. SATURDAY, *February 17, 1753.*

I KNOW that GOOD NATURE has, like SOCRATES, been ridiculed in the habit of FOLLY, and that FOLLY has been dignified by the name of GOOD NATURE. But by GOOD NATURE, I do not mean that flexible imbecility of mind which complies with every request, and inclines a man at once to accompany an acquaintance to a brothel at the expence of his health, and to keep an equipage for a wife at the expence of his estate. Persons of this disposition have seldom more benevolence than fortitude, and frequently perpetrate deliberate cruelty.

In true GOOD NATURE, there is neither the acrimony of spleen, nor the sullenness of malice ; it is neither clamorous nor fretful, neither easy to be offended, nor impatient to revenge ; it is a tender sensibility, a participation of the pains and pleasures of others ; and is, therefore, a forcible and constant motive, to communicate happiness, and alleviate misery.

As

As human nature is, from whatever cause, in a state of great imperfection, it is surely to be desired that a person whom it is most our interest to please, should not see more of this imperfection, than we do ourselves.

I shall, perhaps, be told, that, "a man of sense can never use a woman ill." The latter part of this proposition is a phrase of very extensive and various signification: whether a man of sense can "use a woman ill," I will not enquire, but I shall endeavour to shew, that he may make her extremely wretched.

Persons of keen penetration, and great delicacy of sentiment, as they must necessarily be more frequently offended than others; so, as a punishment for the offence, they can inflict more exquisite pain, because they can wound with more poignant reproach: and by him whom GOOD NATURE does not restrain from retaliating the pain that he feels, the offence whether voluntary, or not, will always be thus punished.

If this punishment is suffered with silence, confusion, and tears, it is possible that the tyrant may relent; but this, like the remorse of a murderer, is too late; the dread of incurring the same anguish by a like fault, will substitute for the smile of cheerfulness, that sunshine of beauty, the glooms of doubt, solicitude, and anxiety. The offence will, notwithstanding, be again repeated; the punishment, the distress, and the remorse will again return; because error is involuntary, and anger is not restrained. If the reproach is retorted, and whether it was deserved, becomes the subject of debate; the consequences are yet more dreadful: after a vain attempt to shew an incongruity, which can no more be perceived than sounds by the deaf, the husband will be insulted for causeless and capricious displeasure, and the wife for folly, perverseness, and obstinacy. In these circumstances, what will become of "the refined, the exalted, and the permanent felicity, which alone is worthy of

“reasonable beings, and which elevated genius only can bestow?”

That this conduct is, by a man of sense, known to be wrong, I am content to allow: but it must also be granted, that the discernment of wrong is not always a propensity to right; and that if pain was never inflicted, but when it was known to produce salutary effects, mankind would be much more happy than they are.

GOOD NATURE, therefore, if intellectual excellence cannot atone for the want of it, must be admitted as the highest personal merit. If, without it, Wisdom is not kind; without it, Folly must be brutal. Let it, therefore, be once more repeated, “The quality most essential to conjugal felicity is GOOD NATURE.” And surely, whatever accidental difference there may happen to be in the conceptions or judgment of a husband and wife, if neither can give pain or pleasure without feeling it themselves, it is easy to perceive which sensation they will concur to produce.

It may now be expected, that I should give some general rules, by which the Ladies may discover the disposition of those, by whom they are addressed: but it is extremely difficult to detect malevolence amidst the assiduities of courtship, and to distinguish the man under that almost inscrutable disguise, the Lover. GOOD NATURE, however, is not indicated by the fulsome fawning of a perpetual grin, the loud laughter which almost anticipates the jest, or the constant echo of every sentiment; neither is it safe to trust the appearance of profuse liberality, or busy officiousness. Let it rather be remarked, how the Lover is affected by incidents, in which the Lady is not concerned; what is his behaviour to his immediate dependants, and whether they approach him with a slavish timidity, or with the cheerful reverence of voluntary servitude. Is he ever merry at the expence of another; or does he ever attempt thus to excite mirth in his mistress? Does he mention the absent with candour, and behave to those who are present with

with a manly complacency? By a diligent attendance to these circumstances, perhaps a probable judgment may be formed of his character.

To conclude with a general remark, GOOD NATURE is not of less importance to ourselves than to others. The morose and petulant first feel the anguish that they give: Reproach, revilings, and invective, are but the overflowings of their own infelicity, and are constantly again forced back upon their source. Sweetness of temper is not, indeed, an acquired, but a natural excellence; and, therefore, to recommend it to those who have it not, may be deemed rather an insult than advice. But let that which in happier natures is instinct, in these be reason; let them pursue the same conduct, impelled by a nobler motive. As the sourness of the crab enhances the value of the graft, so that which on its parent plant is GOOD NATURE, will, on a less kindly stock be improved into VIRTUE. No action by which others receive pleasure or pain, is indifferent: the Sacred Rule, "Do that to others which ye would that others should do to you," extends to every deed; and "every word shall be brought into judgment."

RELIGION THE FOUNDATION OF CONTENT.

NUMB. 32. SATURDAY, February 24, 1753.

*Munda—parvo sub lare Pauperum
Cana, sine aulæis et ostro,
Solicitam explicuere frontem.*

HOR.

To frugal treats and humble cells,
With grateful change the wealthy fly,
Where health-preserving plainness dwells,
Far from the carpet's gaudy dye.

Such scenes have charm'd the pangs of care,
And smooth'd the clouded forehead of despair. FRANCIS.

OMAR, the hermit of the mountain Aubukabis, which rises on the east of Mecca, and overlooks the city,

found one evening a man sitting pensive and alone, within a few paces of his cell. OMAR regarded him with attention, and perceived that his looks were wild and haggard, and that his body was feeble and emaciated: the man also seemed to gaze stedfastly on OMAR; but such was the abstraction of his mind, that his eye did not immediately take cognizance of its object. In the moment of recollection he started as from a dream, he covered his face in confusion, and bowed himself to the ground. "Son of affliction," said OMAR, "who art thou, and what is thy distress?" "My name," replied the stranger, "is HASSAN, and I am a native of this city: the Angel of adversity has laid his hand upon me; and the wretch whom thine eye compassionates, thou canst not deliver." "To deliver thee," said OMAR, "belongs to HIM only, from whom we should receive with humility both good and evil; yet hide not thy life from me; for the burthen which I cannot remove, I may at least enable thee to sustain." Hassan fixed his eyes upon the ground, and remained some time silent: then fetching a deep sigh, he looked up at the hermit, and thus complied with his request.

It is now six years, since our mighty lord the Caliph ALMALIC, whose memory be blessed, first came privately to worship in the temple of the holy city. The blessings which he petitioned of the Prophet, as the Prophet's vicegerent, he was diligent to dispense; in the intervals of his devotion, therefore, he went about the city, relieving distress and restraining oppression: the widow smiled under his protection, and the weakness of age and infancy was sustained by his bounty. I, who dreaded no evil but sickness, and expected no good beyond the reward of my labours, was singing at my work, when ALMALIC entered my dwelling. He looked round with a smile of complacency; perceiving that though it was mean it was neat, and that though I was poor I appeared to be content. As his habit was that of a pilgrim,

grim, I hastened to receive him with such hospitality as was in my power ; and my cheerfulness was rather increased than restrained by his presence. After he had accepted some coffee, he asked me many questions ; and though by my answers I always endeavoured to excite him to mirth, yet I perceived that he grew thoughtful, and eyed me with a placid but fixed attention. I suspected that he had some knowledge of me, and therefore inquired his country and his name. " HASSAN," said he, " I have raised thy curiosity, and it shall be satisfied ; he who now talks with thee is ALMALIC, the sovereign of the faithful, whose seat is the throne of Medina, and whose commission is from above." These words struck me with astonishment, though I had some doubt of their truth : but ALMALIC, throwing back his garment, discovered the peculiarity of his vest, and put the royal signet upon his finger. I then started up, and was about to prostrate myself before him, but he prevented me : " HASSAN," said he, " forbear ; thou art greater than I, and from thee I have at once derived humility and wisdom." I answered, " Mock not thy servant, who is but as a worm before thee : life and death are in thy hand, and happiness and misery are the daughters of thy will." " HASSAN," he replied, " I can no otherwise give life or happiness than by not taking them away : thou art thyself beyond the reach of my bounty, and possessed of felicity which I can neither communicate nor obtain. My influence over others, fills my bosom with perpetual solicitude and anxiety ; and yet my influence over others extends only to their vices, whether I would reward or punish. By the bow-string, I can repress violence and fraud ; and by the delegation of power, I can transfer the insatiable wishes of avarice and ambition from one object to another ; but with respect to virtue, I am impotent : if I could reward it, I would reward it in thee. Thou art content, and hast neither avarice nor ambition : to exalt thee, would be to destroy the simplicity of thy

“ life, and diminish that happiness which I have no power either to increase or to continue.” He then rose up, and commanding me not to disclose his secret, departed.

As soon as I recovered from the confusion and astonishment in which the CALIPH left me, I began to regret that my behaviour had intercepted his bounty; and accused that cheerfulness of folly, which was the concomitant of poverty and labour. I now repined at the obscurity of my station, which my former insensibility had perpetuated; I neglected my labour, because I despised the reward; I spent the day in idleness, forming romantic projects to recover the advantages which I had lost; and at night, instead of losing myself in that sweet and refreshing sleep, from which I used to rise with new health, cheerfulness, and vigour, I dreamt of splendid habits, and a numerous retinue, of gardens, palaces, eunuchs, and women, and waked only to regret the illusions that had vanished. My health was at length impaired by the inquietude of my mind; I sold all my moveables for subsistence, and reserved only a matras upon which I sometimes lay from one night to other.

In the first moon of the following year, the CALIPH came again to Mecca, with the same secrecy, and for the same purposes. He was willing once more to see the man, whom he considered as deriving felicity from himself. But he found me, not singing at my work, ruddy with health, and vivid with cheerfulness; but pale and dejected, sitting on the ground, and chewing opium, which contributed to substitute the phantoms of imagination, for the realities of greatness. He entered with a kind of joyful impatience in his countenance, which, the moment he beheld me, was changed to a mixture of wonder and pity. I had often wished for another opportunity to address the CALIPH; yet I was confounded at his presence, and throwing myself at his feet, I laid my hand upon my head, and was speechless. “ HASSAN,”
said

said he, " what canst thou have lost, whose wealth was
" the labour of thine own hand ; and what can have made
" thee sad, the spring of whose joy was in thine own bo-
" som ? What evil hath befallen thee ? Speak, and if
" I can remove it, thou art happy." I was now encour-
aged to look up, and I replied, " Let my Lord forgive
" the presumption of his servant, who, rather than utter
" a falsehood, would be dumb for ever. I am become
" wretched by the loss of that which I never possessed :
" thou hast raised wishes which, indeed, I am not wor-
" thy thou shouldst satisfy ; but why should it be thought
" that he who was happy in obscurity and indigence,
" would not have been rendered more happy, by emi-
" nence and wealth."

When I had finished this speech, ALMALIC stood
some moments in suspense, and I continued prostrate
before him. " HASSAN," said he, " I perceive, not
" with indignation, but regret, that I mistook thy cha-
" racter ; I now discover avarice and ambition in thy
" heart, which lay torpid only because their objects were
" too remote to rouse them. I cannot, therefore, in-
" vest thee with authority, because I would not subject
" my people to oppression ; and because I would not be
" compelled to punish thee for crimes which I first
" enabled thee to commit. But, as I have taken from
" thee that which I cannot restore, I will at least gra-
" tify the wishes that I excited, lest thy heart accuse
" me of injustice, and thou continue still a stranger to
" thyself. Arise, therefore, and follow me." I sprung
from the ground as it were with the wings of an eagle ;
I kissed the hem of his garment in an extasy of gratitude
and joy ; and when I went out of my house, my heart
leaped as if I had escaped from the den of a lion. I
followed ALMALIC to the Caravansera in which he
lodged ; and after he had fulfilled his vows, he took me
with him to Medina. He gave me an apartment in the
Seraglio ; I was attended by his own servants ; my pro-
visions were sent from his own table ; and I received

every week a sum from his treasury, which exceeded the most romantic of my expectations. But I soon discovered, that no dainty was so tasteful, as the food to which labour procured an appetite; no slumbers so sweet as those which weariness invited; and no time so well enjoyed, as that in which diligence is expecting its reward. I remembered these enjoyments with regret; and while I was sighing in the midst of superfluities, which, though they incumbered life, yet I could not give up, they were suddenly taken away.

ALMALIC, in the midst of the glory of his kingdom, and in the full vigour of his life, expired suddenly in the bath: such, thou knowest, was the destiny, which the ALMIGHTY had written upon his head.

His son AUBUBEKER, who succeeded to the throne, was incensed against me, by some who regarded me at once with contempt and envy: he suddenly withdrew my pension, and commanded that I should be expelled the palace: a command which my enemies executed with so much rigour, that within twelve hours I found myself in the streets of Medina, indigent and friendless, exposed to hunger and derision, with all the habits of luxury, and all the sensibility of pride. O! let not thy heart despise me, thou whom experience has not taught, that it is misery to lose that which it is not happiness to possess. O! that for me, this lesson had not been written on the tablets of PROVIDENCE! I have travelled from Medina to Mecca; but I cannot fly from myself. How different are the states in which I have been placed! the remembrance of both is bitter! for the pleasure of neither can return. HASSAN having thus ended his story, smote his hands together, and looking upward, burst into tears.

OMAR, having waited till this agony was past, went to him; and taking him by the hand, "My son," said he, "more is yet in thy power than ALMALIC could give, or AUBUBEKER take away. The lesson

son

“ son of thy life, the Prophet has, in mercy, appointed me to explain.

“ Thou wast once content with poverty and labour, only because they were become habitual, and ease and affluence were placed beyond thy hope; for, when ease and affluence approached thee, thou wast content with poverty and labour no more. That which then became the object was also the bound of thy hope; and he, whose utmost hope is disappointed, must inevitably be wretched. If thy supreme desire had been the delights of Paradise, and thou hadst believed that by the tenor of thy life these delights had been secured, as more could not have been given thee, thou wouldst not have regretted that less was not offered. The content which was once enjoyed was but the lethargy of the soul; and the distress which is now suffered, will but quicken it to action.—Depart, therefore, and be thankful for all things: put thy trust in HIM, who alone can gratify the wish of reason, and satisfy thy soul with good: fix thy hope upon that portion, in comparison of which the world is as the drop of the bucket, and the dust of the balance. Return, my son, to thy labour; thy food shall be again tasteful, and thy rest shall be sweet: to thy content, also, will be added stability, when it depends not upon that which is possessed upon earth, but upon that which is expected in HEAVEN.”

HASSAN, upon whose mind the angel of instruction impressed the counsel of OMAR, hastened to prostrate himself in the temple of the Prophet. Peace dawned upon his mind like the radiance of the morning: he returned to his labour with cheerfulness; his devotion became fervent and habitual; and the latter days of HASSAN were happier than the first.

EXTRAVAGANCE.

NUMB. 34. SATURDAY, *March 3, 1753.**Has toties optata exegit gloria pœnas.*

JUV.

Such fate pursues the votaries of praise.

To the ADVENTURER.

S I R,

Fleet-Prison, Feb. 24.

TO a benevolent disposition every state of life will afford some opportunities of contributing to the welfare of mankind. Opulence and splendor are enabled to dispel the cloud of adversity, to dry up the tears of the widow and the orphan, and to increase the felicity of all around them: their example will animate virtue, and retard the progress of vice. And even indigence and obscurity, though without power to confer happiness, may, at least, prevent misery, and apprize those who are blinded by their passions, that they are on the brink of irremediable calamity.

Pleased, therefore, with the thought of recovering others from that folly which has embittered my own days, I have presumed to address the ADVENTURER from the dreary mansions of wretchedness and despair, of which the gates are so wonderfully constructed, as to fly open for the reception of strangers, though they are impervious as a rock of adamant to such as are within them:

Facilis descensus Averni;

Noctes atque dies patet atri janua Ditis:

Sed revocare gradum, superasque evadere ad auras,

Hoc opus hic labor est.

VIRG.

The gates of hell are open night and day;
Smooth the descent, and easy is the way:

But

But to return and view the cheerful skies;
In this the task and mighty labour lies.

DRYDEN.

Suffer me to acquaint you, Sir, that I have glittered at the ball, and sparkled in the circle; that I have had the happiness to be the unknown favourite of an unknown lady at the masquerade; have been the delight of tables of the first fashion, and the envy of my brother beaux; and, to descend a little lower, it is, I believe, still remembered, that Messrs. Velours and d'Espagne stand indebted for a great part of their present influence at Guildhall, to the elegance of my shape, and the graceful freedom of my carriage.

—*Sed quæ præclara et prospera tanti,
Ut rebus lætis par sit mensura malorum!*

JUV.

See the wild purchase of the bold and vain,
Where every bliss is bought with equal pain!

As I entered into the world very young, with an elegant person and a large estate, it was not long before I disentangled myself from the shackles of religion; for I was determined to the pursuit of pleasure, which, according to my notions, consisted in the unrestrained and unlimited gratifications of every passion and every appetite; and, as this could not be obtained under the frowns of a perpetual dictator, I considered religion as my enemy; and proceeding to treat her with contempt and derision, was not a little delighted, that the unfashionableness of her appearance, and the unanimated uniformity of her motions, afforded frequent opportunities for the sallies of my imagination.

Conceiving now that I was sufficiently qualified to laugh away scruples, I imparted my remarks to those among my female favourites whose virtue I intended to attack; for I was well assured that pride would be able to make but a weak defence, when religion was subverted; nor was my success below my expectation: the love of pleasure is too strongly implanted in the female breast,

breast, to suffer them scrupulously to examine the validity of arguments designed to weaken restraint; all are easily led to believe that whatever thwarts their inclination must be wrong: little more, therefore, was required, than by the addition of some circumstances, and the exaggeration of others, to make merriment supply the place of demonstration; nor was I so senseless as to offer arguments to such as could not attend to them, and with whom a repartee or catch would more effectually answer the same purpose. This being effected, there remained only "the dread of the world:" but ROXANA soared too high, to think the opinion of others worthy her notice; LÆTITIA seemed to think of it only to declare, that "if all her hairs were worlds," she should reckon them "well lost for love:" and PASTORELLA fondly conceived, that she could dwell for ever by the side of a bubbling fountain, content with her swain and fleecy care, without considering that stillness and solitude can afford satisfaction only to innocence.

It is not the desire of new acquisitions, but the glory of conquests, that fires the soldier's breast; as, indeed, the town is seldom worth much, when it has suffered the devastations of a siege; so that though I did not openly declare the effects of my own prowess, which is forbidden by the laws of honour, it cannot be supposed that I was very solicitous to bury my reputation, or to hinder accidental discoveries. To have gained one victory is an inducement to hazard a second engagement: and though the success of the general should be a reason for increasing the strength of the fortification, it becomes with many, a pretence for an immediate surrender under the notion that no power is able to withstand so formidable an adversary; while others brave the danger, and think it mean to surrender, and dastardly to fly. MELISSA, indeed, knew better; and though she could not boast the apathy, steadiness, and inflexibility of a Cato, wanted not the more prudent virtue of Scipio, and gained the victory by declining the contest.

You must not, however, imagine, that I was, during this state of abandoned libertinism, so fully convinced of the fitness of my own conduct, as to be free from uneasiness. I knew very well, that I might justly be deemed the pest of society, and that such proceedings must terminate in the destruction of my health and fortune; but to admit thoughts of this kind, was to live upon the rack: I fled, therefore, to the regions of mirth and jolity, as they are called, and endeavoured with Burgundy, and a continual rotation of company, to free myself from the pangs of reflection. From these orgies we frequently sallied forth in quest of adventures, to the no small terror and consternation of all the sober stragglers that came in our way: and though we never injured, like our illustrious progenitors, the Mohocks, either life or limbs; yet we have, in the midst of Covent-garden, buried a taylor, who had been troublesome to some of our fine gentlemen, beneath a heap of cabbage-leaves and stalks, with this conceit,

Satia te caule quem semper cupisti.

Glut yourself with cabbage, of which you have always been greedy.

There can be no reason for mentioning the common exploits of breaking windows, and bruising the watch; unless it be to tell you of the device of producing before the justice, broken lanthorns, which have been paid for a hundred times: or their appearances with patches on their heads, under pretence of being cut by the sword that was never drawn: nor need I say any thing of the more formidable attack of sturdy chairmen, armed with poles; by a slight stroke of which the pride of Ned Revel's face was at once laid flat, and that effected in an instant; which its most mortal foe had for years essayed in vain. I shall pass over the accidents that attend attempts to scale windows, and endeavours to dislodge signs from their hooks: there are many hair-

“hair-breadth ‘scapes,” besides those in the “imminent deadly breach;” but the rake’s life, though it be equally hazardous with that of the soldier, is neither accompanied with present honour, nor with pleasing retrospect; such is, and such ought to be the difference, between the enemy and the preserver of his country.

Amidst such giddy and thoughtless extravagance, it will not seem strange, that I was often the dupe of coarse flattery. When Mons. L’Allonge assured me, that I thrust quart over arm better than any man in England, what could I less than present him with a sword that cost me thirty pieces? I was bound for a hundred pounds for Tom Trippet, because he had declared that he would dance a minuet with any man in the three kingdoms, except myself. But I often parted with money against my inclination, either because I wanted the resolution to refuse, or dreaded the appellation of a niggardly fellow; and I may be truly said to have squandered my estate, without honour, without friends, and without pleasure. The last may, perhaps, appear strange to men unacquainted with the masquerade of life. I deceived others, and I endeavoured to deceive myself: and have worn the face of pleasantry and gaiety, while my heart suffered the most exquisite torture.

By the instigation and encouragement of my friends, I became at length ambitious of a seat in parliament; and, accordingly, set out for the town of Wallop in the west, where my arrival was welcomed by a thousand throats, and I was, in three days, sure of a majority: but after drinking out one hundred and fifty hogshheads of wine, and bribing two thirds of the corporation twice over, I had the mortification to find, that the borough had been before sold to Mr. Courtly.

In a life of this kind, my fortune, though considerable, was presently dissipated; and, as the attraction grows more strong, the nearer any body approaches the earth, when once a man begins to sink into poverty, he falls

falls with velocity always encreasing; every supply is purchased at a higher and higher price, and every office of kindness obtained with greater and greater difficulty. Having now acquainted you with my state of elevation, I shall, if you encourage the continuance of my correspondence, shew you by what steps I descended from a first floor in Pall-Mall to my present habitation.

I am, SIR,

Your humble servant,
MISARGYRUS.

ACTIVE LIFE PREFERABLE TO SOLITUDE.

NUMB. 38. SATURDAY, *March 17, 1753.*

Εὖ γὰρ δὴ ὁ ἀπορηνόμενος, π. θεοῖς ὁμοίον ἔχειμεν, “ εὐεργεσίαν, ἔπειθ’ ἀλήθειαν.”
PYTHAG. ap. LONGIN.

Pythagoras being asked in what man could resemble the DIVINITY, justly answered, “ In beneficence and truth.”

In the Persian chronicle of the five hundred and thirteenth year of the HEIGYRA,
it is thus written:

Of the Letter of COSROU the Iman.

IT pleased our mighty sovereign, ABBAS CARASCAN, from whom the kings of the earth derive honour and dominion, to set MIRZA, his servant, over the province of Tauris. In the hand of MIRZA, the balance of distribution was suspended with impartiality; and under his administration the weak were protected, the learned received honour, and the diligent became rich: MIRZA, therefore, was beheld by every eye with complacency, and every tongue pronounced blessings upon his head.

head. But it was observed that he derived no joy from the benefits which he diffused: he became penitive and melancholy; he spent his leisure in solitude; in his palace he sat motionless upon a sofa; and when he went out, his walk was slow, and his eyes were fixed upon the ground: he applied to the business of state with reluctance; and resolved to relinquish the toil of government, of which he could no longer enjoy the reward.

He, therefore, obtained permission to approach the throne of our sovereign; and being asked what was his request, he made this reply: "May the Lord of the world forgive the slave whom he has honoured, if MIRZA presume again to lay the bounty of ABBAS at his feet. Thou hast given me the dominion of a country, fruitful as the gardens of Damascus; and a city, glorious above all others, except that only which reflects the splendor of thy presence. But the longest life is a period scarce sufficient to prepare for death: all other business is vain and trivial, as the toil of emets in the path of the traveller, under whose foot they perish for ever, and all enjoyment is unsubstantial and evanescent, as the colours of the bow that appears in the interval of a storm. Suffer me, therefore to prepare for the approach of eternity; let me give up my soul to meditation: let solitude and silence acquaint me with the mysteries of devotion; let me forget the world, and by the world be forgotten, till the moment arrives in which the veil of eternity shall fall, and I shall be found at the bar of the AL-MIGHTY." MIRZA then bowed himself to the earth, and stood silent.

By the command of ABBAS it is recorded, that at these words he trembled upon that throne, at the footstool of which the world pays homage: he looked round upon his nobles; but every countenance was pale, and every eye was upon the earth. No man opened his mouth;

mouth; and the king first broke silence, after it had continued near an hour.

“MIRZA, terror and doubt are come upon me. I am alarmed, as a man who suddenly perceives that he is near the brink of a precipice, and is urged forward by an irresistible force: but yet I know not whether my danger is a reality or a dream. I am as thou art, a reptile of the earth; my life is a moment, and eternity, in which days, and years, and ages are as nothing, eternity is before me, for which I also should prepare: but by whom then must the Faithful be governed? By those only who have no fear of judgment? by those only whose life is brutal, because, like brutes, they do not consider that they shall die? Or who, indeed, are the Faithful? Are the busy multitudes, that crowd the city, in a state of perdition? and is the cell of the Dervise alone the gate of Paradise? To all, the life of a Dervise is not possible: to all, therefore, it cannot be a duty. Depart to the house which has in this city been prepared for thy residence: I will meditate the reason of thy request; and may he who illuminates the mind of the humble, enable me to determine with wisdom.”

MIRZA departed; and on the third day having received no command, he again requested an audience, and it was granted. When he entered the royal presence, his countenance was more cheerful; he drew a letter from his bosom, and having kissed it, he presented it with his right hand. “My lord,” said he, “I have learned by this letter, which I received from COSROU the Iman, who now stands before thee, in what manner life may be best improved. I am enabled to look back with pleasure, and forward with hope; and I shall now rejoice still to be the shadow of thy power at Tauris, and to keep those honours which I so lately wished to resign.” The king, who had listened to MIRZA with a mixture of surprize and curiosity, immediately gave the letter to COSROU, and commanded that it should be read.

read. The eyes of the court were at once turned upon the hoary sage, whose countenance was suffused with an honest blush ; and it was not without some hesitation that he read these words :

“ TO MIRZA, whom the wisdom of ABBAS, our mighty
 “ lord, has honoured with dominion, be everlasting
 “ health ! When I heard thy purpose to withdraw the
 “ blessings of thy government from the thousands of
 “ Tauris, my heart was wounded with the arrow of
 “ affliction, and my eyes became dim with sorrow. But
 “ who shall speak before the king, when he is troubled ;
 “ and who shall boast of knowledge, when he is distressed
 “ by doubt ? To thee I will relate the events of my
 “ youth, which thou hast renewed before me ; and those
 “ truths which they taught me, may the Prophet multi-
 “ ply to thee.

“ Under the instruction of the physician ALUZAR, I
 “ obtained an early knowledge of his art. To those who
 “ were smitten with disease, I could administer plants,
 “ which the sun has impregnated with the spirit of health.
 “ But the scenes of pain, langour, and mortality, which
 “ were perpetually rising before me, made me often
 “ tremble for myself. I saw the grave open at my feet :
 “ I determined, therefore, to contemplate only the regions
 “ beyond it, and to despise every acquisition which I
 “ could not keep. I conceived an opinion, that as there
 “ was no merit but in voluntary poverty, and silent
 “ meditation, those who desired money were not proper
 “ objects of bounty, and that by all who were proper ob-
 “ jects of bounty, money was despised. I therefore buried
 “ mine in the earth ; and renouncing society, I wandered
 “ into a wild and sequestered part of the country ; my
 “ dwelling was a cave by the side of a hill, I drank the
 “ running water from the spring, and eat such fruits and
 “ herbs as I could find. To increase the austerity of
 “ my life, I frequently watched all night, sitting at the
 “ entrance of the cave with my face to the east, resigning
 “ myself to the secret influences of the Prophet, and ex-
 “ pecting

pecting illuminations from above. One morning after my nocturnal vigil, just as I perceived the horizon glow at the approach of the sun, the power of sleep became irresistible, and I sunk under it. I imagined myself still sitting at the entrance of my cell; that the dawn increased; and that as I looked earnestly for the first beam of day, a dark spot appeared to intercept it. I perceived that it was in motion; it increased in size as it drew near, and at length I discovered it to be an eagle. I still kept my eye fixed steadfastly upon it, and saw it alight at a small distance, where I now descried a fox, whose two fore-legs appeared to be broken. Before this fox the eagle laid part of a kid, which she had brought in her talons, and then disappeared. When I awaked I laid my forehead upon the ground, and blessed the Prophet for the instruction of the morning. I reviewed my dream, and said thus to myself: COSROU, thou hast done well to renounce the tumult, the business, and the vanities of life; but thou hast as yet only done it in part: thou art still every day busied in the search of food; thy mind is not wholly at rest, neither is thy trust in PROVIDENCE complete. What art thou taught by this vision? If thou hast seen an eagle commissioned by HEAVEN to feed a fox that is lame, shall not the hand of HEAVEN also supply thee with food; when that which prevents thee from procuring it for thyself, is not necessity but devotion? I was now so confident of a miraculous supply, that I neglected to walk out for my repast, which, after the first day, I expected with an impatience that left me little power of attending to any other object: this impatience, however, I laboured to suppress, and persisted in my resolution: but my eyes at length began to fail me, and my knees smote each other; I threw myself backward, and hoped my weakness would soon increase to insensibility. But I was suddenly roused by the voice of an invisible being, who pronounced these words;" COSROU, I am the Angel, who, by the command of the ALMIGHTY,

TY, have registered the thoughts of thy heart, which I am now commissioned to reprove. While thou wast attempting to become wise above that which is revealed, thy folly has perverted the instruction which was vouchsafed thee. Art thou disabled as the Fox? hast thou not rather the powers of the Eagle? Arise, let the Eagle be the object of thy emulation. To pain and sickness, be thou again the messenger of ease and health. Virtue is not rest, but action. If thou doest good to man, as an evidence of thy love to GOD, thy virtue will be exalted from moral to divine; and that happiness which is the pledge of Paradise, will be thy reward upon earth.

“ At these words I was not less astonished than if a
 “ mountain had been overturned at my feet; I humbled
 “ myself in the dust: I returned to the city; I dug up
 “ my treasure; I was liberal, yet I became rich. My
 “ skill in restoring health to the body, gave me frequent
 “ opportunities of curing the diseases of the soul. I put
 “ on the sacred vestments; I grew eminent beyond my
 “ merit; and it was the pleasure of the king that I
 “ should stand before him. Now, therefore, be not
 “ offended; I boast of no knowledge that I have not
 “ received; as the sands of the desert drink up the drops
 “ of rain, or the dew of the morning, so do I also, who
 “ am but dust, imbibe the instructions of the Prophet.
 “ Believe then that it is he who tells thee, all knowledge
 “ is prophane, which terminates in thyself; and by a
 “ life wasted in speculation, little even of this can be
 “ gained. When the gates of Paradise are thrown open
 “ before thee, thy mind shall be irradiated in a moment:
 “ here thou canst little more than pile error upon error;
 “ there thou shalt build truth upon truth. Wait, there-
 “ fore, for the glorious vision; and in the mean time,
 “ emulate the Eagle. Much is in thy power; and,
 “ therefore, much is expected of thee. Though the
 “ ALMIGHTY only can give virtue, yet, as a prince,
 “ thou mayest stimulate those to beneficence, who act
 “ from no higher motive than immediate interest: thou
 “ canst

“ canst not produce the principle, but mayest enforce
 “ the practice. The relief of the poor is equal, whether
 “ they receive it from ostentation or charity; and the
 “ effect of example is the same, whether it be in-
 “ tended to obtain the favour of GOD or man. Let
 “ thy virtue be thus diffused: and if thou believest with
 “ reverence, thou shalt be accepted above. Farewell.
 “ May the smile of HIM who resides in the Heaven of
 “ Heavens, be upon thee! and against thy name in the
 “ volume of HIS will, may happiness be written!”

The King, whose doubts, like those of MIRZA, were now removed, looked up with a smile that communicated the joy of his mind. He dismissed the prince to his government; and commanded these events to be recorded, to the end that posterity may know, “ that no
 “ life is pleasing to GOD, but that which is useful to
 “ Mankind!”

S L E E P.

NUMB. 39. TUESDAY, *March* 20, 1753.

—Οδυσσεὺς φύλλοισι καλύφατο, τῷ δ' ἄρ' Ἀθήνη
 ὕπνον ἐπ' ἱμῖμασι χεῦ, ἵνα μιν παύσειε τάχιστα
 Δυσμονόος καμύττιο.

HOM.

Pallas pour'd sweet slumbers on his soul;
 And balmy dreams, the gift of soft repose,
 Calm'd all his pains, and banish'd all his woes.

POPE.

IF every day did not produce fresh instances of the ingratitude of mankind, we might, perhaps, be at a loss, why so liberal and impartial a benefactor as SLEEP, should meet with so few historians or panegyrists. Writers are so totally absorbed by the business of the day, as never to turn their attention to that power, whose officious hand so seasonably suspends the burthen of life; and without whose interposition, man would not be able to endure the fatigue of labour however
 VOL. II. F rewarded,

rewarded, or the struggle with opposition however successful.

Night, though she divides to many the longest part of life, and to almost all the most innocent and happy, is yet unthankfully neglected, except by those who pervert her gifts.

The astronomers, indeed, expect her with impatience, and felicitate themselves upon her arrival: FONTENELLE has not failed to celebrate her praises; and to chide the sun for hiding from his view the worlds, which he imagines to appear in every constellation. Nor have the poets been always deficient in her praises: MILTON has observed of the Night, that it is "the pleasant time, the cool, the silent."

These men may, indeed, well be expected to pay particular homage to Night; since they are indebted to her, not only for cessation of pain, but increase of pleasure; not only for slumber, but for knowledge. But the greater part of her avowed votaries are the sons of luxury; who appropriate to festivity the hours designed for rest; who consider the reign of pleasure as commencing when day begins to withdraw her busy multitudes, and ceases to dissipate attention by intrusive and unwelcome variety; who begin to awake to joy, when the rest of the world sinks into insensibility; and revel in the soft effluence of flattering and artificial lights, which "more shadowy set off the face of things."

Without touching upon the fatal consequences of a custom, which, as RAMAZZINI observes, will be for ever condemned, and for ever retained: it may be observed, that however Sleep may be put off from time to time, yet the demand is of so importunate a nature, as not to remain long unsatisfied; and if, as some have done, we consider it as a tax of life, we cannot but observe it as a tax that must be paid, unless we could cease to be men; for Alexander declared, that nothing convinced him that he was not a Divinity, but his not being able to live without Sleep. To live without Sleep in our present fluctuating state,

however desirable it might seem to the lady in CLELIA, can surely be the wish only of the young or the ignorant; to every one else, a perpetual vigil will appear to be a state of wretchedness, second only to that of the miserable beings, whom SWIFT has in his Travels so elegantly described, as "supremely cursed with immortality."

Sleep is necessary to the happy, to prevent satiety, and to endear life by a short absence; and to the miserable, to relieve them by intervals of quiet. Life is to most, such as could not be endured without frequent intermissions of existence: HOMER, therefore, has thought it an office worthy of the goddess of wisdom, to lay Ulysses asleep when landed on Phæacia.

It is related of BARRETIER, whose early advances in literature scarce any human mind has equalled, that he spent twelve hours of the four and twenty in Sleep: yet this appears, from the bad state of his health, and the shortness of his life, to have been too small a respite for a mind so vigourously and intensely employed; it is to be regretted, therefore, that he did not exercise his mind less, and his body more; since by this means it is highly probable, that though he would not then have astonished with the blaze of a comet, he would yet have shone with the permanent radiance of a fixed star.

Nor should it be objected, that there have been many men who daily spent fifteen or sixteen hours in study; for by some of whom this is reported, it has never been done; others have done it for a short time only; and of the rest it appears that they employed their minds in such operations as required neither celerity nor strength, in the low drudgery of collating copies, comparing authorities, digesting dictionaries, or accumulating compilations.

Men of study and imagination are frequently upbraided by the industrious and plodding sons of care, with passing too great a part of their life in a state of inaction. But these defiers of Sleep seem not to remember, that though it must be granted them that they are crawling about before

the break of day, it can seldom be said that they are perfectly awake; they exhaust no spirits, and require no repairs; but lie torpid as a toad in marble, or at least are known to live only by an inert and sluggish locomotive faculty, and may be said, like a wounded snake, to “drag their slow length along.”

Man has been long known among philosophers, by the appellation of the microcosm, or epitome of the world: the resemblance between the great and little world might, by a rational observer, be detailed to many particulars; and to many more by a fanciful speculatist. I know not in which of these two classes I shall be ranged for observing, that as the total quantity of light and darkness allotted in the course of the year to every region of the earth, is the same, though distributed at various times and in different portions; so, perhaps, to each individual of the human species, nature has ordained the same quantity of wakefulness and sleep; though divided by some into a total quiescence and vigorous exertion of their faculties, and blended by others in a kind of twilight of existence, in a state between dreaming and reasoning, in which they either think without action or act without thought.

The poets are generally well affected to Sleep; as men who think with vigour, they require respite from thought, and gladly resign themselves to that gentle power, who not only bestows rest, but frequently leads them to happier regions, where patrons are always kind, and audiences are always candid, where they are feasted in the bowers of imagination, and crowned with flowers divested of their prickles, and laurels of unfading verdure.

The more refined and penetrating part of mankind, who take wide surveys of the wilds of life, who see the innumerable terrors and distresses that are perpetually preying on the heart of man, and discern with unhappy perspicacity calamities yet latent in their causes, are glad to close their eyes upon the gloomy prospect, and lose in a short insensibility the remembrance of others' miseries

ries and their own. The hero has no higher hope, than that, after having routed legions after legions, and added kingdom to kingdom, he shall retire to milder happiness, and close his days in social festivity. The wit or the sage can expect no greater happiness, than that, after having harassed his reason in deep researches, and fatigued his fancy in boundless excursions, he shall sink at night in the tranquillity of Sleep.

The Poets, among all those that enjoy the blessings of Sleep, have been least ashamed to acknowledge their benefactor. How much STATIUS considered the evils of life as assuaged and softened by the balm of slumber, we may discover by that pathetic invocation, which he poured out in his waking nights: and that COWLEY, among the other felicities of his darling solitude, did not forget to number the privilege of sleeping without disturbance, we may learn from the rank that he assigns among the gifts of nature to the poppy; “which is “scattered,” says he, “over the fields of corn, that all “the needs of man may be easily satisfied, and that “bread and sleep may be found together.”

*Si quis incisum Cereri benignæ
Me putat germen, vehementer errat;
Illa me in partem recipit libenter*
Fertilis agri.

*Meque frumentumque simul per omnes
Consulens mundo Dea spargit oras;
Crescite, O! dixit, duo magna fisten-
tacula vitæ.*

*Carpe, mortalis, mea dona lætus,
Carpe, nec plantas alias require,
Sed satur panis, satur et soporis,
Cætera sperne.*

He wildly errs who thinks I yield
Precedence in the well-cloath'd field,
Tho' mix'd with wheat I grow:
Indulgent Ceres knew my worth,
And to adorn the teeming earth,
She badè the POPPY blow.

Nor vainly gay the fight to please,
 But blest with power mankind to ease,
 The Goddess saw me rise :
 " Thrive with the life-supporting grain,"
 She cry'd, " the solace of the swain,
 " The cordial of his eyes."
 " Seize, happy mortal, seize the good,
 " My hand supplies thy sleep and food,
 " And makes thee truly blest :
 " With plenteous meals enjoy the day,
 " In slumbers pass the night away,
 " And leave to fate the rest." C. B.

Sleep, therefore, as the chief of all earthly blessings, is justly appropriated to industry and temperance ; the refreshing rest, and the peaceful night, are the portion only of him who lies down weary with honest labour, and free from the fumes of indigested luxury ; it is the just doom of laziness and gluttony, to be inactive without ease, and drowsy without tranquillity.

Sleep has been often mentioned as the image of death ; " so like it," says Sir THOMAS BROWN, " that I dare " not trust it without my prayers : " their resemblance is, indeed, apparent and striking ; they both, when they seize the body, leave the soul at liberty ; and wise is he that remembers of both, that they can be safe and happy only by VIRTUE,

EXTRAVAGANCE.

NUMB. 41. TUESDAY, *March 27, 1750.*———*Si mutabile prælus**Est tibi, consiliis, non curribus, utere nostris,**Dum potes, et solidis etiamnum sedibus adstas;**Dumque male optatos nondum premis inscius axes.*

OVID.

———*Th' attempt forsake,**And not my chariot but my counsel take;**While yet securely on the earth you stand;**Nor touch the horses with too rash a hand.*

ADDISON.

To the ADVENTURER.

SIR,

Fleet, March 24.

I NOW send you the sequel of my story; which had not been so long delayed, if I could have brought myself to imagine, that any real impatience was felt for the fate of MISARGYRUS; who has travelled no unbeaten track to misery, and consequently can present the reader only with such incidents as occur in daily life.

You have seen me, Sir, in the zenith of my glory; not dispensing the kindly warmth of an all-cheering sun, but, like another Phaeton, scorching and blasting every thing round me. I shall proceed, therefore, to finish my career, and pass as rapidly as possible through the remaining vicissitudes of my life.

When I first began to be in want of money, I made no doubt of an immediate supply. The newspapers were perpetually offering directions to men, who seemed to have no other business than to gather heaps of gold for those who place their supreme felicity in scattering it. I posted away, therefore, to one of these advertisers, who by his proposals seemed to deal in thousands; and was not a little chagrined to find, that this general benefactor would have nothing to do with any larger sum than thirty pounds, nor would venture that without a joint note from myself and a reputable housekeeper, or for a longer time than three months.

It was not yet so bad with me, as that I needed to solicit surety for thirty pounds: yet partly from the greediness that extravagance always produces, and partly from a desire of seeing the humour of a petty usurer, a character of which I had hitherto lived in ignorance, I condescended to listen to his terms. He proceeded to inform me of my great felicity in not falling into the hands of an extortioner; and assured me, that I should find him extremely moderate in his demands: he was not, indeed, certain, that he could furnish me with the whole sum, for people were at this particular time extremely pressing and importunate for money; yet as I had the appearance of a gentleman, he would try what he could do, and give me his answer in three days.

At the expiration of the time, I called upon him again; and was again informed of the great demand for money, and that "money was money now:" he then advised me to be punctual in my payment, as that might induce him to befriend me hereafter: and delivered me the money, deducting at the rate of five and thirty per cent. with another panegyric upon his own moderation.

I will not tire you with the various practices of usurious oppression; but cannot omit my transaction with Squeeze on Tower hill, who finding me a young man of considerable expectations, employed an agent to persuade me to borrow five hundred pounds, to be refunded by an annual payment of twenty per cent. during the joint lives of his daughter, Nancy Squeeze, and myself. The negotiator came prepared to enforce his proposal with all his art; but finding that I caught his offer with the eagerness of necessity, he grew cold and languid: "he had mentioned it out of kindness; he would try to serve me: Mr. Squeeze was an honest man, but extremely cautious." In three days he came to tell me, that his endeavours had been ineffectual, Mr. Squeeze having no good opinion of my life: but that there was one expedient remaining; Mrs. Squeeze could influence her husband, and her good-will might be gained by a compliment.

compliment. I waited that afternoon on Mrs. Squeeze. and poured out before her the flatteries which usually gain access to rank and beauty: I did not then know, that there are places in which the only compliment is a bribe. Having yet credit with a jeweller, I afterwards procured a ring of thirty guineas, which I humbly presented, and was soon admitted to a treaty with Mr. Squeeze. He appeared peevish and backward, and my old friend whispered me, that he would never make a dry bargain: I therefore invited him to a tavern. Nine times we met on the affair; nine times I paid four pounds for the supper and claret; and nine guineas I gave the agent for good offices. I then obtained the money, paying ten per cent. advance; and at the tenth meeting gave another supper, and disbursed fifteen pounds for the writings.

Others, who styled themselves brokers, would only trust their money upon goods; that I might, therefore, try every art of expensive folly, I took a house and furnished it. I amused myself with despoiling my moveables of their glossy appearance, for fear of alarming the lender with suspicions; and in this I succeeded so well, that he favoured me with one hundred and sixty pounds upon that which was rated at seven hundred. I then found that I was to maintain a guardian about me, to prevent the goods from being broken or removed. This was, indeed, an unexpected tax, but it was too late to recede; and I comforted myself, that I might prevent a creditor, of whom I had some apprehensions, from seizing, by having a prior execution always in the house.

By such means I had so embarrassed myself, that my whole attention was engaged in contriving excuses, and raising small sums to quiet such as words would no longer mollify. It cost me eighty pounds in presents to Mr. Leech, the attorney, for his forbearance of one hundred, which he solicited me to take when I had no need. I was perpetually harassed with importunate demands,

mands, and insulted by wretches, who a few months before would not have dared to raise their eyes from the dust before me. I lived in continual terror, frightened by every noise at the door, and terrified at the approach of every step quicker than common. I never retired to rest without feeling the justness of the Spanish proverb, "Let him who sleeps too much, borrow the pillow of a debtor;" my solicitude and vexation kept me long waking; and when I had closed my eyes, I was pursued or insulted by visionary bailiffs.

When I reflected upon the meanness of the shifts I had reduced myself to, I could not but curse the folly and extravagance that had overwhelmed me in a sea of troubles, from which it was highly improbable that I should ever immerge. I had sometime lived in hopes of of an estate at the death of my uncle; but he disappointed me by marrying his housekeeper; and, catching an opportunity soon after of quarrelling with me, for settling twenty pounds a year upon a girl whom I had seduced, told me that he would take care to prevent his fortune from being squandered upon prostitutes.

Nothing now remained, but the chance of extricating myself by marriage; a scheme which I flattered myself, nothing but my present distress would have made me think on with patience. I determined, therefore, to look out for a tender novice, with a large fortune at her own disposal; and accordingly fixed my eyes upon Miss Biddy Simper. I had now paid her six or seven visits; and so fully convinced her of my being a gentleman and a rake, that I made no doubt that both her person and fortune would be soon mine.

At this critical time, Miss Gripe called upon me, in a chariot bought with my money, and loaded with trinkets that I had in my days of affluence lavished on her. Those days were now over; and there was little hope that they would ever return. She was not able to withstand the temptation of ten pounds that Talon the bailiff offered her, but brought him into my apartment
disguised

disguised in a livery; and taking my sword to the window, under pretence of admiring the workmanship, beckoned him to seize me.

Delay would have been expensive without use, as the debt was too considerable for payment or bail: I therefore suffered myself to be immediately conducted to jail.

*Vestibulum ante ipsum primisque in faucibus Orci,
Luctus & ultrices posuere cubilia curæ;
Pallentesque habitant morbi, tristisque senectus,
Et metus, et malefuada fames, et turpis egestas.*

VIRG.

Just in the gate and in the jaws of hell,
Revengeful cares, and fullen sorrows dwell;
And pale diseases, and repining age;
Want, fear, and famine's unresisted rage.

DRYDEN.

Confinement of any kind is dreadful; a prison is sometimes able to shock those, who endure it in a good cause: let your imagination, therefore, acquaint you, with what I have not words to express, and conceive, if possible, the horrors of imprisonment, attended with reproach and ignominy, of involuntary association with the refuse of mankind, with wretches who were before too abandoned for society, but being now freed from shame or fear, are hourly improving their vices by consorting with each other.

There are, however, a few, whom like myself imprisonment has rather mortified than hardened; with these only I converse; and of these you may perhaps hereafter receive some account from

T. Your humble servant,
MISARGYRUS.

LOVE TO ENEMIES.

NUMB. 48. SATURDAY, April 21, 1753.

*Ibat triumphans Virgo———
Sunt qui rogatam rettulerint preces
Tulisse CHRISTO, redderet ut reo
Lumen jacenti, tum invenit balitum
Vitæ innovatum, visibus integris.*

PRUDENT.

As rescu'd from intended wrong,
The modest virgin pac'd along,
By blasting heav'n depriv'd of day
Beneath her feet th' accuser lay:
She mark'd, and soon the pray'r arose
To HIM who bade us love our foes;
By faith inforc'd the pious call
Again relum'd the fightless ball.

TO LOVE AN ENEMY, is the distinguishing characteristic of a religion, which is not of man but of GOD. It could be delivered as a precept only by HIM, who lived and died to establish it by his example.

At the close of that season, in which human frailty has commemorated sufferings which it could not sustain, a season in which the most zealous devotion can only substitute a change of food for a total abstinence of forty days; it cannot, surely, be incongruous to consider, what approaches we can make to that divine love which these sufferings expressed, and how far man, in imitation of his SAVIOUR, can bless those who curse him, and return good for evil.

We cannot, indeed, behold the example but at a distance; nor consider it without being struck with a sense of our own debility: every man who compares his life with this divine rule, instead of exulting in his own excellence, will smite his breast like the publican, and cry out, "GOD be merciful to me a sinner!" Thus to acquaint us with ourselves, may, perhaps, be one use of

of the precept ; but the precept cannot, surely, be considered as having no other.

I know it will be said, that our passions are not in our power ; and that therefore a precept, to love or to hate, is impossible ; for if the gratification of all our wishes was offered to us to love a stranger as we love a child, we could not fulfil the condition, however we might desire the reward.

But admitting this to be true, and that we cannot love an enemy as we love a friend ; it is yet equally certain, that we may perform those actions which are produced by love, from a higher principle : we may, perhaps, derive moral excellence from natural defects, and exert our reason instead of indulging a passion. If our enemy hungers we may feed him, and if he thirsts we may give him drink : this, if we could love him would be our conduct ; and this may still be our conduct, though to love him is impossible. The CHRISTIAN will be prompted to relieve the necessities of his enemy, by his love to GOD : he will rejoice in an opportunity to express the zeal of his gratitude and the alacrity of his obedience, at the same time that he appropriates the promises and anticipates his reward.

But though he who is beneficent upon these principles, may in the scripture sense be said to love his enemy, yet something more may still be effected : the passion itself in some degree is in our power ; we may rise to a yet nearer emulation of divine forgiveness, we may think as well as act with kindness, and be sanctified as well in heart as in life.

Though love and hatred are necessarily produced in the human breast, when the proper objects of these passions occur, as the colour of material substances is necessarily perceived by an eye before which they are exhibited ; yet it is in our power to change the passion, and to cause either love or hatred to be excited, by placing the same object in different circumstances ; as a changeable silk of blue and yellow may be held so as to excite the idea either of yellow or blue.

No act is deemed more injurious, or resented with greater acrimony, than the marriage of a child, especially of a daughter, without the consent of a parent: it is frequently considered as a breach of the strongest and tenderest obligations; as folly and ingratitude, treachery and rebellion. By the imputation of these vices, a child becomes the object of indignation and resentment: indignation and resentment in the breast, therefore, of the parent, are necessarily excited: and there can be no doubt, but that these are species of hatred. But if the child is considered as still retaining the endearing softness of filial affection, as still longing for reconciliation, and profaning the rites of marriage with tears; as having been driven from the path of duty, only by the violence of passions which none have always resisted, and which many have indulged with much greater turpitude; the same object that before excited indignation and resentment, will now be regarded with pity, and pity is a species of love.

Those, indeed, who resent this breach of filial duty: with implacability, though perhaps it is the only one of which the offender has been guilty, demonstrate that they are without natural affection; and that they would have prostituted their offspring, if not to lust, yet to affections which are equally vile and sordid, the thirst of gold, or the cravings of ambition: for he can never be thought to be sincerely interested in the felicity of his child, who when some of the means of happiness are lost by indiscretion, suffers his resentment to take away the rest.

Among friends, sallies of quick resentment are extremely frequent. Friendship is a constant reciprocation of benefits, to which the sacrifice of private interest is sometimes necessary: it is common for each to set too much value upon those which he bestows, and too little upon those which he receives; this mutual mistake in so important an estimation, produces mutual charges of unkindness and ingratitude; each, perhaps, professes himself

himself ready :o forgive, but neither will condescend to be forgiven. Pride, therefore, still increases the enmity which it began; the friend is considered as selfish, assuming, injurious, and revengeful; he consequently becomes an object of hatred; and while he is thus considered, to love him is impossible. But thus to consider him, is at once a folly and a fault: each ought to reflect, that he is, at least in the opinion of the other, incurring the crimes that he imputes; that the foundation of their enmity is no more than a mistake; and that this mistake is the effect of weakness or vanity, which is common to all mankind: the character of both would then assume a very different aspect, love would again be excited by the return of its object, and each would be impatient to exchange acknowledgments, and recover the felicity which was so near being lost.

But if after we have admitted an acquaintance to our bosom as a friend, it should appear that we had mistaken his character; if he should betray our confidence, and use the knowledge of our affairs, which perhaps he obtained by offers of service, to effect our ruin; if he defames us to the world, and adds perjury to falsehood; if he violates the chastity of a wife, or seduces a daughter to prostitution; we may still consider him in such circumstances as will incline us to fulfil the precept, and to regard him without the rancour of hatred or the fury of revenge.

Every character, however it may deserve punishment, excites hatred only in proportion as it appears to be malicious; and pure malice has never been imputed to human beings. The wretch, who has thus deceived and injured us, should be considered as having ultimately intended, not evil to us, but good to himself. It should also be remembered, that he has mistaken the means; that he has forfeited the friendship of HIM whose favour is better than life, by the same conduct which forfeited our's; and that to whatever view he sacrificed our temporal interest, to that also he sacrificed his

his own hope of immortality; that he is now seeking felicity which he can never find, and incurring punishment that will last for ever. And how much better than this wretch is he, in whom the contemplation of his condition can excite no pity? Surely, if such an enemy hungers, we may, without suppressing any passion, give him food; for who that sees a criminal dragged to execution, for whatever crime, would refuse him a cup of cold water?

On the contrary, he whom GOD has forgiven, must necessarily become amiable to man: to consider his character without prejudice or partiality, after it has been changed by repentance, is to love him; and impartially to consider it, is not only our duty but our interest.

Thus may we love our enemies, and add a dignity to our nature of which pagan virtue had no conception. But if to love our enemies is the glory of a CHRISTIAN, to treat others with coldness, neglect, and malignity, is rather the reproach of a fiend than a man. Unprovoked enmity, the frown of unkindness, and the menaces of oppression, should be far from those who profess themselves to be followers of HIM who in his life went about doing good; who instantly healed a wound that was given in his defence; and who, when he was fainting in his last agony, and treated with mockery and derision, conceived at once a prayer and an apology for his murderers; FATHER, FORGIVE THEM, THEY KNOW NOT WHAT THEY DO.

MISERY WITHOUT GUILT.

NUMB. 52. SATURDAY, *May 5, 1753.*

———*Hæ nugæ seria ducent
In mala derisum.*

HOR.

———Trifles such as these
To serious mischiefs lead.

FRANCIS.

To the ADVENTURER.

SIR,

THOUGH there are many calamities to which all men are equally exposed, yet some species of intellectual distress are thought to be peculiar to the vicious. The various evils of disease and poverty, pain and sorrow, are frequently derived from others; but shame and confusion are supposed to proceed from ourselves, and to be incurred only by the misconduct which they punish. This supposition is indeed specious; but I am convinced by the strongest evidence that it is not true: I can oppose experience to theory; and as it will appear that I suffer considerable loss by my testimony, it must be allowed to have the most distinguishing characteristic of sincerity.

That every man is happy in proportion as he is virtuous, was once my favourite principle: I advanced and defended it in all companies; and as the last effort of my genius in its behalf, I contrived a series of events by which it was illustrated and established; and that I might substitute action for narrative, and decorate sentiment with the beauties of poetry, I regulated my story by the rules of the drama, and with great application and labour wrought it into a tragedy.

When it was finished, I sat down, like Hercules after his labours, exulting in the past, and enjoying the future by anticipation. I read it to every friend who favoured me

me with a visit, and when I went abroad I always put it into my pocket. Thus it became known to a circle that was always increasing; and was at length mentioned with such commendation to a very great lady, that she was pleased to favour me with a message, by which I was invited to breakfast at nine the next morning, and acquainted that a select company would then expect the pleasure of hearing me read my play.

The delight that I received from the contemplation of my performance, the encomium of my friends, and especially this message, was in my opinion an experimental proof of my principles, and a reward of my merit. I reflected with great self-complacence, upon the general complaint that genius was without patronage; and concluded, that all who had been neglected were unworthy of notice. I believed that my own elevation was not only certain but near; and that the representation of my play would be secured by a message to the manager, which would render the mortifying drudgery of solicitation and attendance unnecessary.

Elated with these expectations, I rose early in the morning, and being dressed long before it was time to set out, I amused myself by repeating the favourite passages of my tragedy aloud, forming polite answers to the compliments that should be made me, and adjusting the ceremony of my visit.

I observed the time appointed with such punctuality, that I knocked at the door while the clock was striking. Orders had been given for my admittance; and the porter being otherwise engaged, it happened that the servant whose place it was to introduce me, opened the door in his stead, and upon hearing my name, advanced directly before me into the room; so that no discovery was made of an enormous queue of brown paper, which some mischievous brat had with a crooked pin hung between the two locks of my major periwig. I followed the valet into a magnificent apartment, where, after I had got
within.

within a very large Indian screen, I found five ladies and a gentleman.

I was a little disconcerted in my first address, by the respect that was shewn me, and the curiosity with which I was regarded: however I made my general obeisance, and addressing myself in particular to the elder of the ladies, whom I considered as my patroness, I expressed my sense of the honour she had done me, in a short speech which I had preconceived for the purpose; but I was immediately informed, that the lady whose favour I had acknowledged, was not yet come down: this mistake increased my confusion; for as I could not again repeat the same words, I reflected, that I should be at last unprepared for the occasion on which they were to have been used. The company all this while continued standing: I therefore hastily turned about, to reconnoitre my chair; but the moment I was seated, I perceived every one labouring to stifle a laugh. I instantly suspected that I had committed some ridiculous indecorum, and I attempted to apologize for I knew not what offence; but after some hesitation, my extreme sensibility struck me speechless. The gentleman, however, kindly discovered the cause of their merriment, by exclaiming against the rude licentiousness of the vulgar, and at the same time taking from behind me the pendulous reproach to the honours of my head. This discovery afforded me inexpressible relief; my paper ramellie was thrown into the fire, and I joined in the laugh which it produced: but I was still embarrassed by the consequences of my mistake, and expected the lady by whom I had been invited, with solicitude and apprehension.

When she came in, the deference with which she was treated by persons who were so much my superiors, struck me with awe; my powers of recollection were suspended, and I resolved to express my sentiments only by the lowness of my bow, and the distance of my behaviour: I therefore hastily retreated backward; and at
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the same time bowing with the most profound reverence, unhappily overturned the screen, which in its fall threw down the breakfast table, broke all the china, and crippled the lap-dog. In the midst of this ruin I stood torpid in silence and amazement, stunned with the shrieks of the ladies, the yelling of the dog, and the clattering of the china: and while I considered myself as the author of such complicated mischief, I believe I felt as keen anguish as he, who with a halter about his neck looks up, while the other end of it is fastening to a gibbet.

The screen, however, was soon replaced, and the broken china removed; and though the dog was the principal object of attention, yet the lady sometimes adverted to me: she politely desired that I would consider the accident as of no consequence; the china she said, was a trifle, and she hoped Pompey was more frightened than hurt. I made some apology, but with great confusion and incoherence: at length, however, we were again seated, and breakfast was brought in.

I was extremely mortified to perceive, that the discourse turned wholly upon the virtues of Pompey, and the consequences of his hurt; it was examined with great attention and solicitude, and found to be a rasure of the skin the whole length of one of his fore-legs. After some topical application, his cushion was placed in the corner by his lady, upon which he lay down, and indeed whined piteously.

I was beginning to recover from my perplexity, and had just made an attempt to introduce a new subject of conversation, when casting my eye downward, I was again thrown into extreme confusion, by seeing something hang from the fore part of my chair, which I imagined to be a portion of my shirt; though indeed it was no other than the corner of a napkin on which I sat, and which, during the confusion produced by the fall of the screen, had been left in the chair.

My embarrassment was soon discovered, though the cause was mistaken; and the lady hoping to remove it,
by

by giving me an opportunity to display my abilities without restraint of ceremony, requested that I would now give her the pleasure which she had impatiently expected, and read my play.

My play, therefore, I was obliged to produce, and having found an opportunity hastily to button up the corner of the napkin while the manuscript lay open in my lap, I began to read: and though my voice was at first languid, tremulous, and irresolute, yet my attention was at length drawn from my situation to my subject; I pronounced with greater emphasis and propriety, and I began to watch for the effects which I expected to produce upon my auditors; but I was extremely mortified to find, that whenever I paused to give room for a remark or an encomium, the interval was filled up with an ejaculation of pity for the dog, who still continued to whine upon his cushion, and was lamented in these affectionate and pathetic terms—"Ah! poor, dear, pretty, little creature."

It happened, however, that by some incidents in the fourth act, the passions were apparently interested, and I was just exulting in my success, when the lady who sat next me unhappily opening her snuff-box, which was not effected without some difficulty, the dust that flew up threw me into a fit of sneezing, which instantly caused my upper lip to put me again out of countenance: I therefore hastily felt for my handkerchief, and it was not with less emotion than if I had seen a ghost, that I discovered it had been picked out of my pocket. In the mean time the opprobrious effusion descended like an icicle to my chin; and the eyes of the company, which this accident had drawn upon me, were now turned away, with looks which shewed that their pity was not proof against the ridicule of my distress. What I suffered at this moment, can neither be expressed nor conceived; I turned my head this way and that in the anguish of my mind, without knowing what I thought; and at last holding up my manuscript before

fore my face, I was compelled to make use of the end of my neckcloth, which I again buttoned into my bosom. After many painful efforts I proceed in my lecture, and again fixed the attention of my hearers. The fourth act was finished, and they expressed great impatience to hear the catastrophe: I therefore began the fifth with fresh confidence and vigour; but before I had read a page, I was interrupted by two gentlemen of great quality, professors of Buckism, who came with a design to wait upon the ladies to an auction.

I rose up with the rest of the company when they came in; but what was my astonishment, to perceive the napkin, which I had unfortunately secured by one corner, hang down from my waist to the ground! From this dilemma however I was delivered by the noble buck who stood nearest to me; who swearing an oath of astonishment, twitched the napkin from me and throwing it to the servant, told him that he had redeemed it from the rats, who were dragging it by degrees into a place where he would never have looked for it. The young ladies were scarce less confounded at this accident than I; and the noble matron herself was somewhat disconcerted; she saw my extreme confusion; and thought fit to apologize for her cousin's behaviour; "He is a wild boy, Sir," says she, "he plays these tricks with every body; but "it is his way, and nobody minds it." When we were once more seated, the Bucks, upon the peremptory refusal of the ladies to go out, declared they would stay and hear the last act of my tragedy; I was therefore requested to go on. But my spirits were quite exhausted by the violent agitation of my mind; and I was intimidated by the presence of two persons, who appeared to consider me and my performance as objects only of merriment and sport. I would gladly have renounced all that in the morning had been the object of my hope, to recover the dignity which I had already lost in my own estimation; and had scarce any wish but to return without further disgrace into the quiet shade of obscurity.

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The ladies, however, would take no denial, and I was at length obliged to comply.

I was much pleased and surprized at the attention with which my new auditors seemed to listen as I went on: the dog was now silent; I increased the pathos of my voice in proportion as I ascended the climax of distress, and flattered myself that poetry and truth would be still victorious: but just at this crisis, the gentleman, who had disengaged me from the napkin, desired me to stop half a moment; something he said, had just started into his mind, which if he did not communicate he might forget: then turning to his companion, "Jack," says he, "there was sold in Smithfield, no longer ago than last Saturday, the largest ox that ever I beheld in my life." The ridicule of this malicious apostrophe was so striking, that pity and decorum gave way, and my patroness herself burst into laughter: upon me, indeed, it produced a very different effect; for if I had been detected in an unsuccessful attempt to pick a pocket, I could not have felt more shame, confusion, and anguish. The laughter into which the company had been surprized, was, however, immediately suppressed, and a severe censure passed upon the person who produced it. To atone for the mortification which I had suffered, the ladies expressed the utmost impatience to hear the conclusion, and I was encouraged by repeated encomiums to proceed; but though I once more attempted to recollect myself, and again began the speech in which I had been interrupted, yet my thoughts were still distracted; my voice faltered, and I had scarce breath to finish the first period.

This was remarked by my tormenter the Buck, who suddenly snatched the manuscript out of my hands, declared that I did not do my play justice, and that he would finish it himself. He then began to read; but the affected gravity of his countenance, the unnatural tone of his voice, and the remembrance of his late anecdote of the ox, excited sensations that were incompatible both with pity and terror, and rendered me extremely wretched by keeping the company perpetually on the brink of laughter.

In the action of my play, virtue had been sustained by her own dignity, and exulted in the enjoyment of intellectual and independent happiness, during a series of external calamities that terminated in death; and vice, by the success of her own projects, had been betrayed into shame, perplexity, and confusion. These events were indeed natural; and therefore I poetically inferred, with all the confidence of demonstration, that “the torments of Tartarus, and the felicity of Elysium, were not necessary to the justification of the Gods; since whatever inequality might be pretended in the distribution of externals, peace is still the prerogative of virtue, and intellectual misery can be inflicted only by guilt.”

But the intellectual misery which I suffered at the very moment when this favourite sentiment was read, produced an irresistible conviction that it was false; because, except the dread of that punishment which I had indirectly denied, I felt all the torment that could be inflicted by guilt. In the prosecution of an undertaking which I believed to be virtuous, peace had been driven from my heart, by the concurrence of accident with the vices of others; and the misery that I suffered, suddenly propagated itself: for not only enjoyment but hope was now at an end, my play, upon which both had depended, was overturned from its foundation; and I was so much affected, that I took my leave with the abrupt haste of distress and perplexity. I had no concern about what should be said of me when I was departed; and, perhaps, at the moment when I went out of the house, there was not in the world any human being more wretched than myself. The next morning, when I reflected coolly upon these events, I would willingly have reconciled my experience with my principles, even at the expence of my morals. I would have supposed that my desire of approbation was inordinate, and that a virtuous indifference about the opinion of others would have prevented all my distress; but I was compelled to acknowledge, that to acquire this indifference

was

was not possible, and that no man becomes vicious, by not effecting impossibilities: there may be heights of virtue beyond our reach, but to be vicious, we must either do something from which we have power to abstain, or neglect some thing which we have power to do: there remained, therefore, no expedient to recover any part of the credit I had lost, but setting a truth, which I had newly discovered by means so extraordinary, in a new light; and with this view I am a candidate for a place in the ADVENTURER.

I am, Sir, your's, &c.

DRAMATICUS.

F A L S E H O O D.

NUMB. 54. SATURDAY, May 12, 1753.

—*Sensim labefacta cadebat*
Religio—

CLAUDIUS.

—His confidence in heav'n
Sunk by degrees—

IF a recluse moralist, who speculates in a cloister, should suppose every practice to be infamous in proportion as it is allowed to be criminal, no man would wonder; but every man who is acquainted with life, and is able to substitute the discoveries of experience for the deductions of reason, knows that he would be mistaken.

Lying is generally allowed to be less criminal than adultery; and yet it is known to render a man much more infamous and contemptible; for he who would modestly acquiesce in an imputation of adultery as a compliment, would resent that of a lie as an insult for which life only could atone. Thus are men tamely led hood-winked by custom, the creature of their own folly, and while imaginary light flashes under the bandage which excludes the reality, they fondly believe that they behold the sun.

Lying, however, does not incur more infamy than it deserves, though other vices incur less. I have before remarked, that there are some practices, which, though they degrade a man to the lowest class of moral characters, do yet imply some natural superiority; but lying is, on the contrary, always an implication of weakness and defect. Slander is the revenge of a coward, and dissimulation his defence: lying boasts are the stigma of impotent ambition, of obscurity without merit, and pride totally destitute of intellectual dignity; and even lies of apology imply indiscretion or rusticity, ignorance, folly, or indecorum.

But there is equal turpitude, and yet greater meanness, in those forms of speech which deceive without direct falsehood. The crime is committed with greater deliberation, as it requires more contrivance; and by the offenders the use of language is totally perverted: they conceal a meaning opposite to that which they express; their speech is a kind of riddle, propounded for an evil purpose; and as they may, therefore, be properly distinguished by the name of Sphynxes, there would not perhaps be much cause for regret, if, like the first monster of the name, they should break their necks upon the solution of their enigmas.

Indirect lies, more effectually than others, destroy that mutual confidence, which is said to be the bond of society: they are more frequently repeated, because they are not prevented by the dread of detection: and he who has obtained a virtuous character, is not always believed, because we know not but that he may have been persuaded by the sophistry of folly, that to deceive is not to lie, and that there is a certain manner in which truth may be violated without incurring either guilt or shame.

But lying, however practised, does, like every other vice, ultimately disappoint its own purpose: "a lying tongue is but for a moment." Detraction, when it is discovered to be false, confers honour, and dissimulation provokes resentment; the false boast incurs contempt, and the false apology aggravates the offence.

Is it not, therefore, astonishing, that a practice, for whatever reason, so universally infamous and unsuccessful, should not be more generally and scrupulously avoided? To think, is to renounce it: and, that I may fix the attention of my readers a little longer upon the subject, I shall relate a story, which, perhaps, by those who have much sensibility, will not soon be forgotten.

CHARLOTTE and MARIA were educated together at an eminent boarding-school near London: there was little difference in their age, and their personal accomplishments were equal: but though their families were of the same rank, yet, as CHARLOTTE was an only child, she was considerable superior in fortune.

Soon after they were taken home, CHARLOTTE was addressed by Captain FREEMAN, who, besides his commission in the guards, had a small paternal estate: but as her friends hoped for a more advantageous match, the Captain was desired to forbear his visits, and the lady to think of him no more. After some fruitless struggles they acquiesced: but the discontent of both was so apparent, that it was thought expedient to remove Miss into the country. She was sent to her aunt, the Lady MEADOWS, who, with her daughter, lived retired at the family seat, more than one hundred miles distant from the metropolis. After she had repined in this dreary solitude from April to August, she was surprized with a visit from her father, who brought with him Sir JAMES FORREST, a young gentleman who had just succeeded to a baronet's title, and a very large estate in the same county. Sir JAMES had good nature and good sense, an agreeable person, and an easy address: Miss was insensibly pleased with his company; her vanity, if not her love, had a new object; a desire to be delivered from a state of dependence and obscurity, had almost absorbed all the rest; and it is no wonder that this desire was gratified, when scarce any other was felt: or that in compliance with the united solicitations of her friends,

and her lover, she suffered herself within a few weeks to become a lady and a wife. They continued in the country till the beginning of October, and then came up to London, having prevailed upon her aunt to accompany them, that Miss Meadows, with whom the bride had contracted an intimate friendship, might be gratified with the diversions of the town during the winter.

Captain FREEMAN, when he heard that Miss CHARLOTTE was married, immediately made proposals of marriage to MARIA, with whom he became acquainted during his visits to her friend, and soon after married her.

The friendship of the two young ladies seemed to be rather increased than dismissed by their marriage; they were always of the same party both in the private and public diversions of the season, and visited each other without the formalities of messages and dress.

But neither Sir JAMES nor Mrs. FREEMAN could reflect without uneasiness upon the frequent interviews which this familiarity and confidence produced between a lover and his mistress, whom force only had divided; and though of these interviews they were themselves witnesses, yet Sir JAMES insensibly became jealous of his lady, and Mrs. FREEMAN of her husband.

It happened in the May following, that Sir JAMES went ten miles out of town to be present at the election of member of parliament for the county, and was not expected to return till the next day. In the evening his lady took a chair and visited Mrs. FREEMAN: the rest of the company went away early, the Captain was upon guard, Sir JAMES was out of town, and the two ladies after supper sat down to piquet, and continued the game without once reflecting upon the hour till three in the morning. Lady FORREST would then have gone home; but Mrs. FREEMAN, perhaps chiefly to conceal a contrary desire, importuned her to stay till the Captain came in, and at length with some reluctance she consented.

About

About five the captain came home, and Lady FORREST immediately sent out for a chair: a chair as it happened, could not be procured: but a hackney-coach being brought in its stead, the Captain insisted upon waiting upon her ladyship home. This she refused with some emotion; it is probable that she still regarded the Captain with less indifference than she wished, and was therefore more sensible of the impropriety of his offer: but her reasons for rejecting it, however forcible, being such as she could not alludge, he persisted, and her resolution was overborne. By this importunate complaisance the Captain had not only thrown Lady FORREST into confusion, but displeased his wife: she could not, however, without unpoliteness, oppose it; and lest her uneasiness should be discovered, she affected a negligence which in some degree revenged it: she desired that when he came back he would not disturb her, for that she should go directly to bed; and added, with a kind of drowsy insensibility, "I am more than half asleep already."

Lady FORREST and the Captain were to go from the Haymarket to Grosvenor Square. It was about half an hour after five when they got into the coach; the morning was remarkably fine, the late contest had shaken off all disposition to sleep, and Lady FORREST could not help saying, that she had much rather take a walk in the Park than go home to bed. The Captain zealously expressed the same sentiment, and proposed that the coach should set them down at St. James's Gate. The lady, however, had nearly the same objections against being seen in the Mall without any other company than the Captain, that she had against its being known that they were alone together in a hackney-coach: she, therefore, to extricate herself from this second difficulty, proposed that she should call at her father's in Bond-street, and take her cousin Meadows, whom she knew to be an early riser, with them. This project was immediately put in execution; but Lady FORREST found her cousin

indisposed with a cold. When she had communicated the design of this early visit, Miss Meadows intreated her to give up her walk in the Park, to stay till the family rose, and go home after breakfast; "No," replied Lady FORREST, "I am determined upon a walk; but as I must first get rid of Captain FREEMAN, I will send down word that I will take your advice." A servant was accordingly dispatched to acquaint the Captain, who was waiting below, that Miss Meadows was indisposed, and had engaged Lady FORREST to breakfast.

NUMB. 55. TUESDAY, May 15, 1753.

*Quid quisque vilet, nunquam homini facis.
Cautum est in bordis.*

HOR.

While danger hourly round us lies,
No caution guards us from surprise.

FRANCIS.

THE Captain discharged the coach; but being piqued at the behaviour of his wife, and feeling that flow of spirits which usually returns with the morning, even to those who have not slept in the night, he had no desire to go home, and therefore resolved to enjoy the fine morning in the Park alone.

Lady FORREST, not doubting but that the Captain would immediately return home, congratulated herself upon her deliverance; but at the same time, to indulge her desire of a walk, followed him into the Park.

The Captain had reached the top of the Mall, and turning back, met her before she had advanced two hundred yards beyond the palace. The moment she perceived him, the remembrance of her message, the motives that produced it, the detection of its falsehood, and discovery of its design, her disappointment and consciousness of that very situation which she had so much reason

to

to avoid, all concurred to cover her with confusion which it was impossible to hide : pride and good-breeding were, however, still predominate over truth and prudence; she was still zealous to remove from the Captain's mind any suspicion of a design to shun him, and therefore, with an effort perhaps equal to that of a hero who smiles upon the rack, she affected an air of gaiety, said she was glad to see him, and as an excuse for her message and her conduct, prattled something about the fickleness of woman's mind, and concluded with observing, that she changed her's too often ever to be mad. By this conduct a retreat was rendered impossible, and they walked together till between eight and nine : but the clouds having insensibly gathered, and a sudden shower falling just as they reached Spring-Gardens, they went out instead of going back ; and the Captain having put the lady into a chair, took his leave.

It happened that Sir JAMES, contrary to his first purpose, had returned from his journey at night. He learnt from the servants, that his lady was gone to Captain FREEMAN's, and was secretly displeased that she had made this visit when he was absent ; an incident which, however trifling in itself, was by the magic of jealousy swelled into importance : yet upon recollection, he reproved himself for this displeasure, since the presence of the Captain's lady would sufficiently secure the honour of his own. While he was struggling with these suspicions, they increased both in number and strength, in proportion as the night wore away. At one he went to bed ; but he passed the night in agonies of terror and resentment, doubting whether the absence of his lady was the effect of accident or design, listening to every noise, and bewildering himself in a multitude of extravagant suppositions. He rose again at break of day ; and after several hours of suspense and irresolution, whether to wait the issue, or go out for intelligence, the restlessness of curiosity prevailed, and about eight he set out

for Captain FREMAN's; but left word with his servants, that he was gone to a neighbouring coffee-house.

Mrs. FREEMAN, whose affected indifference and dissimulation of a design to go immediately to bed, contributed to prevent the Captain's return, had during his absence suffered inexpressible disquiet; she had, indeed, neither intention to go to bed, nor inclination to sleep; she walked backward and forward in her chamber, distracted with jealousy and suspense, till she was informed that Sir James was below, and desired to see her. When she came down, he discovered that she had been in tears; his fear was now more alarmed than his jealousy, and he concluded that some fatal accident had befallen his wife; but he soon learnt that she and the Captain had gone from thence at five in the morning, and that he was not yet returned. Mrs. FREEMAN, by Sir JAMES's enquiry, knew that his lady had not been at home: her suspicions, therefore, were confirmed; and in her jealousy, which to prevent a duel she laboured to conceal, Sir JAMES found new cause for his own. He determined, however, to wait, with as much decency as possible, till the Captain came in; and perhaps two persons were never more embarrassed by the presence of each other. While breakfast was getting ready, Doctor TATTLE came to pay Mrs. FREEMAN a morning visit; and to the unspeakable grief both of the lady and her guest was immediately admitted. Doctor TATTLE is one of those male gossips who in the common opinion are the most diverting company in the world. The Doctor saw that Mrs. FREEMAN was low spirited, and made several efforts to divert her, but without success: at last he declared with an air of ironical importance, that he could tell her such news as would make her look grave for something; "The Captain," says he, "has just huddled a lady into a chair at the door of a bagnio near Spring Gardens." He soon perceived, that this speech was received with emotions very different from those he intended to produce; and, therefore, added, "that she need not, how-

ever,

“ ever, be jealous; for notwithstanding the manner in which he had related the incident, the lady was certainly a woman of character, as he instantly discovered by her mien and appearance.” This particular confirmed the suspicion it was intended to remove; and the Doctor finding he was not so good company as usual, took his leave, but was met at the door by the Captain, who brought him back. His presence, however insignificant, imposed some restraint upon the rest of the company: and Sir James, with as good an appearance of jocularly as he could assume, asked the Captain, “ What he had done with his wife.” The Captain, with some irresolution, replied, that “ he had left her early in the morning at her father’s; and that having made a point of waiting on her home, she sent word down that her cousin Meadows was indisposed, and had engaged her to breakfast.” The Captain, who knew nothing of the anecdote that had been communicated by the Doctor, judged by appearances that it was prudent thus indirectly to lie, by concealing the truth both from Sir JAMES and his wife: he supposed, indeed, that Sir JAMES would immediately enquire after his wife at her father’s, and learn that she did not stay there to breakfast; but as it would not follow that they had been together, he left her to account for her absence as she thought fit, taking for granted that what he had concealed she also would conceal, for the same reasons; or, if she did not, as he had affirmed nothing contrary to truth, he might pretend to have concealed it in jest. Sir JAMES, as soon as he had received this intelligence, took his leave with some appearance of satisfaction, and was followed by the Doctor.

As soon as Mrs. FREEMAN and the captain were alone, she questioned him with great earnestness about the lady whom he had been seen to put into a chair. When he had heard that this incident had been related in the presence of Sir JAMES, he was greatly alarmed lest Lady FORREST should increase his suspicions, by

attempting to conceal that which, by a series of enquiry to which he was now stimulated, he would probably discover: he condemned this conduct in himself, and, as the most effectual means at once to quiet the mind of his wife and obtain her assistance, he told her all that had happened, and his apprehension of the consequences: he also urged her to go directly to Miss Meadows, by whom his account would be confirmed, and of whom she might learn farther intelligence of Sir JAMES; and to find some way to acquaint Lady FORREST with her danger, and admonish her to conceal nothing.

Mrs. FREEMAN was convinced of the Captain's sincerity, not only by the advice which he urged her to give to Lady FORREST, but by the consistency of the story and the manner in which he was affected. Her jealousy was changed into pity for her friend, and apprehension for her husband. She hastened to Miss Meadows, and learnt that Sir JAMES had enquired of the servant for his lady, and was told that she had been there early with Captain FREEMAN but went away soon after him: she related to Miss Meadows all that had happened, and thinking it at least possible that Sir JAMES might not go directly home, she wrote the following letter to his lady:

“ My dear Lady FORREST,

“ I AM in the utmost distress for you. Sir James
 “ has suspicions which truth only can remove, and of
 “ which my indiscretion is the cause. If I had not con-
 “ cealed my desire of the Captain's return, your design
 “ to disengage yourself from him, which I learn from
 “ Miss Meadows, would have been effected. Sir James
 “ breakfasted with me in the Haymarket; and has since
 “ called at your father's from whence I write: he
 “ he knows that your stay here was short, and has rea-
 “ son to believe the Captain put you into a chair some
 “ hours afterwards at Spring-Gardens. I hope there-
 “ fore, my dear lady, that this will reach your hands

“ time

“ time enough to prevent your concealing any thing.
 “ It would have been better if Sir James had known
 “ nothing, for then you would not have been suspected;
 “ but now he must know all, or you cannot be justified.
 “ Forgive the freedom with which I write, and believe
 “ me, most affectionately,

“ Your’s,

“ MARIA FREEMAN.

“ P. S. I have ordered the bearer to say he came from
 “ Mrs. Fashion, the milliner.”

This letter was given to a chairman, and he was ordered to say he brought it from the milliner’s; because, if it should be known to come from Mrs. FREEMAN, and should fall by accident into Sir JAMES’s hand, his curiosity might prompt him to read it, and his jealousy to question the lady, without communicating the contents.

NUMB. 56. SATURDAY, May. 19, 1753.

—————*Multos in summa pericula misit
 Venturum in se mali.*

LUCANUS.

How oft’ the fear of ill to ill betrays!

SIR JAMES being convinced that his lady and the Captain had passed the morning at a bagnio, by the answer which he received at her father’s, went directly home. His lady was just arrived before him, and had not recovered from the confusion and dread which seized her when she heard that Sir JAMES came to town the night before, and at the same instant anticipated the consequences of her own indiscretion. She was told he was then at a coffee-house, and in a few minutes was thrown into an universal tremor upon hearing him knock at the door. He perceived her distress, not with compassion but rage, because he believed it to proceed from the consciousness of guilt: he turned pale, and his

lips quivered; but he so far restrained his passion as to ask her, without invective, "Where, and how she had passed the night." She replied, "At Captain FREEMAN'S; that the Captain was upon guard, that she sat up with his lady till he came in, and that then insisting to see her home she would suffer the coach to go no farther than her father's, where he left her early in the morning:" she had not fortitude to relate the sequel, put stopped with some appearance of irresolution and terror. Sir JAMES then asked, "If she came directly from her father's home." This question, and the manner in which it was asked, increased her confusion: to appear to have stopped short in her narrative, she thought would be an implication of guilt, as it would betray a desire of concealment: but the past could not be recalled, and she was impelled by equivocation to falsehood, which, however, she could have been kept back by fear, if Sir James had not deceived her into a belief that he had been no farther than the neighbourhood. After these tumultuous reflections which passed in a moment, she ventured to affirm, that "she staid with Miss Meadows till eight and then came home:" but she uttered this falsehood with such marks of guilt and shame, which she had indeed no otherwise than by this falsehood incurred or deserved, that Sir JAMES no more doubted her infidelity than her existence. As her story was the same with that of the Captain's, and as one had concealed the truth and the other denied it, he concluded there was a confederacy between them; and determining to bring the Captain to account, he turned from her abruptly, and immediately left the house.

At the door he met the chairman who had been dispatched by Mrs. FREEMAN. to his lady: and fiercely interrogating him what was his business, the man produced the letter, and saying, as he had been ordered, that he brought it from Mrs. FASHION. Sir James snatched it from him, and muttering some expressions of contempt and resentment thrust it into his pocket.

It happened that Sir James did not find the Captain at home; he, therefore, left a billet, in which he requested to see him at a neighbouring tavern, and added that he had put on his sword.

In the mean time, his lady, dreading a discovery of the falsehood which she had asserted, dispatched a billet to Captain FREEMAN; in which she conjured him as a man of honour, for particular reasons not to own to Sir JAMES, or any other person, that he had seen her after he had left her at her father's: she also wrote to her cousin Meadows, intreating, that if she was questioned by Sir JAMES, he might be told that she staid with her till eight o'clock, an hour at which only herself and the servants were up.

The billet to Miss Meadows came soon after the chairman had returned with an account of what had happened to the letter; and Mrs. FREEMAN was just gone in great haste to relate the accident to the Captain, as it was of importance that he should know it before his next interview with Sir JAMES: but the Captain had been at home before her, and had received both Sir JAMES's billet and that of his lady. He went immediately to the tavern, and inquiring for Sir JAMES FORREST, was shewn into a back room one pair of stairs: Sir JAMES received his salutation without reply, and instantly bolted the door. His jealousy was complicated with that indignation and contempt, which a sense of injury from a person of inferior rank never fails to produce: he, therefore, demanded of the Captain in a haughty tone, "Whether
" he had not that morning been in company with his
" wife, after he had left her at her father's?" The
" Captain, who was incensed at Sir JAMES's manner, and
" deemed himself engaged in honour to keep the lady's
" secret, answered, that "after what he had said in the
" morning, no man had a right to suppose he had seen
" the lady afterwards; that to insinuate the contrary,
" was obliquely to charge him with a falsehood; that
" he was bound to answer no such questions, till they
" were

“were properly explained; and that as a gentleman he
“he was prepared to vindicate his honour.” Sir
JAMES justly deemed this reply an equivocation and an
insult; and being no longer able to restrain his rage, he
curled the Captain as a liar and a scoundrel, and at the
same time striking him a violent blow with his fist, drew
his sword, and put himself in a posture of defence.
Whatever design the Captain might have had to bring
his friend to temper, and reconcile him to his wife, when
he first entered the room, he was now equally enraged,
and indeed had suffered equal indignity; he, therefore,
drew at the same instant, and after a few desperate passes
on both sides, he received a wound in his breast, and,
reeling backward a few paces, fell down.

The noise had brought many people to the door of the
room, and it was forced open just as the Captain re-
ceived his wound: Sir JAMES was secured, and a mes-
senger was dispatched for a surgeon. In the mean time,
the Captain perceived himself to be dying; and what-
ever might before have been his opinion of right and
wrong, and honour and shame, he now thought all dis-
simulation criminal, and that his murderer had a right
to that truth which he thought it meritorious to deny
him when he was his friend: he, therefore, earnestly
desired to speak a few words to him in private. This
request was immediately granted; the persons who had
rushed in withdrew, contenting themselves to keep
guard at the door; and the Captain beckoning Sir
JAMES to kneel down by him, then told him, that
“however his lady might have been surprized or be-
“trayed by pride or fear into dissimulation or falsehood,
“she was innocent of the crime which he sup-
“posed her solicitous to conceal:” he then briefly
related all the events as they had happened; and at last,
grasping his hand, urged him to escape from the win-
dow, that he might be a friend to his widow and to his
child, if its birth should not be prevented by the death
of its father. Sir JAMES yielded to the force of this
motive,

motive, and escaped as the Captain had directed. In his way to Dover, he read the letter which he had taken from the chairman, and the next post inclosed it in the following to his Lady:

“ My dear CHARLOTTE,

“ I AM the most wretched of all men; but I do
 “ not upbraid you as the cause: would to God that I
 “ were not more guilty than you! We are the martyrs
 “ of dissimulation. By dissimulation, dear Captain
 “ FREEMAN was induced to waste those hours with
 “ you, which he would otherwise have enjoyed with the
 “ poor unhappy dissembler his wife. Trusting in the
 “ success of dissimulation, you was tempted to venture
 “ into the Park, where you met him whom you wished
 “ to shun. By detecting dissimulation in the Captain,
 “ my suspicions were increased; and by dissimulation
 “ and falsehood you confirmed them. But your dissimu-
 “ lation and falsehood were the effects of mine; your’s
 “ were ineffectual, mine succeeded: for I left word that
 “ I was gone no farther than the Coffee-house, that you
 “ might not suspect I had learned too much to be de-
 “ ceived. By the success of a lie put into the mouth
 “ of a chairman, I was prevented from reading a letter
 “ which at last would have undeceived me; and by per-
 “ sisting in dissimulation, the Captain has made his
 “ friend a fugitive, and his wife a widow. Thus does
 “ insincerity terminate in misery and confusion, whether
 “ in its immediate purpose it succeeds or is disappointed.
 “ O my dear CHARLOTTE! if ever we meet again—
 “ to meet again in peace is impossible—but if ever we
 “ meet again, let us resolve to be sincere: to be sincere
 “ is to be wise, innocent, and safe. We venture to
 “ commit faults which shame or fear would prevent, if
 “ we did not hope to conceal them by a lie. But in the
 “ labyrinth of falsehood, men meet those evils which
 “ they seek to avoid: and as in the strait path of truth
 “ alone

“alone they can see before them, in the strait path of
 “truth alone they can pursue felicity with success.
 “Adieu! I am —— dreadful!—I can subscribe nothing
 “that does not reproach and torment me. Adieu!”

Within a few weeks after the receipt of this letter, the unhappy lady heard that her husband was cast away in his passage to France.

HEROISM AND MODERN HONOUR.

NUMB. 64. SATURDAY, June 16, 1753.

*Notitiam promosque gradus vicinia fecit;
 Tempore crevit amor.*

OVID.

Acquaintance grew, th' acquaintance they improve,
 To friendship, friendship ripen'd into love. EUSDEN.

To the ADVENTURER.

SIR,

YOUR paper of last Tuesday se'nnight, which I did not read till to-day, determined me to send you an account of my friend Eugenio, by whose distress my mind has been long kept in perpetual agitation: and, perhaps, my narrative may not only illustrate your allegory, but contribute to recover Opinion from her defection.

As Orgilio, the father of Eugenio, had no principles but those of a man of honour, he avoided alike both the virtues and the vices which are incompatible with that character: religion he supposed to be a contrivance of priests and politicians, to keep the vulgar in awe; and used by those in the rank of gentlemen who pretend to acknowledge its obligations, only as an expedient to conceal their want of spirit. By a conduct regulated upon these principles, he gradually reduced a paternal

paternal estate of two thousand pounds per annum to five hundred. Besides Eugenio, he had only one child, a daughter: his wife died while they were infants. His younger brother, who had acquired a very considerable fortune in trade, retired unmarried into the country: he knew that the paternal estate was greatly reduced; and, therefore, took the expence of his nephew's education upon himself. After some years had been spent at Westminster school, he sent him to the university, and supported him by a very genteel annuity.

Eugenio, though his temper was remarkably warm and sprightly, had yet a high relish of literature, and insensibly acquired a strong attachment to a college life. His apartment adjoined to mine, and our acquaintance was soon improved into friendship. I found in him great ardour of benevolence, and a sense of generosity and honour which I had conceived to consist only in romance. With respect to CHRISTIANITY, indeed, he was as yet a sceptic: but I found it easy to obviate general objections; and, as he had great penetration and sagacity, was superior to prejudice, and habituated to no vice which he wished to countenance by infidelity, he began to believe as soon as he began to enquire: the evidence for REVELATION at length appeared incontestible; and without busying himself with the cavils of subtilty against particular doctrines, he determined to adhere inviolably to the precepts as a rule of life, and to trust in the promises as the foundation of hope. The same ardour and firmness, the same generosity and honour, were now exercised with more exalted views, and upon a more perfect plan. He considered me as his preceptor, and I considered him as my example: our friendship increased every day; and I believe he had conceived a design to follow me into orders. But when he had continued at college about two years, he received a command from his father to come immediately to town; for that his earnest desire to place him in the army was now accomplished, and he had procured him a captain's commission.

mission. By the same post he received a letter from his uncle, in which he was strongly urged to continue at college, with promises of succeeding to his whole estate; his father's project was zealously condemned, and his neglect of a brother's concurrence resented. Eugenio, though it was greatly his desire to continue at college, and his interest to oblige his uncle, yet obeyed his father without the least hesitation.

When he came to town, he discovered that a warm altercation had been carried on between his uncle and his father upon this subject: his uncle, not being able to produce any effect upon the father, as a last effort had written to the son; and being equally offended with both, when his application to both had been equally ineffectual, he reproached him with folly and ingratitude; and dying soon after by a fall from his horse, it appeared, that in the height of his resentment, he had left his whole fortune to a distant relation in Ireland, whom he had never seen.

Under this misfortune, Eugenio comforted himself, by reflecting that he incurred it by obedience to his father; and though it precluded hopes that were dearer than life, yet he never expressed his displeasure either by invective or complaint.

Orgilio had very early in life contracted an intimacy with Agrestis, a gentleman whose character and principles were very different from his own. Agrestis had very just notions of right and wrong, by which he regulated his conduct without any regard to the opinion of others: his integrity was universal and inflexible, and his temper ardent and open; he abhorred whatever had the appearance of dissimulation, he was extremely jealous of his authority, and there was a rough simplicity in his manner, which many circumstances of his life had contributed to produce. His father left him a fortune of two hundred thousand pounds; but as the parsimony which enabled him to amass it, extended to the education of his son, by whom it was to be possessed; he had been
taught

taught neither politeness nor literature. He married a lady, whose influence would have polished the rough diamond by degrees; but she died within the first year of her marriage, leaving him a daughter to whom he gave her name, Amelia, and transferred all his affection: he therefore continued to live in great privacy; and being used to have only servants and dependants about him, he indulged the peculiarities of his humour without that complaisance which becomes insensibly habitual to those who mix in the company of persons whom it is their apparent interest to please, and whose presence is a perpetual restraint upon such irregular starts of temper as would incur contempt by arrogating a superiority which none would acknowledge. To this disposition his daughter accommodated herself as she grew up, from motives both of affection and duty: as he knew and regretted the defect of his own education, he spared no cost to complete her's; and she is indeed the most accomplished character I ever knew: her obedience is cheerful and implicit, her affection tender and without parade; her looks express the utmost sweetness and sensibility, and yet there is a dignity in her manner which commands respect.

The intimacy between the father of Eugenio and Agrestis, produced a tender friendship between his sister and Amelia, which began in their infancy, and increased with their years.

Such characters as Amelia and Eugenio could not be long familiarly known to each other, without exciting mutual esteem: the transition from esteem to love, between persons of different sexes, is often imperceptible even to themselves; and, perhaps, was not discovered till long after it had happened, either by Eugenio or Amelia. When he returned from the university, she was about eighteen; as her stature and her beauty were greatly increased during this interval, their first effect upon Eugenio was proportionably greater; and he perceived, from whatever cause, a more sensible emotion in her.

her. He had too much discernment not to discover that she loved him; and too much generosity not to conceal his love of her, because he was so much her inferior in fortune. Sometimes he reflected upon her partiality with pleasure and sometimes with regret: but while they were thus mutually conscious to desires which they mutually suppressed, the late rebellion broke out, and Eugenio was commanded into Scotland. In this expedition he distinguished himself equally by his courage and humanity: and though he had not much money, and therefore could but seldom display his bounty; yet his concern for the real interest of his men was so apparent, as well in such acts of kindness as were in his power, as in the strict discipline which he maintained among them, that his personal influence was very powerful and extensive. During this absence, though he felt his passion for Amelia increase, notwithstanding all his attempts to suppress it; yet he never wrote to her, but contented himself with mentioning her in general terms, and including her in his remembrance of other friends, when he wrote to his father and his sister.

When he returned, as his sister's intimacy with Amelia still continued, his opportunities to see her were equally frequent: but the pleasure of those interviews were become yet more tumultuous and confused; and the lovers were both conscious, that their sentiments were every moment involuntarily discovered to each other.

Amelia had dismissed many suitors, who were not less distinguished by their merit than their rank, because she still hoped to enrich Eugenio with her fortune; and Eugenio persisted in a conduct by which this hope was disappointed, because he would not degrade Amelia by an alliance with dependance and poverty. The objections of duty might, indeed, have been removed by obtaining the consent of Agrestis; but those of honour would still have remained: he was not, however, absolutely without hope; for though he had lost his uncle's fortune by obedience to his father, yet as he had
greatly

greatly recommended himself to his commanding officer, who was of the highest rank, he believed it possible that he might be advanced to a post in the army, which would justify his pretensions to Amelia, and remove all his difficulties at once.

Agrestis wondered at the conduct of his daughter, but neither asked nor suspected her motives; for he had always declared, that as he believed she would never marry against his consent, he would never urge her to marry against her own inclination.

Amelia, therefore, continued to decline every offer, and Eugenio to see her almost every day, without the least intimation of his love, till the beginning of the last winter, when he lost his sister by the small-pox. His interviews with Amelia were now less frequent, and therefore more interesting: he feared, that as he would be seldom in her sight, the assiduities of some fortunate rival might at length exclude him from her remembrance: he did not, however, falter in his resolution, nor did Amelia change her conduct.

HEROISM AND MODERN HONOUR

(continued).

NUMB. 65. TUESDAY, June 19, 1753.

Et furiis agitatus amor.————

VIRG.

Love, which the furies irritate to rage.

IT happened that about this time she was addressed by Ventosus, the eldest son of a noble family, who, besides a large estate, had great expectations from his father's influence at court. Ventosus, though he was strongly recommended by Agrestis, and was remarkable for personal accomplishments, was yet received with great coldness by Amelia: he was surprized, mortified, and disappointed;

disappointed; yet he continued his visits, and was very diligent to discover what had prevented his success. One evening, just as he was about to take his leave, after much ineffectual entreaty and complaint, Eugenio unexpectedly entered the room. Ventosus instantly remarked the embarrassment both of his mistress and the stranger, whom he therefore, supposed to be a rival, and no longer wondered at his own disappointment: these suspicions were every moment confirmed and increased: for his presence produced emotions which could neither be concealed nor mistaken; though by a less penetrating eye than that of jealousy, they might have been overlooked.

He was now fired with resentment and indignation; and having left the room somewhat abruptly, he was met upon the stairs by Agrestis, with whom he desired to speak a few words in private. Agrestis turned back into another apartment, and Ventosus told him, with some warmth, that he did not expect to have found his daughter pre-engaged; and that he could not help thinking himself ill treated. Agrestis, with equal warmth, required him to explain his meaning; and after some time had been spent in eager altercation, they parted in better temper; Agrestis persuaded that a clandestine love had been carried on between his daughter and Eugenio, and Ventosus convinced that Agrestis had never encouraged the pretensions of his rival.

Agrestis immediately sent for Amelia, and sternly urged her with many questions, which she could only answer with blushes and tears: her silence and confusion convinced him that Ventosus was not mistaken; and, therefore, desisting from enquiry, he severely reprehended her for the past, and enjoined her never to converse with Eugenio again; to whom he also signified his displeasure, and requested, that to prevent farther uneasiness, he would come no more to his house till Amelia should be married.

Eugenio, though his love was almost hopeless before,
was

was yet greatly afflicted by this message; because he feared that Amelia had fallen under her father's displeasure, and that now he was become jealous of his authority he might be tempted to abuse it. As to secure her peace was the principal object of his wish, he concealed what had happened from his father, lest a quarrel should be produced between him and Agrestis, in which Amelia's delicacy and tenderness would be yet more deeply wounded. When a visit was intended to Agrestis, he always took care to have some engagement at another place: Agrestis, however, as he had no conception of the principles upon which Eugenio acted, did not doubt but that he had communicated the reason of his absence to his father, and that his father was secretly offended; but as he expressed no resentment, he believed that his ambition had for once restrained the petulance of his pride, that he dissembled to prevent an open rupture, and had still hopes of effecting the purpose which he had concerted with his son.

A suspicion of ill-will always produces it; but besides this cause of alienation, Agrestis had unjustly imputed a conduct to his friend, which rendered him the object of his contempt and aversion; he, therefore, treated him with coldness and reserve, supposing that he well knew the cause, and neglected to return his visits without thinking it necessary to assign any reason. This conduct was at length remarked by Orgilio, who considered it as the caprice of a character which he always despised; he, therefore, retorted neglect without expostulation: and thus all intercourse between the families was at an end.

Eugenio in the mean time was inflexible in his purpose; and Amelia, in her next interview with Ventosus, acquainted him that she would see him no more. Ventosus again appealed to her father: but the old gentleman was steady in his principles, notwithstanding his resentment; and told him, that he had exerted all the authority which GOD and nature had given him in his favour;
and

and that, however provoked, he would never prostitute his child, by compelling her to marry a person who was not the object of her choice.

Ventofus, who was extremely mortified at this disappointment, was very inquisitive about Eugenio, for whom he still supposed he had been rejected: he soon learned his situation and circumstances, and his long intimacy with Amelia; he reflected upon the confusion which both had expressed in the accidental interview at which he was present; and was willing to believe, that his rival, however contemptible, had been too successful to be supplanted with honour by a husband: this, however, if he did not believe, he was very diligent to propagate; and to remove the disgrace of a refusal, hinted that for this reason he had abruptly discontinued his addresses, and congratulated himself upon his escape.

It happened that about six weeks ago, Ventofus, as he was walking in the Mall with a young officer of distinction, met Amelia in company of several ladies and a gentleman. He thought fit to bow to Amelia with a supercilious respect, which had greatly the air of an insult: of this compliment Amelia, though she looked him in the face, took no notice: by this calm disdain he was at once disappointed and confounded; he was stung by an effort of his own malignity, and his breast swelled with passion which he could not vent. In this agitation of mind he hastily turned back, and determined, for whatever reason, to follow her. After he had advanced about fifty paces, he saw Eugenio coming forward, who, the moment he perceived Amelia, turned into another walk. This was observed by Ventofus, whose contempt and indignation had now another object, upon which they might without violence to the laws of honour be gratified: he communicated his purpose to his companion, and hastily followed Eugenio. When they had overtaken him, they burst into a horse-laugh, and pushed so rudely by him, that he could scarce recover his step: they did not, however, go on; but stopping suddenly, turned

turned about as if to apologize for the accident, and affected great surprize at discovering to whom it had happened. Ventofus bowed very low, and with much contemptuous ceremony begged his pardon; telling him at the same time, that there was a lady in the next walk who would be very glad of his company. To this insult, Eugenio answered, "That he was not willing to suppose that an affront was intended, and that if the lady he meant was a woman of honour, she ought always to be mentioned with respect." Ventofus replied, "That whether the lady he meant was a woman of honour, he would not determine; but he believed she had been very kind; and was pleased to see that her favours were not forgotten, though they were no longer accepted." Eugenio was not now master of his temper, but turning suddenly upon Ventofus, struck him with such violence that he fell at his feet: he rose, however, in an instant, and laid his hand upon his sword, but was prevented from drawing it by his companion; and the crowd beginning to gather about them, they parted with mutual expressions of contempt and rage.

In the morning, the officer who had been in company with Ventofus at the quarrel, delivered a challenge to Eugenio, which he answered by the following billet.

"SIR,

"YOUR behaviour last night has convinced me that you are a scoundrel; and your letter this morning that you are a fool. If I should accept your challenge, I should myself be both. I owe a duty to GOD and to my country, which I deem infamous to violate; and I am intrusted with a life, which I think cannot without folly be staked against your's. I believe you have ruined, but you cannot degrade me. You may possibly, while you sneer over this letter, secretly exult in your own safety; but remember, that to prevent assassination I have a sword, and to chastise insolence a cane."

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With

With this letter the captain returned to Ventosus, who read it with all the extravagancies of rage and disdain: the captain, however, endeavoured to soothe and encourage him; he represented Eugenio as a poltroon and a beggar, whom he ought no otherwise to punish than by removing him from the rank into which he had intruded; and this, he said, would be very easily accomplished. Ventosus, at length, acquiesced in the sentiments of his friend; and it was soon industriously reported, that Eugenio had struck a person of high rank, and refused him the satisfaction of a gentleman which he had condescended to ask. For not accepting a challenge, Eugenio could not be legally punished, because it was made his duty as a soldier by the articles of war; but it drew upon him the contempt of his superior officers, and made them very solicitous to find some pretence to dismiss him. The friends of Ventosus immediately intimated, that the act of violence to which Eugenio had been provoked was committed within the verge of the court, and was, therefore, a sufficient cause to break him; as for that offence he was liable to be punished with the loss of his hand, by a law which though disused was still in force. This expedient was eagerly adopted, and Eugenio was accordingly deprived of his commission.

HEROISM AND MODERN HONOUR

(continued).

NUMB. 66. SATURDAY, June 23, 1753.

*Nolo virum, facili redimit qui sanguine famam :
Hunc vole, laudari qui sine morte potest.*

MART.

Not him I prize who poorly gains
From death the palm which blood distains ;
But him who wins with nobler strife
An unpolluted wreath from life.

HE had concealed his quarrel with Ventofus from his father, who was then at the family-seat, about twenty miles from London, because he was not willing to acquaint him with the cause : but the effect was such as could not be hidden ; and it was now become necessary that he should anticipate the report of others. He, therefore, set out immediately for the country ; but his father about the same time arrived in London : some imperfect account had been sent him of the proceedings against Eugenio ; and though he concluded from his silence that he had been guilty of some indiscretion, yet he did not suspect an imputation of cowardice ; and hoped by his interest to support him against private resentment. When he found that he had missed Eugenio in some of the avenues to town, he went immediately to the gentleman who had procured his commission, from whom he learned all the circumstances of the affair. The moment he heard that his son had refused a challenge, he was seized with rage so violent, that it had the appearance of distraction : he uttered innumerable oaths and execrations in a voice that was scarce human, declared his son to be unworthy of his name, and solemnly renounced him for ever.

Eugenio returned to London the same day, but it was late before he arrived : the servant that opened the

door told him with tears in his eyes, that his father was gone to bed much disordered, and had commanded that he should no more be admitted into that house. He stood motionless a few moments; and then departing without reply, came directly to me; his looks were wild, his countenance pale, and his eyes swimming in tears: the moment he saw me, he threw himself into a chair; and putting a copy of his answer to Ventosus's challenge into my hand, anticipated my enquiries by relating all that had happened.

After having administered such consolation as I could, I prevailed upon him with much difficulty to go to bed. I sat up the rest of the night, devising various arguments to convince Orgilio, that his son had added new dignity to his character. In the morning I went to his house; and after much solicitation was admitted to his chamber. I found him in bed, where he had lain awake all the night; and it was easy to see that his mind was in great agitation. I hoped that this tumult was produced by the struggles of parental tenderness: but the moment I mentioned his son, he fell into an agony of rage that rendered him speechless; and I came away, convinced that the eloquence of an angel upon the same subject would have been without effect. I did not, however, relate these discouraging circumstances to Eugenio: I told him that it would be proper to wait a few days before any farther application was made; not only because his father's resentment would probably subside, but because he was now indisposed.

Eugenio, when he heard that his father was ill, changed colour and burst into tears. He went every evening, and knocking softly at the servant's window, enquired how he did; and when he found that his fever was become dangerous, he intreated me to go yet once more and intercede for him, that he might at least be permitted to see his father, if he might not hope to be forgiven. I went; but when Orgilio heard my name, he fell into a fresh transport of rage, which ended in a delirium.

delirium. The effect which this incident produced upon Eugenio, who waited at the end of the street for my return, cannot be described; I prevailed upon him to go back to my house, where he sometimes hastily traversed the room, and sometimes sat fixed in a kind of stupid insensibility upon the floor. While he was in one of these fits, news was brought that his father was dead, and had the morning after he was taken ill disinherited him, declaring that by the infamy of his conduct he had broke his heart.

Eugenio heard this account without any apparent surprise or emotion, but could not be persuaded to change his posture or receive any food: till his spirits being quite exhausted, sleep relieved him a few hours from the agony of his mind.

The night on which his father was buried, he wrapped himself up in a horseman's coat that belonged to my servant, and followed the procession at a distance on foot. When the ceremony was over, and the company departed, he threw himself on the grave; and hiding his face in the dust, wept over it in silence that was interrupted only by groans. I, who had followed him unperceived, did not think it prudent to intrude upon the solemnity of his sorrow, till the morning dawned; he was surprized, and I thought somewhat confounded to see me; he suffered me, however, to lead him away, but neither of us uttered a word.

He told me the next day, that he would trouble me a few nights longer for a lodging, and in the mean time think of some means by which he might obtain a subsistence: he was, indeed, totally destitute, without money and without a profession; but he made no complaint, and obstinately refused all pecuniary assistance.

In less than a week afterwards, having converted his watch, his sword, a snuff-box, and ring, into money, he engaged as a common sailor in a private undertaking to discover the north-west passage to India.

When he communicated this desperate enterprize, he

appeared perfectly composed; "My dear friend," said he, "it has been always my point of honour to obey the commands of GOD, the prime author of my being, and the ultimate object of my hope, at whatever risque; and I do not repent that I have steadily adhered to this principle at the expence of all that is valuable upon earth: I have suffered the loss of fortune, of love, and of fame, but I have preserved my integrity, and I know that I shall not lose my reward. To these I would, indeed, add the esteem, though not the love of Amelia. She will hear of me as degraded and disinherited, a coward, a vagabond, and a fugitive; and her esteem, I think, I have sufficient reason to give up; grief will wound her deeper than contempt; it is, therefore, best that she should despise me. Some of those, by whom she is addressed, deserve her: and I ought not to withhold a felicity which I cannot enjoy. I shall embark to-morrow; and your friendly embrace is all the good that I expect to receive from this country, when I depart in search of others which are unknown."

To this address I was not in a condition to reply; and perceiving that I was overwhelmed with grief, he left me, perhaps, lest his purpose should be shaken, and my weakness should prove contagious.

On the morrow I attended him to the ship. He talked to me of indifferent things; and when we parted wrung my hand, and turned from me abruptly without speaking. I hastened into the boat which waited to bring me on shore, and would not again feel the pangs of yesterday for all the kingdoms in the world.

Such is the friend I have lost! such is the man, whom the world has disgraced for refusing a challenge! But none who are touched with pity at his misfortunes, wish that he had avoided them by another conduct; and not to pity Eugenio, is surely to be a monster rather than a man.

It may, perhaps, be questioned, whether I ought thus

to have exhibited his story under feigned names; or have a right to attempt that which he forbore. My love to him, is, indeed, my motive; but I think my conduct is just, when I consider, that though it is possible that Amelia may, by the perusal of these papers, suffer the most tender, and, therefore, the most exquisite distress, by the re-establishment of her esteem for him who most deserves it; yet the world may derive new virtue, from the dignity which the character of Eugenio reflects upon his conduct: his example is truly illustrious; and as it can scarce fail to excite emulation, it ought not to be concealed.

I am SIR,

Your humble servant,

BENEVOLUS.

FROLICKS UNLAWFUL.

NUMB. 68. SATURDAY, *June 30*, 1753.

Nil est emptum dolore voluptas.

OVID.

How vain the joy for which our pain must pay.

IT has been remarked, that the play of brutes is always a mock fight; and, perhaps, this is equally true of all the sports that have been invented by reason for the amusement of mankind. The celebrated games of antiquity were something more; the conflict was often fatal, and the pleasure of the spectators seems to have been proportioned to the danger of the combatants: nor does it appear, that any sport has been since contrived, which can gratify pure benevolence, or entertain without producing an opposition of interest. There are, indeed, many external advantages which it has never been thought immoral to acquire, though an opposition of interest is necessarily implied; advantages, which, like a stake at cards, one party can only gain by the loss of

the other : for wealth and poverty, obscurity and distinction, command and servitude, are mutually relative, and the existence of each is by each reciprocally derived and given.

Play, therefore, is not unlawful, merely as a contest ; nor can the pleasure of them that win be imputed to a criminal want of benevolence, in this state of imperfection, merely because it is enjoyed at the expence of those who lose. But, as in business, it has never been held lawful to circumvent those whom we desire to excel ; so in play, the chance of loss and gain ought to be always equal ; at least, each party should be apprized of the force employed against him ; and if then he plays against odds, no man has a right to enquire his motive, though a good man would decline to engage him.

There is, however, one species of diversion which has not been generally condemned, though it is produced by an attack upon those who have not voluntarily entered the lists ; who find themselves buffeted in the dark, and have neither means of defence nor possibility of advantage.

These feats are atchieved by the knights-errant of mirth, and known by the name of FROLICKS : under this name, indeed, many species of wanton cruelty have been practised without incurring the infamy, or raising the indignation which they deserve ; and it is extremely difficult to fix upon any certain criterion, by which frolicks may be distinguished into criminal and innocent. If we could discern effects while they are involved in their causes, and ascertain every remote consequence of our own actions, perhaps these sallies might be allowed under the same restrictions as raillery : the false alarms and ridiculous distress into which others are betrayed to make us sport, should be such only as will be subjects of merriment even to the sufferer when they are past, and remembered neither with resentment nor regret : but as every action may produce effects over which human power has no influence, and which
human

human sagacity cannot foresee, we should not lightly venture to the verge of evil, nor strike at others, though with a reed, lest, like the rod of Moſes, it become a serpent in our hands.

During the hard frost in the year MDCCXL, four young gentlemen of considerable rank rode into an inn, near one of the principal avenues to this city, at eleven o'clock at night, without any attendant; and having expressed uncommon concern about their horses, and overlooked the provision that was made for them, called for a room; ordering wine and tobacco to be brought in, and declaring, that as they were to set out very early in the morning, it was not worth while to go to bed. Before the waiter returned, each of them had laid a pocket pistol upon the table, which, when he entered, they appeared to be very solicitous to conceal, and shewed some confusion at the surprize. They perceived with great satisfaction, that the fellow was alarmed at his discovery; and having, upon various pretences, called him often into the room, one of them contrived to pull out a mask with his handkerchief from the pocket of a horseman's coat. They discoursed in dark and ambiguous terms, affected a busy and anxious circumspection, urged the man often to drink, and seemed desirous to render him subservient to some purpose which they were unwilling to discover. They endeavoured to conciliate his goodwill, by extravagant commendations of his dexterity and diligence, and encouraged him to familiarity, by asking him many questions: he was, however, still cautious and reserved; one of them, therefore, pretending to have known his mother, put a crown into his hand, and soon after took an opportunity to ask him at what hour a stage-coach, the passengers of which they intended to HUMBLED, set out in the morning, whether it was full, and if it was attended with a guard.

The man was now confirmed in his suspicions; and though he had accepted the bribe, resolved to discover the secret. Having evaded the questions with as much

art as he could, he went to his master, Mr. Spiggot, who was then in bed, and acquainted him with what he had observed.

Mr. Spiggot immediately got up, and held a consultation with his wife what was to be done. She advised him immediately to send for the constable, with proper assistants, and secure them: but he considered, that as this would probably prevent a robbery, it would deprive him of an opportunity to gain a very considerable sum, which he would become intitled to upon their conviction, if he could apprehend them after the fact; he, therefore, very prudently called up four or five of the ostlers that belonged to the yard, and having communicated his suspicions and design, engaged them to enlist under his command as an escort to the coach, and to watch the motions of the highwaymen as he should direct. But mine host also wisely considering, that this expedition would be attended with certain expence, and that the profit which he hoped was contingent, acquainted the passengers with their danger, and proposed that a guard should be hired by a voluntary contribution; a proposal to which, upon a sight of the robbers through the window, they readily agreed. Spiggot was now secured against pecuniary loss at all events, and about three o'clock the knights of the frelick, with infinite satisfaction, beheld five passengers, among whom there was but one gentleman, step into the coach with the aspect of criminals going to execution; and enjoyed the significant signs which passed between them and the landlord, concerning the precautions taken for their defence.

As soon as the coach was gone, the supposed highwaymen paid their reckoning in great haste, and called for their horses: care had already been taken to saddle them; for it was not Mr. Spiggot's desire that the adventurers should go far before they executed their purpose; and as soon as they departed he prepared to follow them with his posse. He was, indeed, greatly surprized to see, that they turned the contrary way when they went

went out of the inn yard ; but he supposed they might chuse to take a small circuit to prevent suspicion, as they might easily overtake the coach whenever they would ; he determined, however, to keep behind them ; and therefore, instead of going after the coach, followed them at a distance, till, to his utter disappointment, he saw them persist in a different rout, and at length turn into an inn in Piccadilly, where several servants in livery appeared to have been waiting for them, and where his curiosity was soon gratified with their characters and their names.

In the mean time, the coach proceeded in its journey. The panic of the passengers increased upon perceiving that the guard which they had hired did not come up ; and they began to accuse Spiggot of having betrayed them to the robbers for a share of the booty : they could not help looking every moment from the window, though it was so dark that a waggon could not have been seen at the distance of twenty yards : every tree was mistaken for a man and horse, the noise of the vehicle in which they rode was believed to be the trampling of pursuers, and they expected every moment to hear the coachman commanded to stop, and to see a pistol thrust in among them with the dreadful injunction, “ Deliver your money.”

Thus far the distress, however great and unmerited, will be deemed ridiculous ; the sufferers will appear to have ingeniously tormented themselves, by the sagacity with which they reasoned from appearances intended to deceive them, and their solicitude to prevent mischiefs which none would attempt.

But it happened that when the coach had got about two miles out of town, it was overtaken by a horseman, who rode very hard, and called out with great eagerness to the driver to stop : this incident, among persons who had suffered perpetual apprehension and alarm from the moment they set out, produced a proportionate effect. The wife of the gentleman was so terrified, that she sunk

down from her seat; and he was so much convinced of his danger, so touched at her distress, and so incensed against the ruffian who had produced it, that without uttering a word he drew a pistol from his pocket, and seeing the man parley with the coachman, who had now stopped his horses, he shot him dead upon the spot.

The man, however, who had thus fallen the victim of a frolick, was soon known to be the servant of a lady who had paid earnest for the vacant place in the stage; and having by some accident been delayed till it was set out, had followed it in a hackney-coach, and sent him before her to detain it till she came up.

Here the ridicule is at an end; and we are surprised that we did not sooner reflect, that the company had sufficient cause for their fear and their precaution, and that the frolick was nothing more than a lie, which it would have been folly not to believe, and presumption to disregard.

The next day, while the Bucks were entertaining a polite circle at White's with an account of the farce they had played the night before, news arrived of the catastrophe. A sudden confusion covered every countenance; and they remained some time silent, looking upon each other, mutually accused, reproached, and condemned.

This favourable moment was improved by a gentleman, who, though sometimes seen in that assembly, is yet eminent for his humanity and his wisdom. "A man," said he, "who found himself bewildered in the intricacies of a labyrinth, when the sun was going down, would think himself happy, if a clue should be put into his hand by which he might be led out in safety: he would not, surely, quit it for a moment, because it might possibly be recovered; and, if he did, would be in perpetual danger of stumbling upon some other wanderer, and bringing a common calamity upon both. In the maze of life we are often bewildered, and darkness and danger surround us: but every one may at least secure conscience against the power of
"accident,

“accident, by adhering inviolably to that rule, by which
 “we are enjoined to abstain even from the APPEAR-
 “ANCES OF EVIL.”

IDLE HOPE.

NUMB. 69. TUESDAY, *July 3*, 1753.

Ferè libenter homines id quod volunt credunt.

CÆSAR.

Men willingly believe what they wish to be true.

TULLY has long ago observed, that no man, however weakened by long life, is so conscious of his own decrepitude, as not to imagine that he may yet hold his station in the world for another year.

Of the truth of this remark every day furnishes new confirmation: there is no time of life, in which men for the most part seem less to expect the stroke of death, than when every other eye sees it impending; or are more busy in providing for another year than when it is plain to all but themselves, that at another year they cannot arrive. Though every funeral that passes before their eyes evinces the deceitfulness of such expectations, since every man who is borne to the grave thought himself equally certain of living at least to the next year; the survivor still continues to flatter himself, and is never at a loss for some reason why his life should be protracted, and the voracity of death continue to be pacified with some other prey.

But this is only one of the innumerable artifices practised in the universal conspiracy of mankind against themselves: every age and every condition indulges some darling fallacy; every man amuses himself with projects which he knows to be improbable, and which, therefore, he resolves to pursue without daring to examine them. Whatever any man ardently desires he

very

very readily believes that he shall some time attain : he whose intemperance has overwhelmed him with diseases, while he languishes in the spring, expects vigour and recovery from the summer sun ; and while he melts away in the summer, transfers his hopes to the frosts of winter : he that gazes upon elegance or pleasure, which want of money hinders him from imitating or partaking, comforts himself that the time of distress will soon be at an end, and that every day brings him nearer to a state of happiness ; though he knows it has passed not only without acquisition of advantage, but, perhaps, without endeavours after it, in the formation of schemes that cannot be executed, and in the contemplation of prospects which cannot be approached.

Such is the general dream, in which we all slumber out our time : every man thinks the day coming, in which he shall be gratified with all his wishes, in which he shall leave all those competitors behind, who are now rejoicing like himself in the expectation of victory : the day is always coming to the servile in which they shall be powerful, to the obscure in which they shall be eminent, and to the deformed in which they shall be beautiful.

If any of my readers has looked with so little attention on the world about him, as to imagine this representation exaggerated beyond probability, let him reflect a little upon his own life ; let him consider what were his hopes and prospects ten years ago, and what additions he then expected to be made by ten years to his happiness : those years are now elapsed ; have they made good the promise that was extorted from them ? have they advanced his fortune, enlarged his knowledge, or reformed his conduct, to the degree that was once expected ? I am afraid, every man that recollects his hopes must confess his disappointment ; and own that day has glided unprofitably after day, and that he is still at the same distance from the point of happiness.

With what consolations can those, who have thus miscarried in their chief design, elude the memory of their

their ill success? With what amusements can they pacify their discontent, after the loss of so large a portion of life? They can give themselves up again to the same delusions, they can form new schemes of airy gratifications, and fix another period of felicity; they can again resolve to trust the promise which they know will be broken, they can walk in a circle with their eyes shut, and persuade themselves to think that they go forward.

Of every great and complicated event, part depends upon causes out of our power, and part must be effected by vigour and perseverance. With regard to that which is styled in common language the work of chance, men will always find reasons for confidence or distrust, according to their different tempers or inclinations; and he that has been long accustomed to please himself with possibilities of fortuitous happiness, will not easily or willingly be reclaimed from his mistake. But the effects of human industry and skill are more easily subjected to calculation; whatever can be completed in a year, is divisible into parts, of which each may be performed in the compass of a day; he, therefore, that has passed the day without attention to the task assigned him, may be certain that the lapse of life has brought him no nearer to his object; for whatever idleness may expect from time, its produce will be only in proportion to the diligence with which it has been used. He that floats lazily down the stream, in pursuit of something borne along by the same current, will find himself indeed move forward; but unless he lays his hand to the oar, and increases his speed by his own labour, must be always at the same distance from that which he is following.

There have happened in every age some contingencies of unexpected and undeserved success, by which those who are determined to believe whatever favours their inclinations, have been encouraged to delight themselves with future advantages; they support confidence by considerations, of which the only proper use is to
chase

chase away despair: it is equally absurd to sit down in idleness because some have been enriched without labour, as to leap a precipice because some have fallen and escaped with life, or to put to sea in a storm because some have been driven from a wreck upon the coast to which they are bound.

We are all ready to confess, that belief ought to be proportioned to evidence or probability: let any man, therefore, compare the number of those who have been thus favoured by fortune, and of those who have failed of their expectations, and he will easily determine, with what justness he has registered himself in the lucky catalogue.

But there is no need on these occasions for deep enquiries or laborious calculations; there is a far easier method of distinguishing the hopes of folly from those of reason, of finding the difference between prospects that exist before the eyes, and those that are only painted on a fond imagination. Tom Drowsy had accustomed himself to compute the profit of a darling project, till he had no longer any doubt of its success; it was at last matured by close consideration, all the measures were accurately adjusted, and he wanted only five hundred pounds to become master of a fortune that might be envied by a director of a trading company. Tom was generous and grateful, and was resolved to recompence this small assistance with an ample fortune: he, therefore, deliberated for a time, to whom amongst his friends he should declare his necessities; not that he suspected a refusal, but because he could not suddenly determine which of them would make the best use of riches, and was, therefore, most worthy of his favour. At last his choice was settled; and knowing that in order to borrow he must shew the probability of re-payment, he prepared for a minute and copious explanation of his project. But here the golden dream was at an end: he soon discovered the impossibility of imposing upon others the notions by which he had so long imposed upon himself; which way
soever

soever he turned his thoughts, impossibility and absurdity arose in opposition on every side; even credulity and prejudice were at last forced to give way, and he grew ashamed of crediting himself what shame would not suffer him to communicate to another.

To this test let every man bring his imaginations, before they have been too long predominant in his mind. Whatever is true will bear to be related; whatever is rational will endure to be explained: but when we delight to brood in secret over future happiness, and silently to employ our meditations upon schemes of which we are conscious that the bare mention would expose us to derision and contempt; we should then remember, that we are cheating ourselves by voluntary delusions; and giving up to the unreal mockeries of fancy, those hours in which solid advantages might be attained by sober thought and rational assiduity.

There is, indeed, so little certainty in human affairs, that the most cautious and severe examiner may be allowed to indulge some hopes, which he cannot prove to be much favoured by probability; since after his utmost endeavours to ascertain events, he must often leave the issue in the hands of chance. And so scanty is our present allowance of happiness, that in many situations life could scarcely be supported, if hope were not allowed to relieve the present hour by pleasures borrowed from futurity; and re-animate the languor of dejection to new efforts, by pointing to distant regions of felicity, which yet no resolution or perseverance shall ever reach.

But these, like all other cordials, though they may invigorate in a small quantity, intoxicate in a greater; these pleasures, like the rest, are lawful only in certain circumstances, and to certain degrees; they may be useful in a due subserviency to nobler purposes, but become dangerous and destructive, when once they gain the ascendant in the heart: to soothe the mind to tranquillity by hope, even when that hope is likely to deceive us,
may

may be sometimes useful ; but to lull our faculties in a lethargy, is poor and despicable.

Vices and errors are differently modified, according to the state of the minds to which they are incident ; to indulge hope beyond the warrant of reason, is the failure alike of mean and elevated understandings ; but its foundation and its effects are totally different ; the man of high courage and great abilities, is apt to place too much confidence in himself, and to expect from a vigorous exertion of his powers more than spirit or diligence can attain ; between him and his wish he sees obstacles indeed, but he expects to overleap or break them ; his mistaken ardour hurries him forward ; and though perhaps he misses his end, he nevertheless obtains some collateral good, and performs something useful to mankind and honourable to himself.

The drone of timidity presumes likewise to hope, but without ground and without consequence ; the bliss with which he solaces his hours, he always expects from others, though very often he knows not from whom ; he folds his arms about him, and sits in expectation of some revolution in the state that shall raise him to greatness, or some golden shower that shall load him with wealth ; he dozes away the day in musing upon the morrow ; and at the end of life is roused from his dream only to discover that the time of action is past, and that he can now shew his wisdom only by repentance.

T

HEROISM AND MODERN HONOUR (concluded).

NUMB. 70. SATURDAY, July 7, 1753.

VIRTUS, *repulsæ nescia sordidæ,
Intaminatis fulget honoribus;
Nec sumit aut ponit secures,
Arbitrio popularis auræ.*

HOR.

Stranger to folly and to fear,
With pure untainted honour bright,
Virtue disdains to lend an ear
To the mad people's sense of right.

MR. ADVENTURER.

I AM the person whom your correspondent BENEVOLUS has thought fit to mention by the name of AGRESTIS. There are some particulars in my character, which, perhaps, he has mistaken: but I love plain-dealing; and as he did not intend to flatter me, I forgive him: perhaps my heart is as warm as another's, and I am no stranger to any principles that would lead a man to a handsome thing. But to the point. I approve your publishing the story of Eugenio; and I am determined the world shall not lose the sequel of it, in which you are more concerned than perhaps you may imagine.

You must know, Sir, that I had observed my girl to go moping about of late more than common; though in truth she has been somewhat grave ever since she dismissed Ventofus. I was determined to keep an eye upon her; and so watching her pretty closely, I caught her last Saturday was se'nnight almost drowned in tears, with your paper in her hand. I laid hold of it in an instant, and putting on my spectacles began to read, with a shrewd suspicion that I should find out a secret. Her passion of crying still increased; and when I had looked here and there in the paper, I was convinced that she

was

was by some means deeply interested in the story, which, indeed, appeared to me to be full of misfortune. In short, I pressed her so home upon the subject, that she put the other two papers into my hand, and telling me who were meant by the names, I began to read with great eagerness; though to confess a truth, I could scarce see the three last pages. Odds-my-life, thinks I, what an honest fellow this Eugenio is! and leering up at my girl, I thought I never saw her look so like her mother before. I took her about the neck and kissed her; but I did not tell her what I had in my head: however, to encourage her, I bid her be a good child; and instantly ordering my coach, I went directly to Benevolus, of whom I enquired the ship's name on board of which Eugenio was embarked, and when she sailed. The doctor, whether he guessed at my intention or not, looked as if he would have leaped out of his skin; and told me, with a kind of wild eagerness, that the vessel having met with an accident in going out, was put back, and then lay in the river near Gravesend.

With this intelligence I returned to my daughter, and told her my mind. "Emmy," says I, "the Captain
" was always in my opinion a worthy man; and when
" I had reason to believe you liked him, I did not resolve
" to part you, because he was without a title or an
" estate, but because I could not be reconciled to his
" profession. I was determined you should never marry
" a cockade, and carry a knapsack; and if he had been a
" general officer, I would have preferred an honest
" citizen, who encourages trade and navigation, before
" him. Besides, I was angry that you should hold a
" private correspondence, and think to carry your point
" without me: but you were greatly misrepresented; so
" was the Captain: he has gallantly removed all my ob-
" jections at once, he is not now in the army, nor has
" he ever attempted to subvert my authority; he is a
" true heart, and I feel that I love him as my son. He
" is still within reach, and you shall this moment write
" to

“to him with your own hand, and tell him, that I say
 “he shall be your husband. I have money enough for
 “ye both, and if I please, I can make him a lord.”
 The poor child sat with her handkerchief up to her eyes
 while I was speaking, and I did not immediately per-
 ceive, that, upon hearing the Captain was not gone, she
 had fainted. We could scarce keep life in her for above
 two hours; but at last she a little recovered her spirits,
 and brought me the following billet:

To EUGENIO.

“SIR,

“**M**Y dear papa commands me to intreat, that you
 “would immediately come on shore, and from this hour
 “consider his house as your own. He is greatly af-
 “fected with the story of your generosity and distress,
 “which he has just learnt by an accident which I can-
 “not now communicate; and he is determined to make
 “you his heir, without prejudice to,

“SIR, your humble servant,

“AMELIA.”

When I had perused this epistle, “Pshaw, says I,
 “put affectionate at the end of it, or else he won’t come
 “now.” This made her smile. I was glad to see her
 look cheerful; and having with some difficulty procured
 the proper addition, I dispatched the letter instantly by
 my own servant on horseback, and ordered a light chariot
 and four to follow him, and take up Eugenio’s friend,
 the doctor, by the way. I will not tell you, Sir, how
 Eugenio, as he is called, behaved upon the receipt of
 this letter; it is enough, that in about eight hours he
 arrived with his friend at my house: neither will I tell
 you how the lovers behaved when they met: it is enough,
 that they are to be married next Thursday. I add some
 particulars

particulars for your private inspection in the postscript, that you may give us your company at the wedding. I dare say you will share the happiness of which you have been the instrument; and I assure you that you will be extremely welcome to the company, but to none more than to,

Your's, heartily,

AGRESTIS.

I am extremely obliged to Agrestis for his postscript, but yet more for his letter; which, if I may be allowed to judge by its effect, is the most eloquent performance I ever read: its excellence, I am persuaded, will be universally acknowledged, because it will be felt. I shall, however, add some remarks, which, perhaps, may not occur to every mind, as every mind has not acquired a habit of speculation.

Eugenio's heroic perseverance in virtue, though it appeared to preclude all his hopes of temporal advantage, yet eventually fulfilled them. If he had with less generosity engaged in a clandestine love, either he would have forfeited the esteem of Amelia, or she would have incurred the resentment of her father; if he had succeeded to the remains of his paternal estate, he might still have been suspected by Agrestis; and if he had continued in the army, however preferred, he would still have been disapproved.

Thus, perhaps, if remote consequences could be discovered by human foresight, we should see the wisdom and the kindness of DIVINE PRESCRIPTION; we should see, that the precepts which we are now urged to neglect by our desire of happiness, were given to prevent our being precipitated by error into misery; at least, it would appear, that if some immediate advantage is gained by the individual, an equivalent loss is sustained by society; and as society is only an aggregation of individuals, he who seeks his own advantage at the expence of society, cannot long be exempted from the general calamity which he contributes to produce.

Such

Such is the necessary imperfection of human laws, that many private injuries are perpetrated of which they take no cognizance : but if these were allowed to be punished by the individual against whom they are committed, every man would be judge and executioner in his own cause, and universal anarchy would immediately follow. The laws, therefore, by which this practice is prohibited, ought to be held more sacred than any other : and the violation of them is so far from being necessary to prevent an imputation of cowardice, that they are enforced, even among those in whom cowardice is punished with death, by the following clause in the nineteenth ARTICLE OF WAR.

“ Nor shall any officer or soldier upbraid another for
 “ REFUSING a CHALLENGE ; since, according to these
 “ our orders, they do but the DUTY of SOLDIERS,
 “ who ought to subject themselves to discipline : and
 “ we do acquit and discharge all men who have quarrels
 “ offered, or challenges sent to them, of all disgrace or
 “ opinion of disadvantage in their obedience hereunto :
 “ and whoever shall upbraid them, or offend in this
 “ case, shall be punished as a challenger.”

It is to be presumed, that of this clause no gentleman in the army is ignorant ; and those who by the arrogance of their folly, labour to render it ineffectual, should, as enemies to their country, be driven out of it with detestation and contempt.

THE FOLLY OF HUMAN WISHES.

NUMB. 72. SATURDAY, July 14, 1753.

Πόλλα μεταξὺ πίλει κύλικος καὶ χείλεος ἀκροῖ.

PROV. GR.

Many things happen between the cup and the lip.

THE following narrative is by an eastern tradition attributed to one Heli Ben Hamet, a moralist of Arabia, who is said to have delivered his precepts in public and periodical

periodical orations. This tradition corresponds with the manner in which the narrative is introduced; and, indeed, it may possibly have no other foundation: but the tradition itself, however founded, is sufficient authority to consider Heli as the literary adventurer of a remote age and nation; and as only one number of his work is extant, I shall not scruple to incorporate it with my own.

Dost thou ask a torch to discover the brightness of the morning? Dost thou appeal to argument for proofs of **DIVINE PERFECTION**? Look down to the earth on which thou standest, and lift up thine eye to the worlds that roll above thee. Thou beholdest splendor, abundance, and beauty; is not **HE** who produced them **MIGHTY**? Thou considerest; is not **HE** who formed thy understanding **WISE**? Thou enjoyest; is not **HE** who gratifies thy senses **GOOD**? Can aught have limited his bounty but his wisdom? or can defects in his sagacity be discovered by thine? To Heli, the preacher of humility and resignation, let thine ear be again attentive, thou whose heart has rebelled in secret, and whose wish has silently accused thy **MAKER**.

I rose early in the morning to meditate, that I might without presumption hope to be heard. I left my habitation, and, turning from the beaten path, I wandered without remarking my way, or regarding any object that I passed, till the extreme heat of the sun, which now approached the meridian, compelled my attention. The weariness which I had insensibly contracted by the length of my walk, became in a moment insupportable; and looking round for shelter, I suddenly perceived that I was not far from the wood, in which Rhedi the hermit investigates the secrets of nature, and ascribes glory to **GOD**. The hope of improving my meditation by his wisdom, gave me new vigour; I soon reached the wood, I was refreshed by the shade, and I walked forward till I reached the cell. I entered, but Rhedi was absent. I had not, however, waited long, before I discovered him
through

through the trees at some distance, advancing towards me, with a person whose appearance was, if possible, yet more venerable, and whom before I had never seen.

When they came near, I rose up, and laying my hand upon my lips, I bowed myself with reverence before them. Rhedi saluted me by my name, and presented me to his companion, before whom I again bowed myself to the ground. Having looked steadfastly in my countenance, he laid his hand upon my head, and blessed me: "Heli," said he, "those who desire knowledge that they may teach virtue, shall not be disappointed: sit down, I will relate events which yet thou knowest but in part, and disclose secrets of Providence, from which thou mayest derive instruction." We sat down, and I listened as to the counsel of an Angel, or the music of Paradise.

Amana, the daughter of Sanbad the shepherd, was drawing water at the wells of Adail, when a caravan which had passed the desert arrived, and the driver of the camels alighted to give them drink: those which came first to the wells belonged to Nouraddin, the merchant, who had brought fine linen and other merchandize of great value from Egypt. Amana, when the caravan drew near, had covered herself with her veil, which the servant of Nouraddin, to satisfy a brutal curiosity, attempted to withdraw.

Amana, provoked by the indignity, and encouraged by the presence of others, struck him with the staff of the bucket; and he was about to retaliate the violence, when Nouraddin, who was himself with the caravan, called out to him to forbear, and immediately hastened to the well. The veil of Amana had fallen off in the struggle, and Nouraddin was captivated with her beauty; the lovely confusion of offended modesty that glowed upon her cheek, the disdain that swelled her bosom, and the resentment that sparkled in her eyes, expressed a consciousness of her sex, which warmed and animated her beauty: they were graces which Nouraddin had

never seen, and produced a tumult in his breast which he had never felt; for Nouraddin, though he had now great possessions, was yet a youth, and a stranger to woman: the merchandize, which he was transporting, had been purchased by his father, whom the angel of death had intercepted in the journey, and the sudden accession of independence and wealth did not dispose him to restrain the impetuosity of desire: he therefore demanded Amana of her parents; his message was received with gratitude and joy; and Nouraddin, after a short time, carried her back to Egypt, having first punished the servant, by whom she had been insulted at the well, with his own hand.

But he delayed the solemnities of marriage, till the time of mourning for his father should expire; and the gratification of a passion which he could not suppress, was without much difficulty suspended, now its object was in his power. He anticipated the happiness which he believed to be secured; and supposed that it would increase by expectation, like a treasure by usury, of which more is still possessed, as possession is longer delayed.

During this interval, Amana recovered from the tumultuous joy of sudden elevation; her ambition was at an end, and she became susceptible of love. Nouraddin, who regretted the obscurity of her birth, only because it had prevented the cultivation of her mind, laboured incessantly to supply the defect: she received his instruction not only with gratitude, but delight; while he spoke, she gazed upon him with esteem and reverence, and had no wish but to return the happiness which he was impatient to bestow.

At this time Osmin the Caliph was upon the throne of Egypt. The passions of Osmin, thou knowest, were impetuous as the torrents of Alared, and fatal as the whirlwind of the desert: to excite and to gratify, was the whole purpose of his mind; but his wish was still unsatisfied, and his life was wretched. His seraglio was
filled

filled with beauty; but the power of beauty he had exhausted; he became outrageous to revive desire by a new object, which he demanded of Nardic the eunuch, whom he had not only set over his women but his kingdom, with menaces and execration. Nardic therefore caused a proclamation to be made, that whoever should produce the most beautiful virgin within two days, should stand in the presence of the Caliph, and be deemed the third in his kingdom.

Caled, the servant who had been beaten by Nouraddin, returned with him to Egypt: the sullen ferocity of his temper was increased by the desire of revenge, and the gloom of discontent was deepened by despair: but when he heard the proclamation of Nardic, joy kindled in his aspect like lightning in the darkness of a storm; the offence which he had committed against Amana, enabled him to revenge the punishment which it produced. He knew that she was yet a virgin, and that her marriage was near: he, therefore, hastened to the palace, and demanded to be brought before Nardic, who, in the midst of magnificence and servility, the flattery of dependent ambition, and the zeal of unlimited obedience, was sitting pale and silent, his brow contracted with anxiety, and his breast throbbing with apprehension.

When Caled was brought into his presence, he fell prostrate before him: "By the smile of my Lord," said he, "let another be distinguished from the slaves who mingle in obscurity, and let his favour elevate another from the dust; but let my service be accepted, and let the desire of Osmin be satisfied with beauty. Amana will shortly be espoused by Nouraddin; but of Amana the sovereign of Egypt only is worthy. Haste, therefore, to demand her; she is now with him in the house, to which I will conduct the messenger of thy will."

Nardic received this intelligence with transports of joy; a mandate was instantly written to Nouraddin; it

was sealed with the royal signet, and delivered to Caled, who returned with a force sufficient to compel obedience.

On this day the mourning of Nouraddin expired: he had changed his apparel, and perfumed his person; his features were brightened with the gladness of his heart; he had invited his friends to the festival of his marriage, and the evening was to accomplish his wishes: the evening also was expected by Amana, with a joy which she did not labour to suppress; and she was hiding her blushes in the breast of Nouraddin, when Caled arrived with the mandate and the guard.

The domestics were alarmed and terrified; and Nouraddin, being instantly acquainted with the event, rushed out of the apartment of Amana with disorder and trepidation. When he saw Caled, he was moved with anger and disdain; but he was intimidated by the appearance of the guard. Caled immediately advanced, and, with looks of insolence and triumph, presented the mandate. Nouraddin seeing the royal signet, kneeled to receive it; and having gazed a moment at the superscription, pressed it upon his forehead in an agony of suspense and terror. The wretch who had betrayed him enjoyed the anguish which he suffered; and perceiving that he was fainting, and had not fortitude to read the paper, acquainted him with the contents: at the name of Amana he started, as if he had felt the sting of a scorpion, and immediately fell to the ground.

Caled proceeded to execute his commission without remorse; he was not to be moved by swooning, expostulation, entreaty, or tears; but having conducted Amana to the seraglio, presented her to Nardic, with exultation and hope. Nardic, whose wish was flattered by her stature and her shape, lifted up her veil with impatience, timidity, and solicitude: but the moment he beheld her face, his doubts, were at an end: he prostrated himself before her, as a person on whose pleasure his life would from that moment depend. She was conducted to the
chamber

chamber of the women, and Caled was the same hour invested with his new dignity; an apartment was assigned him in the palace, and he was made captain of the guard that kept the gates.

Nouraddin, when he recovered his sensibility, and found that Amana had been conducted to the seraglio, was seized by turns with distraction and stupidity: he passed the night in agitations, by which the powers of nature were exhausted, and in the morning he locked himself into the chamber of Amana, and threw himself on a sofa, determined to admit no comforter, and to receive no sustenance.

The same, continued.

NUME. 73. TUESDAY, July 17, 1753.

———*Numinibus vota exaudita malignis.*

JUV.

Prayers made and granted in a luckless hour. DRYDEN.

WHILE Nouraddin was thus abandoned to despair, Nardic's description of Amana had roused Osmin from his apathy. He commanded that she should be prepared to receive him, and soon after went alone into her apartment. Familiar as he was with beauty, and satiated with enjoyment, he could not behold Amana without emotion: he perceived, indeed, that she was in tears, and that his presence covered her with confusion; yet he believed that her terrors would be easily removed, that by kindness she might be soothed to familiarity, and by caresses excited to dalliance; but the moment he approached her, she threw herself at his feet, and entreated to be heard, with an importunity which he chose rather to indulge than resist; he, therefore, raised her from the ground, and supporting her in his arms, encouraged her to proceed, "Let my Lord," said she, "dismiss a wretch who is not worthy of his presence, and compassionate the distress which is not susceptible of de-

“light. I am the daughter of a shepherd, betrothed to
“the merchant Nouraddin, from whom my body has
“been forced by the perfidy of a slave, and to whom my
“soul is united by indissoluble bonds. O! let not the
“terrors of thy frown be upon me! Shall the sovereign
“of Egypt stoop to a reptile of the dust? shall the judge
“of nations retain the worthless theft of treachery and
“revenge? or shall he, for whom ten thousand languish
“with desire, rejoice in the sufferance of one alienated
“mind?” Osmin, whose breast had by turns been inflamed with desire and indignation, while he gazed upon the beauties of Amana, and listened to her voice, now suddenly threw her from him, and departed without reply.

When he was alone, he remained a few moments in suspense: but the passions which eloquence had repressed, soon became again predominant: and he commanded Amana to be told, that if within three hours she did not come prepared to gratify his wishes, he would cast the head of the slave for whom he was rejected at her feet.

The eunuch by whom this message was delivered, and the woman who had returned to Amana when the Caliph retired, were touched with pity at her distress, and trembled at her danger: the evils which they could scarce hope to prevent, they were yet solicitous to delay; and, therefore, advised her to request three days of preparation, that she might sufficiently recover the tranquillity of her mind, to make a just estimate of her own happiness; and with this request to send, as a pledge of her obedience, a bowl of sherbet, in which a pearl had been dissolved, and of which she had first drank herself.

To this advice, after some throbs of desperation, she at length consented, and prepared to put it in execution.

At the time when this resolution was taken, Nouraddin suddenly started from a restless slumber; he was again stung by an instantaneous reflection upon his own misery, and indulged the discontent of his mind in this exclamation:

exclamation: "If wisdom and goodness do indeed pre-
"side over the works of Omnipotence, whence is op-
"pression, injustice, and cruelty? As Nouraddin alone
"has a right to Amana, why is Amana in the power of
"Osmin? O that now the justice of HEAVEN would
"appear in my behalf! O that from this hour I was
"Osmin, and Osmin Nouraddin!" The moment he
had uttered this wish, his chamber was darkened as with
a thick cloud, which was at length dissipated by a burst
of thunder; and a being, whose appearance was more
than human, stood before him. "Nouraddin," said the
vision, "I am of the region above thee: but my busi-
"ness is with the children of the earth. Thou hast
"wished to be Osmin, and, as far as this wish is possible,
"it shall be accomplished; thou shalt be enabled to as-
"sume his appearance, and to exercise his power. I
"know not whether I am permitted to conceal Osmin
"under the appearance of Nouraddin, but till to-mor-
"row he shall not interrupt thee."

Nouraddin, who had been held motionless by astonish-
ment and terror, now recovered his fortitude as in the
presence of a friend; and was about to express his gra-
titude and joy, when the Genius bound a talisman on his
left arm, and acquainted him with its power: "As often
"as this bracelet," said he, "shall be applied to the region
"of thy heart, thou shalt be alternately changed in ap-
"pearance from Nouraddin to Osmin, and from Osmin
"to Nouraddin." The Genius then suddenly disap-
appeared, and Nouraddin, impatient to recover the pos-
session of Amana, instantly applied the stud of the bra-
celet to his breast, and the next moment found himself
alone in an apartment of the seraglio.

During this interval, the Caliph, who was expecting
the issue of his message to Amana, became restless and
impatient: he quitted his apartment and went into the
gardens, where he walked backward and forward with a
violent but interrupted pace; and at length stood still,
frowning and pensive, with his eyes fixed on the clear

surface of a fountain in the middle of the walk. The agitation of his mind continued, and at length broke out into this soliloquy: "What is my felicity, and what is my power? I am wretched by the want of that which the caprice of women has bestowed upon my slave. I can gratify revenge, but not desire; I can withhold felicity from him, but I cannot procure it to myself. Why have I not power to assume the form in which I might enjoy my wishes? I will at least enjoy them in thought. If I was Nouraddin, I should be clasped with transport to the bosom of Amana." He then resigned himself to the power of imagination, and was again silent:—but the moment his wish was uttered, he became subject to the Genius who had just transported Nouraddin to his palace. This wish, therefore, was instantly fulfilled; and his eyes being still fixed upon the water, he perceived, with sudden wonder and delight, that his figure had been changed in a moment, and that the mirror reflected another image. His fancy had been warmed with the ideal caresses of Amana; the tumult of his mind was increased by the prodigy; and the gratification of his appetite being the only object of his attention, he hastened instantly to the palace, without reflecting that, as he would not be known, he would be refused admittance. At the door, to which he advanced with eagerness and precipitation, he was stopped by a party of the guard that was now commanded by Caled: a tumult ensued, and Caled being hastily called, believed that Nouraddin, in the phrenzy of desperation, had scaled the walls of the garden to recover Amana; and rejoicing in an opportunity of revenge that exceeded his hope, instantly stabbed him with his poniard, but at the same time received that of the Caliph in his heart. Thus fell at once the tyrant and the traitor; the tyrant by the hand which had been armed to support him in oppression, and the traitor by the fury of the appetite which his perfidy had excited.

In the mean time, the man who was believed to be slain, reposed in security upon a sofa; and Amana, by
the

the direction of her women, had prepared the message and the bowl. They were now dispatched to the Caliph, and received by Nouraddin. He understood by the message that Amana was yet inviolate: in the joy of his heart, therefore he took the bowl, which having emptied, he returned by the eunuch and commanded that Amana should be brought into his presence.

In obedience to this command, she was conducted by her woman to the door, but she entered alone pale and trembling; and though her lips were forced into a smile, the characters which grief, dread, and aversion, had written in her countenance, were not effaced. Nouraddin, who beheld her disorder, exulted in the fidelity of her love, and springing forward, threw his arms about her in an extasy of tenderness and joy; which was still heightened when he perceived that, in the character of Osmin, those embraces were suffered with reluctance, which in his own were returned with ardour: he, therefore, retreating backward a few paces, applied the talisman again to his breast, and having recovered his own form, would have rushed again into her arms; but she started from him in confusion and terror. He smiled at the effect of the prodigy; and sustaining her on his bosom, repeated some tender incidents which were known to no other, told her by what means he had intercepted her message, and urged her immediately to escape, that they might possess all their desires in each other, and leave the incumbrance of royalty to the wretch whose likeness he had been enabled to assume, and was now impatient to renounce. Amana gazed at him with a fixed attention, till her suspicion and doubts were removed; then suddenly turned from him, tore her garment, and looking up to heaven, imprecated curses upon her head, till her voice faltered, and she burst into tears.

Of this agony, which Nouraddin beheld with unutterable distress, the broken exclamations of Amana at length acquainted him with the cause. "In the bowl,"

said she, " which thou hast intercepted, there was death. " I wished, when I took it from my lips, that the draught " which remained might be poison: a powder was immediately shaken into it by an invisible hand, and a " voice whispered me, that him who drank the potion " it would inevitably destroy."

Nouraddin, to whose heart the fatal malignity had now spread, perceived that his dissolution would be sudden: his legs already trembled, and his eyes became dim: he stretched out his arms towards Amana, and his countenance was distorted by an ineffectual effort to speak: impenetrable darkness came upon him; he groaned and fell backwards. In his fall the talisman again smote his breast; his form was again changed, and the horrors of death were impressed upon the features of Osmin. Amana, who ran to support him, when she perceived the last transformation, rushed out of the apartment with the wild impetuosity of distraction and despair. The seraglio was alarmed in a moment: the body, which was mistaken for that of Osmin, was examined by the physicians; the effects of poison were evident; Amana was immediately suspected; and by the command of Shomar, who succeeded his father, she was put to death.

" Such," said the companion of Rhedi, " was the " end of Nouraddin and Amana, of Osmin and Caled, " from whose destiny I have withdrawn the veil: let the " world consider it, and be wise. Be thou still the messenger of instruction, and let increase of knowledge " cloath thee with humility."

While mine eye was fixed upon the hoary sage, who had thus vouchsafed me counsel and knowledge, his countenance became bright as the morning, and his robe fleecy like a cloud; he rose like a vapour from the ground, and the next moment I saw him no more.

I then turned towards Rhedi, the hermit, chilled with reverence, and dumb with astonishment: but in the countenance of Rhedi was the calm cheerfulness of superior

perior virtue; and I perceived that the sanctity of his life had acquainted him with divine intelligence. "Hamet," said he, "the voice which thou hast heard, is the voice of Zacchis, the genius: by whose power the wonders which he has related were produced. It is the province of Zacchis to punish impatience and presumption, by fulfilling the desires of those who wish to interrupt the order of nature, and presume to direct the hand of PROVIDENCE. Relate what thou hast heard, to preserve others from his power."

Now, therefore, let VIRTUE suffer adversity with patience, and VICE dread to incur the misery she would inflict: for, by him who repines at the scale of HEAVEN, his own portion of good is diminished; and he who presumptuously assumes the sword, will turn the point upon his own bosom.

THE MERCY OF AFFLICTION.

NUMB. 76. SATURDAY, July 28, 1753.

*Duc me, PARENS, celsique dominator poli,
Quocunque placuit; nulla parendi mora est;
Adsum impiger. Fac nolle; comitabor gemens,
Matusque patiar, quod bono licuit pati.*

SENECA EX CLEANTHE.

Conduct me, thou of beings cause divine,
Where'er I'm destin'd in thy great design!
Active, I follow on; for thou'd my will
Resist, I'm impious; but must follow still.

HARRIS.

BOZALDAB, Caliph of Egypt, had dwelt securely, for many years in the silken pavilions of pleasure, and had every morning anointed his head with the oil of gladness, when his only son Aboram, for whom he had crowded his treasuries with gold, extended his dominions with conquests, and secured them with impregnable fortresses,

fortresses, was suddenly wounded, as he was hunting, with an arrow from an unknown hand, and expired in the field.

Bozaldab, in the distraction of grief and despair, refused to return to his palace, and retired to the gloomiest grotto in the neighbouring mountain: he there rolled himself on the dust, tore away the hairs of his hoary beard, and dashed the cup of consolation that Patience offered him to the ground. He suffered not his minstrels to approach his presence; but listened to the screams of the melancholy birds of midnight, that flit through the solitary vaults and echoing chambers of the Pyramids. "Can that GOD be benevolent," he cried, "who thus wounds the soul, as from an ambush, with unexpected sorrows, and crushes his creatures in a moment with irremediable calamity? Ye lying Imans, prate to us no more of the justice and the kindness of an all-directing and all-loving PROVIDENCE! He, whom ye pretend reigns in heaven, is so far from protecting the miserable sons of men, that he perpetually delights to blast the sweetest flowerets in the garden of HOPE; and, like a malignant giant, to beat down the strongest towers of HAPPINESS with the iron mace of his anger. If this Being possessed the goodness and the power with which flattering priests have invested him, he would doubtless be inclined, and enabled to banish those evils which render the world a dungeon of distress, a vale of vanity and woe. I will continue in it no longer!"

At that moment he furiously raised his hand, which Despair had armed with a dagger, to strike deep into his bosom; when suddenly thick flashes of lightning shot through the cavern, and a being of more than human beauty and magnitude, arrayed in azure robes, crowned with amaranth, and waving a branch of palm in his right hand, arrested the arm of the trembling and astonished Caliph, and said with a majestic smile, "Follow me to the top of this mountain."

"Look

“Look from hence,” said the awful conductor; “I am CALOC, the angel of PEACE; look from hence into the valley.”

Bozaldab opened his eyes and beheld a barren, a sultry, and solitary island; in the midst of which sat a pale, meagre, and ghastly figure: it was a merchant just perishing with famine, and lamenting that he could find neither wild berries nor a single spring in this forlorn uninhabited desert; and begging the protection of heaven against the tigers that would now certainly destroy him, since he had consumed the last fuel he had collected to make nightly fires to affright them. He then cast a casket of jewels on the sand, as trifles of no use; and crept, feeble and trembling to an eminence, where he was accustomed to sit every evening to watch the setting sun, and to give a signal to any ship that might haply approach the island.

“Inhabitant of heaven,” cried Bozaldab, “suffer not this wretch to perish by the fury of wild beasts.” “Peace,” said the angel, “and observe.”

He looked again, and behold a vessel arrived at the desolate isle. What words can paint the rapture of the starving merchant, when the captain offered to transport him to his native country, if he would reward him with half the jewels of his casket? No sooner had this pitiless commander received the stipulated sum, than he held a consultation with his crew, and they agreed to seize the remaining jewels, and leave the unhappy exile in the same helpless and lamentable condition in which they discovered him. He wept and trembled, intreated and implored, in vain.

“Will HEAVEN permit such injustice to be practised?” exclaimed Bozaldab. “Look again,” said the ANGEL, “and behold the very ship in which, short-fighted as thou art, thou wishedst the merchant might embark, dashed in pieces on a rock; dost thou not hear the cries of the sinking sailors? Presume not to direct the GOVERNOR of the UNIVERSE in his dis-
“posal

"posaf of events. The man whom thou hast pitied
 "shall be taken from this dreary solitude, but not by
 "the method thou wouldst prescribe. His vice was
 "avarice, by which he became not only abominable,
 "but wretched; he fancied some mighty charm in
 "wealth, which, like the wand of Abdiel, would gratify
 "every wish, and obviate every fear. This wealth he
 "has now been taught not only to despise, but abhor:
 "he casts his jewels upon the sand, and confessed them
 "to be useless; he offered part of them to the mariners,
 "and perceived them to be pernicious; he has now
 "learnt, that they are rendered useful or vain, good or
 "evil, only by the situation and temper of the possessor.
 "Happy is he whom distress has taught wisdom! But
 "turn thine eyes to another and more interesting scene."

The Caliph instantly beheld a magnificent-palace,
 adorned with the statues of his ancestors wrought in
 jasper; the ivory doors of which, turning on hinges of
 the gold of Golconda, discovered a throne of diamonds,
 surrounded with the Rajas of fifty nations, and with
 ambassadors in various habits, and of different com-
 plexions; on which sat Aboram, the much-lamented
 son of Bozaldab, and by his side a princess fairer than a
 Houri.

"Gracious ALLA!—it is my son," cried the Caliph.
 —"O let me hold him to my heart!" "Thou canst
 "not grasp an unsubstantial vision," replied the angel:
 "I am now shewing thee what would have been the
 "destiny of thy son, had he continued longer on the
 "earth." "And why," returned Bozaldab, "was he
 "not permitted to continue? Why was I not suffered
 "to be a witness of so much felicity and power?"
 "Consider the sequel," replied he that dwells in the
 fifth heaven. Bozaldab looked earnestly, and saw the
 countenance of his son, on which he had been used to
 behold the placid smile of simplicity, and the vivid blushes
 of health, now distorted with rage, and now fixed in
 the insensibility of drunkenness: it was again animated
 with

with disdain, it became pale with apprehension, and appeared to be withered by intemperance: his hands were stained with blood, and he trembled by turns with fury and terror: the palace so lately shining with oriental pomp, changed suddenly into the cell of a dungeon, where his son lay stretched out on the cold pavement, gagged and bound, with his eyes put out. Soon after he perceived the favourite Sultana, who before was seated by his side, enter with a bowl of poison, which she compelled Aboram to drink, and afterwards married the successor to his throne.

“Happy,” said Caloc, “is he whom PROVIDENCE has, by the angel of death, snatched from guilt! from whom that power is withheld, which, if he had possessed, would have accumulated upon himself yet greater misery than it could bring upon others.”

“It is enough,” cried Bozaldab; “I adore the inscrutable schemes of Omniscience;—From what dreadful evil has my son been rescued by a death, which I rashly bewailed as unfortunate and premature! a death of innocence and peace, which has blessed his memory upon earth, and transmitted his spirit to the skies!”

“Cast away the dagger,” replied the heavenly messenger, “which thou wast preparing to plunge into thine own heart. Exchange complaint for silence, and doubt for adoration. Can a mortal look down, without giddiness and stupefaction, into the vast abyss of Eternal Wisdom? Can a mind that sees not infinitely, perfectly comprehend any thing among an infinity of objects mutually relative? Can the channels, which thou commandest to be cut to receive the annual inundations of the Nile, contain the waters of the ocean? Remember, that perfect happiness cannot be conferred on a creature; for perfect happiness is an attribute as incommunicable as perfect power and eternity.”

The Angel, while he was speaking thus, stretched out his pinions to fly back to the Empyreum; and the flutter of his wings was like the rushing of a cataract.

Z

THE MISCHIEFS OF SUPERSTITION AND INFIDELITY.

NUMB. 77. TUESDAY, *July* 31, 1753.

———*Peccare docentes
Fallax historias monet.*

HOR.

To tint th' attentive mind she tries
With tales of exemplary vice.

To the ADVENTURER.

SIR,

I SHALL make no apology for the trouble I am about to give you, since I am sure the motives that induce me to give it, will have as much weight with you as they have with me: I shall therefore, without further preface, relate to you the events of a life, which, however insignificant and unentertaining, affords a lesson of the highest importance; a lesson, the value of which I have experienced, and may, therefore, recommend.

I am the daughter of a gentleman of good family, who, as he was a younger brother, purchased with the portion that was allotted him, a genteel post under the government. My mother died when I was but twelve years old; and my father, who was excessively fond of me, determined to be himself my preceptor, and to take care that my natural genius, which his partiality made him think above the common rank, should not want the improvements of a liberal education.

He was a man of sense, with a tolerable share of learning. In his youth he had been a free liver, and perhaps
for

for that reason took some pains to become what is called a free thinker. But whatever fashionable frailties he might formerly have allowed in himself; he was now in advanced life, and had at least worldly wisdom enough to know, that it was necessary his daughter should be restrained from those liberties, which he had looked upon as trifling errors in his own conduct. He, therefore, laboured with great application to inculcate in me the love of order, the beauty of moral rectitude, and the happiness and self-reward of virtue; but at the same time professed it his design to free my mind from vulgar prejudices and superstition, for so he called Revealed Religion. As I was urged to chuse virtue, and reject vice, from motives which had no necessary connection with immortality, I was not led to consider a future state either with hope or fear: my father, indeed, when I urged him upon that subject, always intimated that the doctrine of immortality, whether true or false, ought not at all to influence my conduct or interrupt my peace; because the virtue which secured happiness in the present state, would also secure it in a future: a future state, therefore, I wholly disregarded, and, to confess a truth, disbelieved: for I thought I could plainly discover that it was disbelieved by my father, though he had not thought fit explicitly to declare his sentiments. As I had no very turbulent passions, a ductile and good disposition, and the highest reverence for his understanding, as well as the tenderest affection for him, he found it an easy task to make me adopt every sentiment and opinion which he proposed to me as his own; especially, as he took care to support his principles by the authority and arguments of the best writers against Christianity. At the age of twenty I was called upon to make use of all the philosophy I had been taught, by his death; which not only deprived me of a parent I most ardently loved, but with him of all the ease and affluence to which I had been accustomed. His income was only for life, and he had rather lived beyond than within it; consequently, there

there was nothing left for me but the pride and helplessness of genteel life ; a taste for every thing elegant, and a delicacy and sensibility that has doubled all my sufferings. In this distress, a brother of my mother's, who was grown rich in trade, received me into his house, and declared he would take the same care of me as if I had been his own child. When the first transports of my grief were abated, I found myself in an easy situation, and from the natural cheerfulness of my temper, I was beginning once more to taste of happiness. My uncle, who was a man of a narrow understanding and illiberal education, was a little disgusted with me for employing so much of my time in reading ; but still more so, when, happening to examine my books, he found by the titles that some of them were what he called blasphemy, and tended, as he imagined, to make me an Atheist. I endeavoured to explain my principles, which I thought it beneath the dignity of virtue to disguise or disavow ; but as I never could make him conceive any difference between a Deist and an Atheist, my arguments only served to confirm him in the opinion that I was a wicked wretch, who, in his own phrase, believed neither God nor Devil. As he was really a good man, and heartily zealous for the established faith, though more from habit and prejudice than reason, my errors gave him great affliction : I perceived it with the utmost concern ; I perceived too, that he looked upon me with a degree of abhorrence mixed with pity, and that I was wholly indebted to his good-nature for that protection which I had flattered myself I should owe to his love. I comforted myself, however, with my own integrity, and even felt a conscious pride in suffering this persecution from ignorance and folly, only because I was superior to vulgar errors and popular superstition ; and that Christianity deserved these appellations, I was not more convinced by my father's arguments, than my uncle's conduct, who, as his zeal was not according to knowledge, was by no means qualified to " adorn the doctrine which he professed to believe."

I had

I had lived a few months under the painful sensibility of receiving continual benefits from a person whose esteem and affection I had lost, when my uncle one day came into my chamber, and after preparing me for some unexpected good fortune, told me, he had just had a proposal of marriage for me from a man to whom I could not possibly have any objection. He then named a merchant, with whom I had often been in company at his table. As the man was neither old or ugly, had a large fortune and a fair character, my uncle thought himself sufficiently authorised to pronounce, as he did, that I could not possibly have any objection to him. An objection, however, I had, which I told my uncle was to me insuperable; it was, that the person whom he proposed to me as the companion, the guide, and director of my whole life, to whom I was to vow not only obedience but love, had nothing in him that could ever engage my affection: his understanding was low, his sentiments mean and indelicate, and his manner unpolite and unpleasant.——“What stuff is all this,” interrupted my uncle, “sentiments indelicate! unpolite! his understanding, forsooth, not equal to your own! Ah, child, if you had less romance, conceit and arrogance, and more true discretion and prudence, it would do you more good than all the fine books you have confounded your poor head with, and what is worse, perhaps, ruined your poor soul. I own, it went a little against my conscience to accept my honest friend’s kind offer, and give him such a pagan for his wife. But how know I whether the believing husband may not convert the unbelieving wife!——As to your flighty objections, they are such nonsense, that I wonder you can suppose me fool enough to be deceived by them. No, child; wise as you are, you cannot impose upon a man who has lived as many years in the world as I have. I see your motive; you have some infidel libertine rake in your eye, with whom you would go headlong to perdition. But I shall take care not to have your
“soul

“soul to answer for as well as your person. Either I shall dispose of you to an honest man, that may convert you, or you shall dispose of yourself how you please for me; for I disclaim all further care or trouble about you: so I leave you to consider, whether or no the kindness I have shewn to you, entitles me to some little influence over you, and whether you chuse to seek protection where you can find it, or accept of the happy lot providence has cut out for you.”

He left me at the close of this fine harangue, and I seriously set myself to consider as he bade me, which of the two states he had set before me I ought to chuse; to submit to a legal sort of prostitution, with the additional weight of perjury on my conscience; or to expose myself to all the distresses of friendless poverty, and unprotected youth. After some hours of deliberation, I determined on the latter, and that more from principle than inclination; for though my delicacy would have suffered extremely in accepting a husband, at least indifferent to me; yet as my heart was perfectly disengaged, and my temper naturally easy, I thought I could have been less unhappy in following my uncle's advice, than I might probably be by rejecting it: but then I must have submitted to an action I could not think justifiable, in order to avoid mere external distresses. This would not have been philosophical. I had always been taught, that virtue was of itself sufficient to happiness; and that those things which are generally esteemed evils, could have no power to disturb the felicity of a mind governed by the eternal rule of right, and truly enamoured of the charms of moral beauty. I resolved, therefore, to run all risques, rather than depart from this glorious principle; I felt myself raised by the trial, and exulted in the opportunity of shewing my contempt of the smiles or frowns of fortune, and of proving the power of virtue to sustain the soul under all accidental circumstances of distress.

I communicated my resolution to my uncle, assuring him at the same time of my everlasting gratitude and
respect,

respect, and that nothing should have induced me to offend or disobey him, but his requiring me to do what my reason and conscience disapproved; that supposing the advantages of riches to be really as great as he believed, yet still those of virtue were greater, and I could not resolve to purchase the one by a violation of the other; that a false vow was certainly criminal; and that it would be doing an act of the highest injustice, to enter into so solemn an engagement without the power of fulfilling it; that my affections did not depend on my own will; and that no man should possess my person, who could not obtain the first place in my heart.

I was surprised that my uncle's impatience had permitted me to go on thus far; but looking in his face, I perceived that passion had kept him silent.—At length the gathering storm burst over my head, in a torrent of reproaches. My reasons were condemned as romantic absurdities, which I could not myself believe; I was accused of designing to deceive, and to throw myself away on some worthless fellow, whose principles were as bad as my own.—It was in vain for me to assert that I had no such design, nor any inclination to marry at all; my uncle could sooner have believed the grossest contradiction, than that a young woman could so strenuously refuse one man, without being prepossessed in favour of another. As I thought myself injured by his accusations and tyranny, I gave over the attempt to mitigate his anger. He appealed to Heaven for the justice of his resentment, and against my ingratitude and rebellion; and then giving me a note of fifty pounds, which he said would keep me from immediate indigence, he bade me leave his house, and see his face no more. I bowed in sign of obedience; and collecting all my dignity and resolution, I arose, thanked him for his past benefits, and with a low curt'sy left the room.

In less than an hour I departed with my little wardrobe to the house of a person who had formerly been my father's servant, and who now kept a shop and let lodgings.

ings. From hence I went the next day to visit my father's nephew, who was in possession of the family estate, and had lately married a lady of great fortune. He was a young gentleman of good parts, his principles the same as my father's, though his practice had not been quite agreeable to the strict rules of morality: however, setting aside a few of those vices which are looked upon as genteel accomplishments in young fellows of fortune, I thought him a good sort of man; and as we had always lived in great kindness, I doubted not that I should find him my friend, and meet with approbation and encouragement at least, if not assistance from him. I told him my story, and the reasons that had determined me to the refusal that had incurred my uncle's displeasure. But how was I disappointed, when, instead of the applause I expected for my heroic virtue and unmerited persecutions, I perceived a smile of contempt on his face, when he interrupted me in the following manner: "And what, in the devil's name, my dear cousin, could make a woman of your sense behave so like an idiot? What! forfeit all your hopes from your uncle, refuse an excellent match, and reduce yourself to beggary, because truly you were not in love!—Surely, one might have expected better from you, even at fifteen. Who is it pray that marries the person of their choice? For my own part, who have rather a better title to please myself with a good fifteen hundred a year, than you who have not a shilling, I found it would not do, and that there was something more to be sought after in a wife than a pretty face or a genius! Do you think I cared three farthings for the woman I married? No, faith. But her thirty thousand pounds were worth having; with that I can purchase a seraglio of beauties, and indulge my taste in every kind of pleasure. And pray what is it to me whether my wife has beauty, or wit, or elegance, when her money will supply me with all that in others? You, cousin, had an opportunity of being as happy as I am: the men, believe me, would

" not

“not like you a bit the worse for being married: on the contrary, you would find, that for one who took notice of you as a single woman, twenty would be your admirers and humble servants, when there was no danger of being taken in. Thus you might have gratified all your passions, made an elegant figure in life, and have chosen out some gentle swain as romantic and poetical, as you pleased for your Cecisbee. The good John Trot husband would have been easily managed, and—” Here my indignation could be contained no longer, and I was leaving the room in disdain, when he caught me by the hand—“Nay, prithee, my dear cousin, none of these violent airs. I thought you and I had known one another better. Let the poor souls, who are taught by the priests and their nurses to be afraid of hell-fire, and to think they shall go to the devil for following nature and making life agreeable, be as outrageously virtuous as they please: you have too much sense to be frightened at bugbears; you know that the term of your existence is but short; and it is highly reasonable to make it as pleasant as possible.”—I was too angry to attempt confuting his arguments; but bursting from his hold, told him, I would take care not to give him a second opportunity of insulting my distress, and affronting my understanding; and so left his house with a resolution never to enter it again.

The same, continued.

NUMB. 78. SATURDAY, August 4, 1753.

———*Propter vitam vivendi perdere causas.*

JUV.

Nor quit for life, what gives to life its worth.

I WENT home mortified and disappointed. My spirits sunk into a dejection, which took from me for many days all inclination to stir out of my lodging, or to see

see a human face. At length I resolved to try whether indigence and friendship were really incompatible, and whether I should meet with the same treatment from a female friend, whose affection had been the principal pleasure of my youth. Surely, thought I, the gentle Amanda, whose heart seems capable of every tender and generous sentiment, will do justice to the innocence and integrity of her unfortunate friend; her tenderness will encourage my virtue, and animate my fortitude; her praises and endearments will compensate all my hardships. Amanda was a single woman of a moderate independant fortune, which I heard she was going to bestow on a young officer, who had little or nothing besides his commission. I had no doubt of her approbation of my refusing a mercenary match, since she herself had chosen from motives so opposite to those which are called prudent. She had been in the country some months, so that my misfortune had not reached her ear till I myself related them to her. She heard me with great attention, and answered me with politeness enough, but with a coldness that chilled my very heart. “You
“are sensible, my dear Fidelia,” said she, “that I never
“pretended to set my understanding in competition
“with your’s. I knew my own inferiority; and though
“many of your notions and opinions appeared to me
“very strange and particular, I never attempted to dispute them with you. To be sure, you know best; but
“it seems to me a very odd conduct for one in your situation to give offence to so good an uncle; first by
“maintaining doctrines which may be very true for
“ought I know, but which are very contrary to the
“received opinions we are brought up in, and therefore are apt to shock a common understanding; and
“secondly to renounce his protection, and throw yourself into the wide world, rather than marry the man
“he chose for you; to whom, after all, I do not find
“you had any real objection, nor any antipathy for his
“person.”—Antipathy, my dear! said I; are there

not many degrees between loving and honouring a man preferably to all others, and beholding him with abhorrence and aversion? The first is, in my opinion, the duty of a wife, a duty voluntarily taken upon herself, and engaged in under the most solemn contract. As to the difficulties that may attend my friendless, unprovided state, since they are the consequences of a virtuous action, they cannot really be evils, nor can they disturb that happiness which is the gift of virtue. "I am heartily glad," answered she, "that you have found the art of making yourself happy by the force of imagination! I wish your enthusiasm may continue; and that you may still be further convinced, by your own experience, of the folly of mankind, in supposing poverty and disgrace to be evils."

I was cut to the soul by the unkind manner which accompanied this sarcasm, and was going to remonstrate against her unfriendly treatment, when her lover came in with another gentleman, who in spite of my full heart, engaged my attention, and for a while made me forget the stings of unkindness. The beauty and gracefulness of his person caught my eye, and the politeness of his address, and the elegance of his compliments, soon prejudiced me in favour of his understanding. He was introduced by the Captain to Amanda as his most intimate friend, and seemed desirous to give credit to his friend's judgement by making himself as agreeable as possible. He succeeded so well, that Amanda was wholly engrossed by the pleasure of his conversation, and the care of entertaining her lover and her new guest; her face brightened, and her good humour returned. When I arose to leave her, she pressed me so earnestly to stay dinner, that I could not, without discovering how much I resented her behaviour, refuse. This, however, I should probably have done, as I was naturally disposed to shew every sentiment of my heart, had not a secret wish arose there to know a little more of this agreeable stranger. This inclined me to think it prudent to conceal

my resentment, and to accept the civilities of Amanda. The conversation grew more and more pleasing; I took my share in it, and had more than my share of the charming stranger's notice and attention. As we all grew more and more unreserved, Amanda dropt hints in the course of the conversation relating to my story, my sentiments, and my unhappy situation. Sir George Freelove, for that was the young gentleman's name, listened greedily to all was said of me, and seemed to eye me with earnest curiosity as well as admiration. We did not part till it was late, and Sir George insisted on attending me to my lodgings: I strongly refused it, not without a sensation which more properly belonged to the female than the philosopher, and which I condemned in myself as arising from dishonest pride. I could not without pain suffer the polite Sir George, upon so short an acquaintance, to discover the meanness of my abode. To avoid this, I sent for a chair; but was confused to find, that Sir George and his servants prepared to attend it on foot by way of guard; it was in vain to dispute; he himself walked before, and his servants followed it. I was covered with blushes, when after all this parade, he handed me in at the little shop door, and took leave with as profound respect as if he had guarded me to a palace. A thousand different thoughts kept me from closing my eyes that night. The behaviour of Amanda wounded me to the soul: I found that I must look on her as no more than a common acquaintance; and that the world did not contain one person whom I could call my friend. My heart felt desolate and forlorn; I knew not what course to take for my future subsistence; the pain which my pride had just given me, convinced me that I was far from having conquered the passions of humanity, and that I should feel too sensibly all the mortifications which attend on poverty. I determined, however, to subdue this pride, and called to my assistance the examples of ancient sages and philosophers, who despised riches and honours, and felt no inconveniences from the malice of fortune. I had almost rea-

soned

soned myself into a contempt for the world, and fancied myself superior to its smiles or frowns; when the idea of Sir George Freelove rushed upon my mind, and destroyed at once the whole force of my reasoning. I found that however I might disregard the rest of the world, I could not be indifferent to his opinion; and the thought of being despised by him was insupportable. I recollected that my condition was extremely different from that of an old philosopher, whose rags perhaps were the means of gratifying his pride, by attracting the notice and respect of mankind: at least the philosopher's schemes and wishes were very different from those which at that time were taking possession of my heart. The looks and behaviour of Sir George left me no doubt that I had made as deep an impression in his favour, as he had done in mine. I could not bear to lose the ground I had gained, and to throw myself into a state below his notice. I scorned the thoughts of imposing upon him with regard to my circumstances, in case he should really have had favourable intentions for me; yet to disgrace myself for ever in his eye, by submitting to servitude, or any low-way of supporting myself, was what I could not bring myself to resolve on.

In the midst of these reflections, I was surprized the next morning by a visit from Sir George. He made respectful apologies for the liberty he took; told me he had learnt from my friend, that the unkindness and tyranny of an uncle had cast me into uneasy circumstances; and that he could not know, that so much beauty and merit were so unworthily treated by fortune, without earnestly wishing to be the instrument of doing me more justice. He intreated me to add dignity and value to his life, by making it conducive to the happiness of mine; and was going on with the most fervent offers of service, when I interrupted him, by saying, that there was nothing in his power that I could with honour accept, by which my life could be made happier, but that respect which was due to me as a woman and a gentlewoman, and which ought

to have prevented such offers of service from a stranger, as could only be justified by a long experience of friendship; that I was not in a situation to receive visits, and must decline his acquaintance, which nevertheless in a happier part of my life would have given me pleasure.

He now had recourse to all the arts of his sex, imputed his too great freedom to the force of his passion, protesting the most inviolable respect, and imploring on his knees and even with tears, that I would not punish him so severely as to deny him the liberty of seeing me, and making himself more and more worthy of my esteem. My weak heart was but too much touched by his artifices, and I had only just fortitude enough to persevere in refusing his visits, and to insist on his leaving me, which at last he did; but it was after such a profusion of tenderness, prayers, and protestations, that it was some time before I could recal my reason enough to reflect on the whole of his behaviour, and on my own situation, which compared left me, but little doubt of his dishonourable views.

I determined never more to admit him to my presence, and accordingly gave orders to be denied if he came again. My reason applauded, but my heart reproached me, and heavily repined at the rigid determination of prudence. I knew that I had acted rightly, and I expected that that consciousness would make me happy, but I found otherwise; I was wretched beyond what I had ever felt or formed any idea of; I discovered that my heart was entangled in a passion which must for ever be combated, or indulged at the expence of virtue. I now considered riches as truly desirable, since they would have placed me above disgraceful attempts, and given me reasonable hopes of becoming the wife of Sir George Free-love. I was discontented and unhappy, but surprised and disappointed to find myself so, since hitherto I had no one criminal action to reproach myself with; on the contrary, my difficulties were all owing to my regard for virtue.

I resolved, however, to try still farther the power of virtue to confer happiness, to go on in my obedience to her laws, and patiently wait for the good effects of it. But I had stronger difficulties to go through than any I had yet experienced. Sir George was too much practised in the arts of seduction, to be discouraged by a first repulse: every day produced either some new attempt to see me; or a letter full of the most passionate protestations and entreaties for pardon and favour. It was in vain that I gave orders that no more letters should be taken in from him, he had so many different contrivances to convey them, and directed them in hands so unlike, that I was surprized into reading them, contrary to my real intentions. Every time I stirred out he was sure to be in my way, and to employ the most artful tongue that ever ensnared the heart of woman, in blinding my reason and awakening my passions.

My virtue, however, did not yet give way, but my peace of mind was utterly destroyed. Whenever I was with him, I summoned all my fortitude, and constantly repeated my commands that he should avoid me. His disobedience called for my resentment, and, in spite of my melting heart, I armed my eyes with anger, and treated him with as much disdain as I thought his unworthy designs deserved. But the moment he left me, all my resolution forsook me. I repined at my fate: I even murmured against the SOVEREIGN RULER of all things, for making me subject to passions which I could not subdue, yet must not indulge: I compared my own situation with that of my libertine cousin, whose pernicious arguments I had heard with horror and detestation, who gave the reins to every desire, whose house was the seat of plenty, mirth, and delight, whose face was ever covered with smiles, and whose heart seemed free from sorrow and care. Is not this man, said I, happier than I am? And if so, where is the worth of virtue? Have I not sacrificed to her my fortune and my friends? Do I not daily sacrifice to her my darling inclination? Yet what is the compensation she offers me? Whata are my prof-

pects in this world but poverty, mortification, disappointment and grief? Every wish of my heart denied, every passion of humanity combated and hurt, though never conquered! Are these the blessings with which heaven distinguishes its favourites? Can the KING OF HEAVEN want power or will to distinguish them? Or does he leave his wretched creatures to be the sport of chance, the prey of wickedness and malice? Surely, no.—Yet is not the condition of the virtuous often more miserable than that of the vicious? I myself have experienced that it is. I am very unhappy, and see no likelihood of my being otherwise in this world—and all beyond the grave is eternal darkness. Yet why do I say, that I have no prospect of happiness? Does not the most engaging of men offer me all the joys that love and fortune can bestow? Will not he protect me from every insult of the proud world that scoffs at indigence? Will not his liberal hand pour forth the means of every pleasure, even of that highest and truest of all pleasures, the power of relieving the sufferings of my fellow creatures, of changing the tears of distress, into tears of joy and gratitude, of communicating my own happiness to all around me? Is not this a state far preferable to that in which virtue has placed me? But what is virtue? Is not happiness the laudable pursuit of reason? Is it not laudable to pursue it by the most probable means? Have I not been accusing Providence of unkindness, whilst I myself only am in fault for rejecting its offered favours? Surely, I have mistaken the path of virtue: it must be that which leads to happiness.—The path which I am in is full of thorns and briers, and terminates in impenetrable darkness; but I see another that is strowed with flowers, and bright with the sunshine of prosperity: this, surely, is the path of virtue, and the road to happiness. Hither then let me turn my weary steps, nor let vain and idle prejudices fright me from felicity. It is surely impossible that I should offend GOD, by yielding to a temptation which he has given me no motive to resist. He has allotted me a
short

short and precarious existence, and has placed before me good and evil. — What is good but pleasure? What is evil but pain? Reason and nature direct me chuse the first, and avoid the last. I sought for happiness in what is called virtue, but I found it not: shall I not try the other experiment, since I think I can hardly be more unhappy by following inclination, than I am by denying it?

Thus had my frail thoughts wandered into a wilderness of error, and thus had I almost reasoned myself out of every principle of morality, by pursuing through all their consequences the doctrines which had been taught me as rules of life and prescriptions for felicity, the talismans of Truth, by which I should be secured in the storms of adversity, and listen without danger to the syrens of temptation; when in the fatal hour of my presumption, sitting alone, in my chamber, collecting arguments on the side of passion, almost distracted with doubts, and plunging deeper and deeper into falsehood, I saw Sir George Freeloze at my feet, who had gained admittance, contrary to my orders, by corrupting my landlady. It is not necessary to describe to you his arts, or the weak efforts of that virtue which had been graciously implanted in my heart, but which I had taken impious pains to undermine by false reasoning, and which now tottered from the foundation: suffice it that I submitted to the humiliation I have so well deserved, and tell you, that, in all the pride of human reason, I dared to condemn, as the effect of weakness and prejudice, the still voice of conscience which would yet have warned me from ruin; that my innocence, my honour, was the sacrifice to passion and sophistry; that my boasted philosophy, and too much flattered understanding, preserved me not from the lowest depth of infamy, which the weakest of my sex with humility and religion would have avoided.

I now experienced a new kind of wretchedness. My vile seducer tried in vain to reconcile me to the shameful life to which he had reduced me, by loading me with finery, and lavishing his fortune in procuring me pleasures.

asures, which I could not taste, and pomp, which seemed an insult on my disgrace. In vain did I recollect the arguments which had convinced me of the lawfulness of accepting offered pleasures, and following the dictates of inclination: the light of my understanding was darkened, but the sense of guilt was not lost. My pride and my delicacy, if, criminal as I was, I may dare to call it so, suffered the most intolerable mortification and disgust, every time I reflected on my infamous situation. Every eye seemed to upbraid me, even that of my triumphant seducer. O depth of misery! to be conscious of deserving the contempt of him I loved, and for whose sake I was become contemptible to myself!

The same, continued.

NUMB. 79. TUESDAY, August 7, 1753.

*Quisnam igitur liber? Sapiens: sibi qui imperiosus;
Quem neque pauperies, neque mors, neque vincula terrent:
Responsare cupidinibus, contemnere honores
Fortis, et in seipso totus: teres atque rotundus,
Externi ne quid valeat per lævæ morari.*

HOR.

Who then is free?—The wise, who well maintains
An empire o'er himself: whom neither chains,
Nor want, nor death, with slavish fear inspire;
Who boldly answers to his warm desire;
Who can ambition's vainest gifts despise;
Firm in himself who on his self relies;
Polish'd and round who runs his proper course,
And breaks misfortune with superior force. FRANCIS.

THIS was the state of my mind during a year which I passed in Sir George's house. His fondness was unabated for eight months of the time; and as I had no other object to share my attention, neither friend nor relation to call off any part of my tenderness, all the love of a heart naturally affectionate centered in him. The first

first dawnings of unkindness were but too visible to my watchful eyes. I had now all the torments of jealousy to endure, till a cruel certainty put an end to them. I learnt at length, that my false lover was on the brink of marriage with a lady of great fortune. I immediately resolved to leave him; but could not do it without first venting my full heart in complaints and reproaches. This provoked his rage, and drew on me insolence, which though I had deserved, I had not learnt to bear. I returned with scorn, which no longer became me, all the wages of my sin, and the trappings of my shame, and left his house in the bitterest anguish of resentment and despair.

I returned to my old lodgings; but unable to bear a scene which recalled every circumstance of my undoing, ashamed to look in the face of any creature who had seen me innocent, wretched in myself, and hoping from change of place some abatement of my misery, I put myself into a post-chaise at two in the morning, with orders to the driver to carry me as far from town as he could before the return of night, leaving it to him to chuse the road.

My reason and my senses seemed benumbed and stupified during my journey. I made no reflections on what I was about, nor formed any design for my future life. When night came, my conductor would have stopt at a large town, but I bid him go on to the next village: There I alighted at a paultry inn, and dismissed my vehicle, without once considering what I was to do with myself, or why I chose that place for my abode. To say truth, I can give no account of my thoughts at this period of time: they were all confused and distracted. A short frenzy must have filled up those hours, of which my memory retains such imperfect traces. I remember only, that without having pulled off my clothes, I left the inn as soon as I saw the day, and wandered out of the village.

My unguided feet carried me to a range of willows by a river's side, where after having walked some time, the

freshness of the air revived my senses, and awakened my reason. My reason, my memory, my anguish, and despair, returned together! Every circumstance of my past life was present to my mind; but most the idea of my faithless lover, and my criminal love tortured my imagination, and rent my bleeding heart, which, in spite of all its guilt and all its wrongs, retained the tenderest and most ardent affection for its undoer. This unguarded affection, which was the effect of a gentle and kind nature, heightened the anguish of resentment, and completed my misery. In vain did I call off my thoughts from this gloomy retrospect, and hope to find a gleam of comfort in my future prospects. They were still more dreadful: poverty, attended by infamy and want, groaning under the cruel hand of oppression and the taunts of insolence, was before my eyes. I, who had once been the darling and the pride of indulgent parents, who had once been beloved, respected, and admired, was now the outcast of human nature, despised and avoided by all who had ever loved me, by all whom I had most loved! hateful to myself, belonging to no one, exposed to wrongs and insults from all!

I tried to find out the cause of this dismal change, and how far I was myself the occasion of it. My conduct with respect to Sir George, though I spontaneously condemned, yet, upon recollection, I thought the arguments which produced it would justify. But as my principles could not preserve me from vice, neither could they sustain me in adversity: conscience was not to be perverted by the sophistry which had beclouded my reason. And if any, by imputing my conduct to error, should acquit me of guilt, let them remember, it is yet true, that in this uttermost distress, I was neither sustained by the consciousness of innocence, the exultation of virtue, nor the hope of reward: whether I looked backward or forward, all was confusion and anguish, distraction and despair. I accused the SUPREME BEING of cruelty and injustice, who, though he gave me

not

not sufficient encouragement to resist desire, yet punished me with the consequences of indulgence. If there is a GOD, cried I, he must be either tyrannical and cruel, or regardless of his creatures. I will no longer endure a being which is undeservedly miserable either from chance or design, but fly to that annihilation in which all my prospects terminate. Take back, said I, lifting my eyes to Heaven, the hateful gift of existence, and let my dust no more be animated to suffering, and exalted to misery.

So saying, I ran to the brink of the river, and was going to plunge in, when the cry of some person very near me made me turn my eyes to see whence it came. I was accosted by an elderly clergyman, who with looks of terror, pity, and benevolence, asked what I was about to do? At first I was sullen, and refused to answer him; but by degrees the compassion he showed, and the tenderness with which he treated me, softened my heart, and gave vent to my tears.

“O! Madam,” said he, “these are gracious signs, “and unlike those which first drew my attention, and “made me watch you unobserved, fearing some fatal “purpose in your mind. What must be the thoughts “which could make a face like your’s appear the picture “of horror! I was taking my morning walk, and have “seen you a considerable time; sometimes stopping and “wringing your hands, sometimes quickening your pace, “and sometimes walking slow with your eyes fixed on “the ground, till you raised them to Heaven, with looks “not of supplication and piety, but rather of accusation, “and defiance. For pity tell me how is it that you “have quarrelled with yourself, with life, nay even with “HEAVEN? Recal your reason and your hope, and let “this seasonable prevention of your fatal purpose be an “earnest to you of good things to come, of GOD’s “mercy not yet alienated from you, and stooping from “his throne to save your soul from perdition.”

The tears, which flowed in rivers from my eyes while

he talked, gave me so much relief, that I found myself able to speak, and desirous to express my gratitude for the good man's concern for me. It was so long since I had known the joys of confidence, that I felt surprising pleasure and comfort from unburthening my heart, and telling my kind deliverer every circumstance of my story, and every thought of my distracted mind. He shuddered to hear me upbraid the DIVINE PROVIDENCE; and stopping me short, told me, he would lead me to one who should preach patience to me, whilst she gave me the example of it.

As we talked, he led me to his own house, and there introduced me to his wife, a middle-aged woman, pale and emaciated, but of a cheerful placid countenance, who received me with the greatest tenderness and humanity. She saw I was distressed, and her compassion was beforehand with my complaints. Her tears stood ready to accompany mine; her looks and her voice expressed the kindest concern; and her assiduous cares demonstrated that true politeness and hospitality, which is not the effect of art but of inward benevolence. While she obliged me to take some refreshment, her husband gave her a short account of my story, and of the state in which he had found me. "This poor lady," said he, "from the fault of her education and principles, sees every thing through a gloomy medium: she accuses PROVIDENCE, and hates her existence for those evils, which are the common lot of mankind in this short state of trial.—You, my dear, who are one of the greatest sufferers I have known, are best qualified to cure her of her faulty impatience; and to convince her, by your own example, that this world is not the place in which virtue is to find its reward. She thinks no one so unhappy as herself; but if she knew all that you have gone through, she would surely be sensible, that if you are happier than she, it is only because your principles are better."

"Indeed, my dear madam," said she, "that is the
" only

“only advantage I have over you; but that, indeed, outweighs every thing else. It is now but ten days since I followed to the grave my only son, the survivor of eight children, who were all equally the objects of my fondest love. My heart is no less tender than your own, nor my affections less warm. For a whole year before the death of my last darling, I watched the fatal progress of his disease, and saw him suffer the most amazing pains. Nor was poverty, that dreaded evil to which you could not submit, wanting to my trials. Though my husband is by his profession a gentleman, his income is so small, that I and my children have often wanted necessaries: and though I had always a weakly constitution, I have helped to support my family by the labour of my own hands. At this time I am consuming, by daily tortures, with a cancer, which must shortly be my death. My pains, perhaps, might be mitigated by proper assistance, though nothing could preserve my life; but I have not the means to obtain that assistance.”——O hold, interrupted I, my soul is shocked at the enumeration of such intolerable sufferings. How is it that you support them? Why do I not see you, in despair like mine, renounce your existence, and put yourself out of the reach of torment? But above all, tell me how it is possible for you to preserve, amidst such complicated misery, that appearance of cheerfulness and serene complacency which shines so remarkably in your countenance, and animates every look and motion?

“That cheerfulness and complacency,” answered the good woman, “I feel in my heart. My mind is not only serene, but often experiences the highest emotions of joy and exultation, that the brightest hopes can give.” And whence, said I, do you derive this astonishing art of extracting joy from misery, and of smiling amidst all the terrors of pain, sorrow, poverty, and death? She was silent a moment; then stepping to her closet, reached a BIBLE, which she put into my hands.

hands. "See there," said she, "the volume in which I learn this art. Here I am taught, that everlasting glory is in store for all who will accept it upon the terms which INFINITE PERFECTION has prescribed; here I am promised consolation, assistance, and support from the LORD OF LIFE; and here I am assured that my transient afflictions are only meant to fit me for eternal and unspeakable happiness. This happiness is at hand. The short remainder of my life seems but a point, beyond which opens the glorious prospect of immortality. Thus encouraged, how should I be dejected? Thus supported, how should I sink? With such prospects, such assured hopes, how can I be otherwise than happy?"

While she spoke, her eyes sparkled, and her whole face seemed animated with joy. I was struck with her manner, as well as her words. Every syllable she uttered seemed to sink into my soul, so that I never can forget it. I resolved to examine a religion, which was capable of producing such effects as I could not attribute either to chance or error. The good couple pressed me with so much unaffected kindness, to make their little parsonage my asylum till I could better dispose of myself, that I accepted their offer. Here, with the assistance of the clergyman, who is a plain, sensible, and truly pious man, I have studied the HOLY SCRIPTURES, and the evidences of their authority. But after reading them with candour and attention, I found all the extrinsic arguments of their truth superfluous. The excellency of their precepts, the consistency of their doctrines, and the glorious motives and encouragements to virtue which they propose, together with the striking example I had before my eyes of their salutary effects, left me no doubt of their divine authority.

During the time of my abode here, I have been witness to the more than heroic, the joyful, the triumphant death of the dear good woman. With as much softness and tenderness as ever I saw in a female character, she shewed
more

more dauntless intrepidity than the sternest philosopher or the proudest hero. No torment could shake the constancy of her soul, or length of pain wear out the strength of her patience. Death was to her an object not of horror but of hope. When I heard her pour forth her last breath in thanksgiving, and saw the smile of extasy remain on her pale face when life was fled, I could not help crying out in the beautiful language I had lately learned from the SACRED WRITINGS, "O Death! where is thy sting? O Grave! where is thy victory?"

I am now preparing to leave my excellent benefactor, and get my bread in a service, to which he has recommended me, in a neighbouring family. A state of servitude, to which once I could not resolve to yield, appears no longer dreadful to me; that pride, which would have made it galling, CHRISTIANITY has subdued, though philosophy attempted it in vain. As a penitent, I should gratefully submit to mortification; but as a CHRISTIAN, I find myself superior to every mortification, except the sense of guilt. This has humbled me to the dust: but the full assurances that are given me by the SAVIOUR OF THE WORLD, of the DIVINE pardon and favour upon sincere repentance, have calmed my troubled spirit, and filled my mind with peace and joy, which the world can neither give nor take away. Thus, without any change for the better in my outward circumstances, I find myself changed from a distracted, poor, despairing wretch, to a contented, happy, grateful being; thankful for, and pleased with my present state of existence, yet exulting in the hope of quitting it for endless glory and happiness.

O! Sir, tell the unthinking mortals, who will not take the pains of inquiring into those truths which most concern them, and who are led by fashion, and the pride of human reason, into a contempt for the Sacred Oracles of GOD; tell them these amazing effects of the power of CHRISTIANITY: tell them this truth which experience

rience has taught me, that, " Though Vice is constantly
 " attended by misery, Virtue itself cannot confer happi-
 " ness in this world, except it is animated with the hopes
 " of eternal bliss in the world to come."

Y

I am, &c.

FIDELIA.

B E A U T Y.

NUMB. 82. SATURDAY, *August 18, 1753.*

Nunc scio quid sit AMOR.

VIRG.

Now know I what is love.

THOUGH the danger of disappointment is always in proportion to the height of expectation, yet I this day claim the attention of the ladies, and profess to teach an art by which all may obtain what has hitherto been deemed the prerogative of a few; an art by which their predominant passion may be gratified, and their conquests not only extended but secured; " The art of " being PRETTY."

But though my subject may interest the ladies, it may, perhaps, offend those profound moralists, who have long since determined, that BEAUTY ought rather to be despised than desired; that, like strength, it is a mere natural excellence, the effect of causes wholly out of our power, and not intended either as the pledge of happiness or the distinction of merit.

To these gentlemen I shall remark, that beauty is among those qualities, which no effort of human wit could ever bring into contempt; it is, therefore, to be wished at least, that beauty was in some degree dependant upon SENTIMENT and MANNERS, that so high a privilege might not be possessed by the unworthy, and that human reason might no longer suffer the mortification

tion of those who are compelled to adore an idol, which differs from a stone or a log only by the skill of the artificer : and if they cannot themselves behold beauty with indifference, they must surely approve an attempt to shew that it merits their regard.

I shall, however, principally consider that species of beauty which is expressed in the countenance ; for this alone is peculiar to human beings, and is not less complicated than their nature. In the countenance there are but two requisites to perfect Beauty, which are wholly produced by external causes, colour and proportion : and it will appear, that even in common estimation these are not the chief, but that though there may be beauty without them, yet there cannot be beauty without something more.

The finest features, ranged in the most exact symmetry, and heightened by the most blooming complexion, must be animated before they can strike : and when they are animated, will generally excite the same passions which they express. If they are fixed in the dead calm of insensibility, they will be examined without emotion ; and if they do not express kindness, they will be beheld without love. Looks of contempt, disdain, or malevolence, will be reflected, as from a mirror, by every countenance on which they are turned ; and if a wanton aspect excites desire, it is but like that of a savage for his prey, which cannot be gratified without the destruction of its object.

Among particular graces, the dimple has always been allowed the pre-eminence, and the reason is evident ; dimples are produced by a smile, and a smile is an expression of complacency : so the contraction of the brows into a frown, as it is an indication of a contrary temper, has always been deemed a capital defect.

The lover is generally at a loss to define the beauty, by which his passion was suddenly and irresistibly determined to a particular object ; but this could never happen, if it depended upon any known rule of proportion,
upon

upon the shape or disposition of the features, or the colour of the skin: he tells you, that it is something which he cannot fully express, something not fixed in any part, but diffused over the whole; he calls it a sweetness, a softness, a placid sensibility, or gives it some other appellation which connects Beauty with Sentiment, and expresses a charm which is not peculiar to any set of features, but is perhaps possible to all.

This beauty, however, does not always consist in smiles, but varies as expressions of meekness and kindness vary with their objects; it is extremely forcible in the silent complaint of patient sufferance, the tender solicitude of friendship, and the glow of filial obedience; and in tears, whether of joy, of pity, or of grief, it is almost irresistible.

This is the charm which captivates without the aid of nature, and without which her utmost bounty is ineffectual. But it cannot be assumed as a mask to conceal insensibility or malevolence; it must be the genuine effect of corresponding sentiments, or it will impress upon the countenance a new and more disgusting deformity, Affectation; it will produce the grin, the simper, the stare, the languish, the pout, and innumerable other grimaces, that render folly ridiculous, and change pity to contempt. By some, indeed, this species of hypocrisy has been practised with such skill as to deceive superficial observers, though it can deceive even these but for a moment. Looks which do not correspond with the heart, cannot be assumed without labour, nor continued without pain; the motive to relinquish them must, therefore, soon preponderate, and the aspect and apparel of the visit will be laid by together; the smiles and the languishments of art will vanish, and the fierceness of rage, or the gloom of discontent, will either obscure or destroy all the elegance of symmetry and complexion.

The artificial aspect is, indeed, as wretched a substitute for the expression of sentiment, as the linear of paint for the blushes of health: it is not only equally transient,

transient, and equally liable to detection; but as paint leaves the countenance yet more withered and ghastly, the passions burst out with more violence after restraint, the features become more distorted, and excite more determined aversion.

Beauty, therefore, depends principally upon the mind, and consequently may be influenced by education. It has been remarked, that the predominant passion may generally be discovered in the countenance; because the muscles by which it is expressed being almost perpetually contracted, lose their tone, and never totally relax; so that the expression remains when the passion is suspended: thus an angry, a disdainful, a subtle, and a suspicious temper, is displayed in characters that are almost universally understood. It is equally true of the pleasing and the softer passions, that they leave their signatures upon the countenance when they cease to act: the prevalence of these passions, therefore, produces a mechanical effect upon the aspect, and gives a turn and cast to the features which make a more favourable and forcible impression upon the mind of others, than any charm produced by mere external causes.

Neither does the beauty which depends upon temper and sentiment, equally endanger the possessor; "It is," to use an eastern metaphor, "like the towers of a city, not only an ornament but a defence:" if it excites desire, it at once controuls and refines it; it represses with awe, it softens with delicacy, and it wins to imitation. The love of reason and of virtue is mingled with the love of beauty; because this beauty is little more than the emanation of intellectual excellence, which is not an object of corporeal appetite. As it excites a purer passion, it also more forcibly engages to fidelity: every man finds himself more powerfully restrained from giving pain to goodness than to beauty; and every look of a countenance in which they are blended, in which beauty is the expression of goodness, is a silent reproach of the first irregular wish; and the purpose immediately appears to be disingenuous

genuous and cruel, by which the tender hope of ineffable affection would be disappointed, the placid confidence of unsuspected simplicity abused, and the peace even of virtue endangered, by the most sordid infidelity, and the breach of the strongest obligations.

But the hope of the hypocrite must perish.—When the factitious beauty has laid by her smiles; when the lustre of her eyes and the bloom of her cheeks have lost their influence with their novelty: what remains but a tyrant divested of power, who will never be seen without a mixture of indignation and disdain? The only desire which this object could gratify, will be transferred to another, not only without reluctance, but with triumph. As resentment will succeed to disappointment, a desire to mortify will succeed a desire to please; and the husband may be urged to solicit a mistress, merely by a remembrance of the beauty of his wife, which lasted only till she was known.

Let it therefore, be remembered, that none can be disciples of the Graces, but in the school of Virtue; and that those who wish to be lovely, must learn early to be good.

PROFLIGACY EXEMPLIFIED.

NUMB. 86. SATURDAY, *September 1, 1753.*

Concubitu prohibere vago.-----

HOR.

The wandering wish of lawless love suppress. FRANCIS

To the ADVENTURER.

SIR,

TO indulge that restless impatience, which every man feels to relate incidents by which the passions have been greatly affected, and communicate ideas that have been

been forcibly impressed, I have given you some account of my life, which without farther apology or introduction, may, perhaps, be favourably received in an Adventurer,

My mother died when I was very young, and my father who was a naval commander, and had therefore no opportunity to superintend my conduct, placed me at a grammar-school, and afterwards removed me to the University. At school the number of boys was so great, that to regulate our morals was impossible; and at the University even my learning contributed to the dissoluteness of my manners. As I was an only child, my father had always allowed me more money than I knew how to lay out, otherwise than in the gratification of my vices. I had sometimes, indeed, been restrained by a general sense of right and wrong; but I now opposed the remonstrances of conscience by the cavils of sophistry; and having learned of some celebrated philosophers as well ancient as modern, to prove that nothing is good but pleasure, I became a rake upon principle.

My father died in the same year with Queen Anne, a few months before I became of age, and left me a very considerable fortune in the funds. I immediately quitted the university and came to London, which I considered as the great mart of pleasure; and as I could afford to deal largely, I wisely determined not to endanger my capital. I projected a scheme of life that was most agreeable to my temper, which was rather sedate than volatile, and regulated my expences with the œconomy of a philosopher. I found that my favourite appetites might be gratified with greater convenience and less scandal, in proportion as my life was more private: instead, therefore, of incumbering myself with a family, I took the first floor of a house which was let into lodgings, hired one servant, and kept a brace of geldings at a livery stable. I constantly frequented the theatres, and found my principles confirmed by almost every piece that was represented, particularly my resolution never to marry. In
comedy,

comedy, indeed, the action terminated in marriage; but it was generally the marriage of a rake, who gave up his liberty with reluctance, as the only expedient to recover a fortune; and the husband and wife of the drama were wretches whose example justified this reluctance, and appeared to be exhibited for no other purpose than to warn mankind, that whatever may be presumed by those whom indigence has made desperate, to marry is to forfeit the quiet, independence, and felicity of life.

In this course I had continued twenty years, without having impaired my constitution, lessened my fortune, or incumbered myself with an illegitimate offspring; when a girl about eighteen, just arrived from the country, was hired as a chambermaid by the person who kept the house in which I lodged: the native beauty of health and simplicity in this young creature, had such an effect upon my imagination, that I practised every art to debauch her, and at length succeeded.

I found it convenient for her to continue in the house, and therefore made no proposal of removing her into lodgings; but after a few months she found herself with child, a discovery which interrupted the indolence of my sensuality, and made me repent my indiscretion: however, as I would not incur my own censure by ingratitude or inhumanity, I provided her a lodging and attendants, and she was at length delivered of a daughter. The child I regarded as a new incumbrance, for though I did not consider myself as under parental or conjugal obligations, yet I could not think myself at liberty wholly to abandon either the mother or the infant. To the mother, indeed, I had still some degree of inclination; though I should have been heartily content never to have seen her again, if I could at once have been freed from any farther trouble about her; but as something was to be done, I was willing to keep her within my reach, at least till she could be subservient to my pleasure no longer: the child, however, I would have sent away, but she intreated me to let her suckle it, with an importunity which I could not resist;

After much thinking, I placed her in a little shop in the suburbs, which I furnished at the expence of about twenty pounds, with chandlery ware, commodities of which she had some knowledge, as her father was a petty shop-keeper in the country: she reported that her husband had been killed in an engagement at sea, and that his pay, which she had been impowered to receive by his will, had purchased her stock. I now thought I had discharged every obligation, as I had enabled her to subsist, at least as well as she could have done by her labour in the station in which I found her; and as often as I had an inclination to see her, I sent for her to a bagnio.

But these interviews did not produce the pleasure which I expected: her affection for me was too tender and delicate; she often wept in spite of all her efforts against it; and could not forbear telling me stories of her little girl with the fond prolixity of a mother, when I wished to regard her only as a mistress. These incidents at once touched me with compunction, and quenched the appetite which I had intended to gratify; my visits therefore, became less frequent: but she never sent after me when I was absent, nor reproached me, otherwise than by tears of tenderness when she saw me again.

After the first year, I wholly neglected her; and having heard nothing of her during the winter, I went to spend the summer in the country. When I returned, I was prompted rather by curiosity than desire to make some enquiry after her, and soon learnt that she had died some months before of the small-pox, that the goods had been seized for rent, and the child taken by the parish. At this account, so sudden and unexpected, I was sensibly touched; and at first conceived a design to rescue the child from the hands of a parish nurse, and make some little provision for it when it should be grown up: but this was delayed from day to day, such was the supineness of my disposition, till the event was remembered with less and less sensibility; and at length I congratulated myself upon my deliverance from an engagement which I had always considered

dered as resembling in some degree the shackles of matrimony. I resolved to incur the same embarrassment no more, and content myself with strolling from one prostitute to another, of whom I had seen many generations perish ; and the new faces which I once sought among the masks in the pit, I found with less trouble at Cuper's, Vauxhall, Ranelagh, and innumerable other places of public entertainment, which have appeared during the last twenty years of my life,

A few weeks ago I celebrated my sixtieth birthday with some friends at a tavern ; and as I was returning to my lodgings, I saw a hackney coach stop at the door of a house which I knew to be of ill repute, though it was private and of the first class. Just as I came up, a girl stepped out of it, who appeared by the imperfect glimpse I caught of her as she passed, to be very young and extremely beautiful. As I was warm with wine, I followed her in without hesitation, and was delighted to find her equally charming upon a nearer view. I detained the coach, and proposed that we should go to Haddock's : she hesitated with some appearance of unwillingness and confusion, but at length consented : she soon became more free, and I was not less pleased with her conversation than her person : I observed that she had a softness and modesty in her manner, which is quickly worn off by habitual prostitution.

We had drank a bottle of French wine, and were preparing to go to bed, when to my unspeakable confusion and astonishment, I discovered a mark by which I knew her to be my child : for I remembered, that the poor girl whom I so cruelly seduced and neglected, had once told me with tears in her eyes, that she had imprinted the two letters of my name under her little Nancy's left breast, which perhaps, would be the only memorial she would ever have of a father. I was instantly struck with a sense of guilt with which I had not been familiar, and, therefore, felt all its force, The poor wretch whom I was about to hire for the gratification of a brutal appetite, perceived

perceived my disorder with surprize and concern: she enquired with an officious sollicitude, what sudden illness had seized me; she took my hand, pressed it, and looked eagerly in my face, still inquisitive what could be done to relieve me. I remained some time torpid: but was soon roused by the reflection, that I was receiving the caresses of my child, whom I had abandoned to the lowest infamy, to be the slave of drunkenness and lust, and whom I had led to the brink of incest. I suddenly started up; first held her at a distance; then catching her in my arms, strove to speak, but burst into tears. I saw that she was confounded and terrified; and as soon as I could recover my speech, I put an end to her doubts by revealing the secret.

It is impossible to express the effect it had upon her; she stood motionless a few minutes; then clasped her hands together, and looked up in an agony, which not to have seen is not to conceive. The tears at length started from her eyes; she recollected herself, called me father, threw herself upon her knees, embracing mine, and plunging a new dagger in my heart, by asking my blessing.

We sat up together the remainder of the night, which I spent in listening to a story that I may, perhaps, hereafter communicate; and the next day I took lodgings for her about six miles from town. I visit her every day with emotions to which my heart has till now been a stranger, and which are every day more frequent and more strong. I propose to retire with her into some remote part of the country, and to atone for the past by the future: but, alas! of the future a few years only can remain; and of the past not a moment can return. What atonement can I make to those, upon whose daughters I have contributed to perpetuate that calamity, from which by miracle I have rescued my own? How can I bear the reflection, that though for my own child I had hitherto expressed less kindness than brutes for their young; yet, perhaps, every other whom I either hired or seduced to
Vol. II. L prostitution,

prostitution, had been gazed at in the ardour of parental affection, till tears have started to the eye; had been caught to the bosom with transport, in the prattling simplicity of infancy; had been watched in sickness with anxiety that suspended sleep; had been fed by the toil of industrious poverty, and reared to maturity with hope and fear? What a monster is he, by whom these fears are verified, and this hope deceived! And yet, so dreadful is the force of habitual guilt, I sometimes regret the restraint which is come upon me; I wish to sink again into the slumber from which I have been roused, and to repeat the crimes which I abhor. My heart is this moment bursting for utterance: but I want words. Farewel.

AGAMUS.

RETIREMENT FROM TRADE.

NUMB. 102. SATURDAY, *October 27, 1753.*

————— *Quid tam dextro pede concipis, ut te
Conatus non pœnileat votique peracti!*

JUV.

What in the conduct of our life appears
So well design'd, so luckily begun,

But, when we have our wish, we wish und one? DRYDEN.

To the ADVENTURER.

SIR,

I HAVE been for many years a trader in London. My beginning was narrow, and my stock small; I was, therefore, a long time brow-beaten and despised by those, who having more money thought they had more merit than myself. I did not, however, suffer my resentment to instigate me to any mean arts of supplantation, nor my eagerness of riches to betray me to any indirect methods of gain; I pursued my business with incessant assiduity,

assiduity, supported by the hope of being one day richer than those who contemned me; and had, upon every annual review of my books, the satisfaction of finding my fortune increased beyond my expectation.

In a few years, my industry and probity were fully recompensed, my wealth was really great, and my reputation for wealth still greater. I had large warehouses crowded with goods, and considerable sums in the public funds; I was caressed upon the Exchange by the most eminent merchants; became the oracle of the common council; was solicited to engage in all commercial undertakings; was flattered with the hopes of becoming in a short time one of the directors of a wealthy company; and to complete my mercantile honours, enjoyed the expensive happiness of fining for sheriff.

Riches, you know, easily produce riches: when I had arrived to this degree of wealth, I had no longer any obstruction or opposition to fear; new acquisitions were hourly brought within my reach, and I continued for some years longer to heap thousands upon thousands.

At last I resolved to complete the circle of a citizen's prosperity by the purchase of an estate in the country, and to close my life in retirement. From the hour that this design entered my imagination, I found the fatigues of my employment every day more oppressive, and persuaded myself that I was no longer equal to perpetual attention, and that my health would soon be destroyed by the torment and distraction of extensive business. I could image to myself no happiness, but in vacant jollity, and uninterrupted leisure; nor entertain my friends with any other topic, than the vexation and uncertainty of trade, and the happiness of rural privacy.

But notwithstanding these declarations, I could not at once reconcile my thoughts of ceasing to get money; and though I was every day enquiring for a purchase, I found some reason for rejecting all that were offered me; and, indeed, had accumulated so many beauties and conveniences in my idea of the spot, where I was finally to

be happy, that, perhaps, the world might have been travelled over, without discovery of a place which would not have been defective in some particular.

Thus I went on, still talking of retirement, and still refusing to retire; my friends began to laugh at my delays, and I grew ashamed to trifle longer with my own inclinations; an estate was at length purchased, I transferred my stock to a prudent young man who had married my daughter, went down into the country, and commenced lord of a spacious manor.

Here for some time I found happiness equal to my expectation. I reformed the old house according to the advice of the best architects, I threw down the walls of the garden, and inclosed it with pallisades, planted long avenues of trees, filled a green-house with exotic plants, dug a new canal, and threw the earth into the old moat.

The fame of these expensive improvements brought in all the country to see the show. I entertained my visitors with great liberality, led them round my gardens, shewed them my apartments, laid before them plans for new decorations, and was gratified by the wonder of some and the envy of others.

I was envied; but how little can one man judge of the condition of another? The time was now coming, in which affluence and splendor could no longer make me pleased with myself. I had built till the imagination of the architect was exhausted; I had added one convenience to another till I knew not what more to wish or design; I had laid out my gardens, planted my park, and completed my water-works; and what now remained to be done? what, but to look up to turrets, of which when they were once raised I had no farther use, to range over apartments where time was tarnishing the furniture, to stand by the cascade of which I scarcely now perceived the sound, and to watch the growth of woods that must give their shade to a distant generation?

In this gloomy inactivity, is every day begun and ended:

ended: the happiness that I have been so long procuring is now at an end, because it has been procured; I wander from room to room till I am weary of myself; I ride out to a neighbouring hill in the centre of my estate, from whence all my lands lie in prospect round me; I see nothing that I have not seen before, and return home disappointed, though I knew that I had nothing to expect.

In my happy days of business I had been accustomed to rise early in the morning; and remember the time when I grieved that the night came so soon upon me, and obliged me for a few hours to shut out affluence and prosperity. I now seldom see the rising sun, but to "tell him," with the fallen angel, "how I hate his beams." I awake from sleep as to languor or imprisonment, and have no employment for the first hour but to consider by what art I shall rid myself of the second. I protract the breakfast as long as I can, because when it is ended I have no call for my attention, till I can with some degree of decency grow impatient for my dinner. If I could dine all my life, I should be happy; I eat not because I am hungry, but because I am idle: but alas! the time quickly comes when I can eat no longer; and so ill does my constitution second my inclination, that I cannot bear strong liquors: seven hours must then be endured before I shall sup; but supper comes at last, the more welcome as it is in a short time succeeded by sleep.

Such, Mr. Adventurer, is the happiness, the hope of which seduced me from the duties and pleasures of a mercantile life. I shall be told by those who read my narrative, that there are many means of innocent amusement, and many schemes of useful employment, which I do not appear ever to have known; and that nature and art have provided pleasures, by which, without the drudgery of settled business, the active may be engaged, the solitary soothed, and the social entertained.

These arts, Sir, I have tried. When first I took possession of my estate, in conformity to the taste of my
L 3 neighbours,

neighbours, I bought guns and nets, filled my kennel with dogs and my stable with horses; but a little experience shewed me, that these instruments of rural felicity, would afford me few gratifications. I never shot but to miss the mark, and, to confess the truth, was afraid of the fire of my own gun. I could discover no music in the cry of the dogs, nor could divest myself of pity for the animal whose peaceful and inoffensive life was sacrificed to our sport. I was not, indeed, always at leisure to reflect upon her danger; for my horse, who had been bred to the chace, did not always regard my choice either of speed or way, but leaped hedges and ditches at his own discretion, and hurried me along with the dogs, to the great diversion of my brother sportsmen. His eagerness of pursuit once incited him to swim a river; and I had leisure to resolve in the water, that I would never hazard my life again for the destruction of a hare.

I then ordered books to be procured, and by the direction of the vicar had in a few weeks a closet elegantly furnished. You will, perhaps, be surprised when I shall tell you, that when once I had ranged them according to their sizes, and piled them up in regular gradations, I had received all the pleasure which they could give me. I am not able to excite in myself any curiosity after events which have been long passed, and in which I can, therefore, have no interest: I am utterly unconcerned to know whether Tully or Demosthenes excelled in oratory, whether Hannibal lost Italy by his own negligence or the corruption of his countrymen. I have no skill in controversial learning, nor can conceive why so many volumes should have been written upon questions, which I have lived so long and so happily without understanding. I once resolved to go through the volumes relating to the office of justice of the peace, but found them so crabbed and intricate, that in less than a month I desisted in despair, and resolved to supply my deficiencies by paying a competent salary to a skilful clerk.

I am

I am naturally inclined to hospitality, and for some time kept up a constant intercourse of visits with the neighbouring gentlemen: but though they are easily brought about me by better wine than they can find at any other house, I am not much relieved by their conversation; they have no skill in commerce or the stocks, and I have no knowledge of the history of families or the factions of the country; so that when the first civilities are over, they usual talk to one another, and I am left alone in the midst of the company. Though I cannot drink myself, I am obliged to encourage the circulation of the glass; their mirth grows more turbulent and obstreperous; and before their merriment is at an end, I am sick with disgust, and, perhaps, reproached with my sobriety, or by some sly insinuations insulted as a cit.

Such, Mr. Adventurer, is the life to which I am condemned by a foolish endeavour to be happy by imitation; such is the happiness to which I pleased myself with approaching, and which I considered as the chief end of my cares and my labours. I toiled year after year with cheerfulness, in expectation of the happy hour in which I might be idle; the privilege of idleness is attained; but has not brought with it the blessing of tranquillity.

T

I am,

Your's, &c.

MERCATOR.

VIRTUE PREFERABLE TO NATURAL ACQUIREMENTS.

NUMB. 103. TUESDAY, October 30, 1753.

———*Quid enim ratione timeamus,
Aut cupimus?*———

JUV.

How void of reason are our hopes and fears ! DRYDEN.

IN those remote times, when, by the intervention of FAIRIES, men received good and evil, which succeeding generations could expect only from natural causes, Soliman, a mighty prince, reigned over a thousand provinces in the distant regions of the east. It is recorded of Soliman, that he had no favourite; but among the principal nobles of his court was Omaraddin.

Omaraddin had two daughters, Almerine and Shelimah. At the birth of Almerine, the fairy Elfarina had presided; and, in compliance with the importunate and reiterated request of the parents, had endowed her with every natural excellence both of body and mind, and decreed that “she should be sought in marriage by a sovereign prince.”

When the wife of Omaraddin was pregnant with Shelimah, the fairy Elfarina was again invoked; at which Farimina, another power of the ærial kingdom, was offended. Farimina was inexorable and cruel; the number of her votaries, therefore, was few. Elfarina was placable and benevolent; and Fairies of this character were observed to be superior in power, whether because it is the nature of vice to defeat its own purpose, or whether the calm and equal tenor of a virtuous mind prevents those mistakes, which are committed in the tumult and precipitation of outrageous malevolence. But Farimina, from whatever cause, resolved that her influence

influence should not be wanting; she, therefore, as far as she was able, precluded the influence of Elfarina, by first pronouncing the incantation which determined the fortune of the infant, whom she discovered by divination to be a girl. Farimina, that the innocent object of her malice might be despised by others, and perpetually employed in tormenting herself, decreed, "that her person should be rendered hideous by every species of deformity, and that all her wishes should spontaneously produce an opposite effect."

The parents dreaded the birth of the infant under this malediction, with which Elfarina had acquainted them; and which she could not reverse. The moment they beheld it, they were solicitous only to conceal it from the world; they considered the complicated deformity of unhappy Shelimah, as some reproach to themselves; and as they could not hope to change her appearance, they did not find themselves interested in her felicity. They made no request to Elfarina, that she would by any intellectual endowment alleviate miseries which they should not participate, but seemed content that a being so hideous should suffer perpetual disappointment; and, indeed, they concurred to injure an infant which they could not behold with complacency, by sending her with only one attendant to a remote castle which stood on the confines of a wood.

Elfarina, however, did not thus forsake innocence in distress; but, to counterbalance the evils of obscurity, neglect, and ugliness, she decreed, that "to the taste of Shelimah the coarsest food should be the most exquisite dainty; that the rags which covered her, should in her estimation be equal to cloth of gold; that she should prize a palace less than a cottage; and that in these circumstances love should be a stranger to her breast." To prevent the vexation which would arise from the continual disappointment of her wishes, appeared at first to be more difficult; but this was at length perfectly effected by endowing her with Content.

While Shelimah was immured in a remote castle, neglected and forgotten, every city in the dominions of Soliman contributed to decorate the person, or cultivate the mind of Almerine. The house of her father was the resort of all who excelled in learning of whatever class; and as the wit of Almerine was equal to her beauty, her knowledge was soon equal to her wit.

Thus accomplished, she became the object of universal admiration; every heart throbbed at her approach, every tongue was silent when she spoke; at the glance of her eye every cheek was covered with blushes of diffidence or desire, and at her command every foot became swift as that of the roe. But Almerine, whom ambition was thus jealous to obey, who was revered by hoary wisdom, and beloved by youthful beauty, was perhaps the most wretched of her sex. Perpetual adulation had made her haughty and fierce; her penetration and delicacy rendered almost every object offensive; she was disgusted with imperfections which others could not discover; her breast was corroded by detestation, when others were softened by pity; she lost the sweetness of sleep by the want of exercise, and the relish of food by continual luxury: but her life became yet more wretched; by her sensibility of that passion, on which the happiness of life is believed chiefly to depend.

Nourassin, the physician of Soliman, was of noble birth, and celebrated for his skill through all the East. He had just attained the meridian of life; his person was graceful, and his manner soft and insinuating. Among many others, by whom Almerine had been taught to investigate nature, Nourassin had acquainted her with the qualities of trees and herbs. Of him she learned how an innumerable progeny are contained in the parent plant; how they expand and quicken by degrees; how from the same soil each imbibes a different juice, which rising from the roots hardens into branches above, swells into leaves, and flowers; and fruits, infinitely various in colour, and taste, and smell: of power to repel diseases, or precipitate the stroke of death.

Whether

Whether by the caprice which is common to violent passions, or whether by some potion which Nouraffin found means to administer to his scholar, is not known; but of Nouraffin she become enamoured to the most romantic excess. The pleasure with which she had before reflected on the decree of the Fairy, "that she should be sought in marriage by a sovereign prince," was now at an end. It was the custom of the nobles to present their daughters to the king, when they entered their eighteenth year; an event which Almerine had often anticipated with impatience and hope, but now wished to prevent with solicitude and terror. The period, urged forward, like every thing future, with silence and irresistible rapidity, at length arrived. The curiosity of Soliman had been raised, as well by accidental encomiums, as by the artifices of Omaraddin, who now hastened to gratify it with the utmost anxiety, and perturbation; he discovered the confusion of his daughter, and imagined it was produced like his own, by the uncertainty and importance of an event, which should be determined before the day should be passed. He endeavoured to give her a peaceful confidence in the promise of the Fairy, which he wanted himself; and perceived with regret that her distress rather increased than diminished: this incident, however, as he had no suspicion of the cause, only rendered him more impatient of delay; and Almerine covered with ornaments by which art and nature were exhausted, was, however reluctant, introduced to the king.

Soliman was now in his thirtieth year. He had sat ten years upon the throne, and for the steadiness of his virtue had been surnamed the JUST. He had hitherto considered the gratification of appetite as a low enjoyment, allotted to weakness and obscurity; and the exercise of heroic virtue, as the superior felicity of eminence and power. He had as yet taken no wife; nor had he immured in his palace a multitude of unhappy beauties, in whom desire had no choice, and affection no object,

to be successively forsaken after unresisted violation, and at last sink into the grave without having answered any nobler purpose, than sometimes to have gratified the caprice of a tyrant, whom they saw at no other season, and whose presence could raise no passion more remote from detestation than fear.

Such was Soliman; who, having gazed some moments upon Almerine with silent admiration, rose up, and turning to the princes who stood round him, "To morrow," said he, "I will grant the request which you have so often repeated, and place a beauty upon my throne, by whom I may transmit my dominion to posterity; to-morrow the daughter of Omarraddin shall be my wife."

The joy with which Omaraddin heard this declaration, was abated by the effect which it produced upon Almerine: who after some ineffectual struggles with the passions which agitated her mind, threw herself in the arms of her women, and burst into tears. Soliman immediately dismissed his attendants; and taking her in his arms, enquired the cause of her distress: this, however, was a secret, which neither her pride nor her fear would suffer her to reveal. She continued silent and inconsolable; and Soliman, though he secretly suspected some other attachment, yet he appeared to be satisfied with the suggestions of her father, that her emotion was only such as was common to her sex, upon any great and unexpected event. He desisted from farther importunity, and commanded that her women should remove her to a private apartment of the palace, and that she should be attended by his physician Nourassin.

The same, continued

NUMB. 104. SATURDAY, November 3, 1753.

-----*Semita certe
Tranquillæ per virtutem patet unica viæ.*

JUV.

But only virtue shews the paths of peace.

NOURASSIN, who had already learned what had happened, found his despair relieved by this opportunity of another interview. The lovers, however, were restrained from condolence and consultation, by the presence of the women who could not be dismissed: but Nourassin put a small phial into the hand of Almerine as he departed, and told her, that it contained a cordial, which if administered in time, would infallibly restore the chearfulness and vigour that she had lost. These words were heard by the attendants, though they were understood only by Almerina; she readily comprehended, that the potion she had received was poison, which would relieve her from langour and melancholy by removing the cause, if it could be given to the king before her marriage was completed. After Nourassin was gone, she sat ruminating on the infelicity of her situation, and the dreadful events of the morrow, till the night was far spent; and then exhausted with perturbation and watching, she sunk down on the sofa, and fell into a deep sleep.

The king whose rest had been interrupted by the effects which the beauty of Almerine had produced upon his mind; rose at the dawn of day; and sending for her principal attendant who had been ordered to watch in her chamber, eagerly enquired what had been her behaviour, and whether she had recovered from her surprise. He was acquainted that she had lately fallen asleep; and that a cordial had been left by Nourassin, which

which he affirmed, would, if not too long delayed, suddenly recover her from langour and dejection, and which, notwithstanding, she had neglected to take. Soliman derived new hopes from this intelligence; and that she might meet him at the hour of marriage, with the chearful vivacity which the cordial of Nourassin would inspire, he ordered that it should, without asking her any question, be mixed with whatever she first drank in the morning.

Almerine, in whose blood the long-continued tumult of her mind had produced a feverish heat, awaked parched with thirst, and called eagerly for sherbet: her attendant, having first emptied the vial into the bowl, as she had been commanded by the king, presented it to her, and she drank it off. As soon as she had recollected the horrid business of the day, she missed the vial, and in a few moments she learned how it had been applied. The sudden terror which now seized her, hastened the effect of the poison; and she felt already the fire kindled in her veins, by which in a few hours she would be destroyed. Her disorder was now apparent, though the cause was not suspected: Nourassin was again introduced, and acquainted with the mistake; an-antidote was immediately prepared and administered; and Almerine waited the event in agonies of body and mind, which are not to be described. The internal commotion every instant increased; sudden and intolerable heat and cold succeeded each other; and in less than an hour she was covered with a leprosy; her hair fell, her head swelled, and every feature in her countenance was distorted. Nourassin, who was doubtful of the event, had withdrawn to conceal his confusion; and Almerine not knowing that these dreadful appearances were presages of recovery, and shewed that the fatal effects of the poison were expelled from the citadel of life, conceived her dissolution to be near, and in the agony of remorse and terror, earnestly requested to see the king. Soliman hastily entered her apartment, and beheld the ruins of her beauty with astonishment,

nishment, which every moment increased, while she discovered the mischief which had been intended against him, which had now fallen upon her own head.

Soliman, after he had recovered from his astonishment, retired to his own apartment; and in this interval of recollection, he soon discovered that the desire of beauty had seduced him from the path of justice, and that he ought to have dismissed the person whose affections he believed to have another object. He did not therefore take away the life of Nourassin for a crime, to which he himself had furnished the temptation; but as some punishment was necessary as a sanction to the laws, he condemned him to perpetual banishment. He commanded that Almerine should be sent back to her father, that her life might be a memorial of his folly; and he determined, if possible, to atone by a second marriage for the errors of the first. He considered how he might enforce and illustrate some general precept; which would contribute more to the felicity of his people, than his leaving them a sovereign of his own blood; and at length he determined to publish this proclamation throughout all the provinces of his empire: "Soliman whose judgment has been perverted, and whose life endangered, by the influence and the treachery of unrivalled beauty, is now resolved to place equal deformity upon his throne; that when this event is recorded, the world may know, that by Vice beauty became yet more odious than ugliness; and learn, like Soliman, to despise that excellence, which, without virtue, is only a specious evil, the reproach of the possessor, and the snare of others."

Shelimah, during these events, experienced a very different fortune. She remained, till she was thirteen years of age, in the castle; and it happened that about this time, the person to whose care she had been committed, after a short sickness, died. Shelimah imagined that she slept; but perceiving that all attempts to awaken her were ineffectual, and her stock of provisions being exhausted,

hausted, she found means to open the wicket, and wander alone into the wood. She satisfied her hunger with such berries and wild fruit as she found, and at night, not being able to find her way back, she lay down under a thicket and slept. Here she was awaked early in the morning by a peasant, whose compassion happened to be proof against deformity. The man asked her many questions; but her answers rather increasing than gratifying his curiosity, he set her before him on his beast, and carried her to his house in the next village, at the distance of about six leagues. In his family she was the jest of some, and the pity of others; she was employed in the meanest offices, and her figure procured her the name of Goblin. But amidst all the disadvantages of her situation, she enjoyed the utmost felicity of food and rest; as she formed no wishes, she suffered no disappointment; her body was healthful, and her mind at peace.

In this station she had continued four years, when the heralds appeared in the village with the proclamation of Soliman. Shelimah ran out with others to gaze at the parade; she listened to the proclamation with great attention, and, when it was ended, she perceived that the eyes of the multitude were fixed upon her. One of the horsemen at the same time alighted, and with great ceremony, intreated her to enter a chariot which was in the retinue, telling her that she was without doubt the person whom Nature and Soliman had destined to be their queen. Shelimah replied with a smile, that she had no desire to be great; "but," said she "if your proclamation be true, I should rejoice to be the instrument of such admonition to mankind; and, upon this condition, I wish that I were indeed the most deformed of my species." The moment this wish was uttered, the spell of Farimina produced the contrary effect: her skin which was scaly and yellow, became smooth and white, her stature was perceived gradually to increase, her neck rose like a pillar of ivory, her bosom expanded, and her waist became less; her hair, which before was thin.

thin and of a dirty red, was now black as the feathers of the raven, and flowed in large ringlets on her shoulders; the most exquisite sensibility now sparkled in her eye, her cheeks were tinged with the blushes of the morning, and her lips moistened with the dew; every limb was perfect, and every motion was graceful. A white robe was thrown over her by an invisible hand; the crowd fell back in astonishment, and gazed with insatiable curiosity upon such beauty as before they had never seen. Shelimah was not less astonished than the crowd: she stood awhile with her eyes fixed upon the ground; and finding her confusion increase, would have retired in silence; but she was prevented by the haralds, who having with much importunity prevailed upon her to enter the chariot, returned with her to the metropolis, presented her to Soliman, and related the prodigy.

Soliman looked round upon the assembly, in doubt whether to prosecute or relinquish his purpose; when Abbaran, a hoary sage, who had presided in the council of his father, came forward, and placing his forehead on the footstool of the throne, "Let the king," said he, "accept the reward of virtue, and take Shelimah to his bed. "In what age, and in what nation, shall not the beauty of Shelimah be honoured? To whom will it be transmitted alone? Will not the story of the wife of Soliman descend with her name? Will it not be known that thy desire of beauty was not gratified till it had been subdued? That by an iniquitous purpose, beauty became hideous, and by a virtuous wish deformity became fair?"

Soliman, who had fixed his eyes upon Shelimah, discovered a mixture of joy and confusion in her countenance, which determined his choice, and was an earnest of his felicity; for at that moment, Love, who during her state of deformity, had been excluded by the fairy Elfarina's interdiction, took possession of her breast.

The nuptial ceremony was not long delayed, and Elfarina honoured it with her presence. When she departed, she bestowed on both her benediction; and put into

into the hand of Shelimah a scroll of vellum, on which was this inscription in letters of gold:

“ Remember, Shelimah, the fate of Almerine, who still
 “ lives the reproach of parental folly, of degraded beau-
 “ ty, and perverted sense. Remember Almerine, and let
 “ her example and thy own experience teach thee, that
 “ wit and beauty, learning, affluence, and honour, are
 “ not essential to human felicity; with these she was
 “ wretched, and without them thou wast happy. The
 “ advantages which I have hitherto bestowed, must now
 “ be obtained by an effort of thy own: that which gives
 “ relish to the coarsest food, is temperance; the apparel
 “ and the dwelling of a peasant and a prince, are equal
 “ in the estimation of Humility; and the torment of inef-
 “ fectual desires is prevented, by the resignation of Piety
 “ to the will of Heaven; advantages which are in the
 “ power of every wretch, who repines at the unequal
 “ distribution of good and evil, and imputes to Nature
 “ the effects of his own folly.”

The king, to whom Shelimah communicated these precepts of the Fairy, caused them to be transcribed; and with an account of the events which had produced them, distributed all over his dominions. Precepts which were thus enforced, had an immediate and extensive influence; and the happiness of Soliman and of Shelimah was thus communicated to the multitudes whom they governed.

THE VALUE OF LIFE.

NUMB. 114. SATURDAY, *December 8, 1753:*

*Seperat infestis, metuit secundus,
 Alteram sortem bene præparatum
 Pectus.*

HOR.

Whoe'er enjoys th' untroubled breast,
 With VIRTUE's tranquil wisdom blest;
 With hope the gloomy hour can cheer,
 And temper happiness with fear.

FRANCIS.

ALMET, the Dervise, who watched the sacred lamp in the sepulcher of the PROPHEt, as he one day rose up from

from the devotions of the morning, which he had performed at the gate of the temple, with his body turned towards the east, and his forehead on the earth, saw before him a man in splendid apparel, attended by a long retinue, who gazed stedfastly at him with a look of mournful complacency, and seemed desirous to speak, but unwilling to offend.

The Dervise, after a short silence, advanced, and saluting him with the calm dignity which independence confers upon humility, requested that he would reveal his purpose.

“Almet,” said the stranger, “thou seest before thee a man whom the hand of prosperity has overwhelmed with wretchedness. Whatever I once desired as the means of happiness, I now possess; but I am not yet happy, and therefore I despair. I regret the lapse of time, because it glides away without enjoyment; and as I expect nothing in the future but the vanities of the past, I do not wish that the future should arrive. Yet I tremble lest it should be cut off; and my heart sinks when I anticipate the moment, in which eternity shall close over the vacuity of my life, like the sea upon the path of a ship, and leave no traces of my existence more durable than the furrow which remains after the waves have united. If in the treasures of thy wisdom there is any precept to obtain felicity, vouchsafe it to me: for this purpose am I come; a purpose which yet I feared to reveal, lest like all the former, it should be disappointed.” Almet listened with looks of astonishment and pity, to this complaint of a being in whom reason was known to be a pledge of immortality: but the serenity of his countenance soon returned; and stretching out his hand towards heaven, “Stranger,” said he, “the knowledge which I have received from the prophet, I will communicate to thee.”

As I was sitting one evening at the porch of the temple pensive and alone, mine eye wandered among the multitude that was scattered before me; and while I remarked

I remarked the weariness and solicitude which was visible in every countenance, I was suddenly struck with a sense of their condition. Wretched mortals, said I, to what purpose are you busy? If to produce happiness, by whom is it enjoyed? Do the linens of Egypt, and the silks of Persia, bestow felicity on those who wear them, equal to the wretchedness of yonder slaves, whom I see leading the camels that bring them? Is the fineness of the texture, or the splendor of the tints, regarded with delight by those to whom custom has rendered them familiar? or can the power of habit render others insensible of pain, who live only to traverse the desert; a scene of dreadful uniformity, where a barren level is bounded only by the horizon: where no change of prospect, or variety of images, relieves the traveller from a sense of toil and danger, of whirlwinds which in a moment may bury him in the sand, and of thirst which the wealthy have given half their possessions to allay? Do those on whom hereditary diamonds sparkle with unregarded lustre, gain from the possession what is lost by the wretch who seeks them in the mine; who lives excluded from the common bounties of nature, to whom the even the vicissitude of day and night is not known; who sighs in perpetual darkness, and whose life is one mournful alternative of insensibility and labour? If those are not happy who possess, in proportion as those are wretched who bestow, how vain a dream is the life of man! and if there is, indeed, such difference in the value of existence, how shall we acquit of partiality the hand by which this difference has been made?

While my thoughts thus multiplied, and my heart burned within me, I became sensible of a sudden influence from above. The streets and the crowds of Mecca disappeared; I found myself sitting on the declivity of a mountain, and perceived at my right hand an angel, whom I knew to be Azoran the minister of reproof. When I saw him, I was afraid. I cast mine eye upon
the.

the ground, and was about to deprecate his anger, when he commanded me to be silent. "Almet," said he, "thou hast devoted thy life to meditation, that thy counsel might deliver ignorance from the mazes of error, and deter presumption from the precipice of guilt; but the book of nature thou hast read without understanding: it is again open before thee: look up, consider it and be wise."

I looked up, and beheld an inclosure, beautiful as the gardens of Paradise, but of a small extent.—Through the middle there was a green walk; at the end a wild desert; and beyond impenetrable darkness. The walk was shaded with trees of every kind, that were covered at once with blossoms and fruit; innumerable birds were singing in the branches; the grass was intermingled with flowers, which impregnated the breeze with fragrance, and painted the path with beauty: on one side flowed a gentle transparent stream, which was just heard to murmur over the golden sands that sparkled at the bottom; and on the other were walks and bowers, fountains, grottos, and cascades, which diversified the scene with endless variety, but did not conceal the bounds.

While I was gazing in a transport of delight and wonder on this enchanting spot, I perceived a man stealing along the walk with a thoughtful and deliberate pace; his eyes were fixed upon the earth, and his arms crossed on his bosom; he sometimes started, as if a sudden pang had seized him; his countenance expressed solicitude and terror; he looked round with a sigh, and having gazed a moment on the desert that lay before him, he seemed as if he wished to stop, but was impelled forwards by some invisible power: his features, however, soon settled again into a calm melancholy; his eye was again fixed on the ground, and he went on as before, with apparent reluctance, but without emotion. I was struck with this appearance; and turning hastily to the Angel, was about to enquire what could produce such infelicity in a being surrounded with every object that could gratify every

every sense ; but he prevented my request : “ The book
“ of nature,” said he, “ is before thee ; look up, con-
“ sider it and be wise.” I looked, and beheld a valley
between two mountains that were craggy and barren ;
on the path there was no verdure, and the mountains
afforded no shade ; the sun burned in the zenith, and
every spring was dried up ; but the valley terminated in
a country that was pleasant and fertile, shaded with
woods, and adorned with buildings. At a second view,
I discovered a man in this valley, meagre indeed and
naked, but his countenance was cheerful, and his deport-
ment active : he kept his eye fixed upon the country
before him, and looked as if he would have run, but
that he was restrained, as the other had been impelled by
some secret influence : sometimes, indeed, I perceived a
sudden expression of pain, and sometimes he stepped
short as if his foot was pierced by the asperities of the
way : but the sprightliness of his countenance instantly
returned, and he pressed forward without appearance of
repining or complaint.

I turned again towards the Angel, impatient to en-
quire from what secret source happiness was derived, in
a situation so different from that in which it might have
been expected : but he again prevented my request :
“ Almet,” said he, “ remember what thou hast seen,
“ and let this memorial be written upon the tablets of
“ thy heart. Remember, Almet, that the world in
“ which thou art placed, is but the road to another ; and
“ that happiness depends not upon the path, but the
“ end : the value of this period of thy existence is fixed
“ by hope and fear. The wretch who wished to linger
“ in the garden, who looked round upon its limits with
“ terror, was destitute of enjoyment, because he was
“ destitute of hope, and was perpetually tormented by
“ the dread of losing that which he did not enjoy : the
“ song of the birds had been repeated till it was not
“ heard, and the flowers had so often recurred that their
“ beauty was not seen ; the river glided by unnoticed ;
“ and

“and he feared to lift his eye to the prospect, lest he should behold the waste that circumscribed it. But he that toiled through the valley was happy, because he looked forward with hope. Thus, to the sojourner upon earth, it is of little moment, whether the path he treads be strewed with flowers or with thorns, if he perceives himself to approach those regions, in comparison of which the thorns and the flowers of this wilderness lose their distinction, and are both alike impotent to give pleasure or pain.

“What then has ETERNAL WISDOM unequally distributed? That which can make every station happy, and without which every station must be wretched, is acquired by Virtue, and Virtue is possible to all. Remember, Almet, the vision which thou hast seen; and let my words be written on the tablet of thy heart, that thou mayest direct the wanderer to happiness, and justify GOD to men.”

While the voice of Azoran was yet sounding in my ear, the prospect vanished from before me, and I found myself again sitting at the porch of the temple. The sun was gone down, the multitude was retired to rest, and the solemn quiet of midnight concurred with the resolution of my doubts to complete the tranquillity of my mind.

Such, my son, was the vision which the Prophet vouchsafed me, not for my sake only, but for thine. Thou hast sought felicity in temporal things; and, therefore, thou art disappointed. Let not instruction be lost upon thee, as the seal of Mahomet in the well of Aris: but go thy way, let thy flock clothe the naked, and thy table feed the hungry; deliver the poor from oppression, and let thy conversation be ABOVE. Thus shalt thou “rejoice in hope,” and look forward to the end of life as the consummation of thy felicity.

Almet, in whose breast devotion kindled as he spake, returned into the temple, and the stranger departed in peace.

YOUTH DESERTED.

NUMB. 134. SATURDAY, February 16, 1754.

———*Virtutibus obstat*
Res angusta domi.

JUVENAL.

Rarely they rise by virtue's aid, who lie
 Plung'd in the depth of helpless poverty.

DRYDEN.

To the ADVENTURER.

SIR,

AS I was informed by your bookseller, upon whom I called a few days ago, to make a small purchase for my daughter, that your whole work would be comprized in one hundred and forty papers, I can no longer delay to send you the account of her life, which I gave you some reason to expect when I related my own*. This account she gave in that dreadful night, the remembrance of which still freezes me with horror; the night in which I had hired her as a prostitute, and could not have been deterred from incest, but by an event so extraordinary that it was almost miraculous. I have, indeed, frequently attempted to relate a story which I can never forget, but I was always dissatisfied with my own expressions; nor could I ever produce in writing a narrative which appeared equal to the effect that it wrought upon my mind when I heard it. I have, therefore, prevailed upon the dear injured girl to relate it in her own words, which I shall faithfully transcribe.

The first situation that I remember, was in a cellar; where, I suppose, I had been placed by the parish officers with a woman who kept a little dairy. My nurse was obliged to be often abroad, and I was then left to the care of a girl, who was just old enough to lug me about

* NUMB. 76.

in her arms, and who, like other pretty creatures in office, knew not how to shew her authority but by the abuse of it. Such was my dread of her power and resentment, that I suffered almost whatever she inflicted, without complaint; and when I was scarcely four years old, had learnt so far to surmount the sense of pain and suppress my passions, that I have been pinched black and blue without wincing, and patiently suffered her to impute to me many trivial mischiefs which her own perverseness or carelessness had produced.

This situation, however, was not without its advantages; for instead of a hard crust and small beer, which would probably have been the principal part of my subsistence if I had been placed with a person of the same rank, but of a different employment, I had always plenty of milk; which, though it had been skimmed for cream, was not sour, and which indeed was wholesome food; upon which I thrived very fast, and was taken notice of by every body, for the freshness of my looks, and the clearness of my skin.

Almost as soon as I could speak plain, I was sent to the parish school to learn to read; and thought myself as fine in my blue gown and badge, as a court beauty in a birth-night suit. The mistress of the school was the widow of a clergyman, whom I have often heard her mention with tears, though he had been long dead when I first came under her tuition, and left her in such circumstances as made her solicit an employment, of which before she would have dreaded the labour, and scorned the meanness. She had been very genteelly educated, and had acquired a general knowledge of literature after her marriage; the communication of which enlivened their hours of retirement, and afforded such a subject of conversation, as added to every other enjoyment the pleasures of beneficence and gratitude.

There was something in her manner, which won my affection and commanded my reverence. I found her a person very different from my nurse; and I watched her

looks with such ardour and attention, that I was sometimes able, young as I was, to anticipate her commands. It was natural that she should love the virtue which she had produced, nor was it incongruous that she should reward it. I perceived, with inexpressible delight, that she treated me with peculiar tenderness; and when I was about eight years old, she offered to take my education wholly upon herself without putting the parish to any farther charge for my maintenance. Her offer was readily accepted, my nurse was discharged, and I was taken home to my mistress, who called me her little maid, a name which I was ambitious to deserve, because she did not, like a tyrant, exact my obedience as a slave, but like a parent invited me to the duty of a child. As our family consisted only of my mistress and myself, except sometimes a chair-woman, we were always alone in the intervals of business; and the good matron amused herself by instructing me, not only in reading, writing, and the first rules of arithmetic, but in various kinds of needlework; and what was yet of more moment, in the principles of virtue and religion, which in her life appeared to be so amiable, that I wanted neither example nor motive. She gave me also some general notions of the decorum practised among persons of a higher class; and I was thus acquainted, while I was yet a child, and in an obscure station, with some rudiments of good breeding.

Before I was fifteen, I began to assist my benefactress in her employment, and by some plain work which she had procured me, I furnished myself with decent cloaths. By an insensible and spontaneous imitation of her manner, I had acquired such a carriage, as gained me more respect in a yard-wide stuff, than is often paid by strangers to an upper servant in a rich silk.

Such was now the simplicity and innocence of my life, that I had scarce a wish unsatisfied, and I often reflected upon my own happiness with a sense of gratitude that increased it. But, alas! this felicity was scarce
sooner

sooner enjoyed than lost : the good matron, who was in the most endearing sense my parent and my friend, was seized with a fever, which in a few days put an end to her life, and left me alone in the world without alliance or protection, overwhelmed with grief, and distracted with anxiety. The world, indeed, was before me ; but I trembled to enter it alone. I knew no art by which I could subsist myself ; and I was unwilling to be condemned to a state of servitude, in which no such art could be learned. I, therefore, applied again to the officers of the parish, who, as a testimony of respect to my patroness, condescended still to consider me as their charge, and with the usual sum bound me apprentice to a mantua-maker ; whose business, of which, indeed, she had but little, was among persons that were something below the middle class, and who, as I verily believe, had applied to the churchwardens for an apprentice, only that she might silence a number of petty duns, and obtain new credit with the money that is given as a consideration for necessary cloaths.

The dwelling of my new mistress was two back rooms in a dirty street near the Seven Dials. She received me, however, with great appearance of kindness ; we breakfasted, dined, and supped together ; and though I could not but regret the alteration of my condition, yet I comforted myself with reflecting, that in a few years I should be mistress of a trade by which I might become independent, and live in a manner more agreeable to my inclinations. But my indentures were no sooner signed, than I suffered a new change of fortune. The first step my mistress took, was to turn away her maid, a poor slave who was covered only with rags and dirt, and whose ill qualities I foolishly thought were the only cause of her ill treatment. I was now compelled to light fires, go of errands, wash linen, and dress victuals, and in short to do every kind of household drudgery, and to sit up half the night, that the task of hemming and running seams, which had been assigned me, might be performed.

Though I suffered all this without murmur or complaint, yet I became pensive and melancholy; the tears would often steal silently from my eyes, and my mind was sometimes so abstracted in the contemplation of my own misery, that I did not hear what was said to me. But my sensibility produced resentment, instead of pity; my melancholy drew upon me the reproach of fullness; I was stormed at for spoiling my work with sniveling I knew not why, and threatened that it should not long be without cause; a menace which was generally executed the moment it was uttered; my arms and neck continually bore the marks of the yard, and I was in every respect treated with the most brutal unkindness.

In the mean time, however, I applied myself to learn the business as my last resource, and the only foundation of my hope. My diligence and assiduity atoned for the want of instruction; and it might have been truly said, that I stole the knowledge which my mistress had engaged to communicate. As I had a taste for dress, I recommended myself to the best customers, and frequently corrected a fault of which they complained, and which my mistress was not able to discover. The countenance and courtesy which this gained, though it encouraged my hope of the future, yet it made the present less tolerable. —My tyrant treated me with yet more inhumanity, and my sufferings were so great, that I frequently meditated an escape, though I knew not whither to go, and though I foresaw that the moment I became a fugitive, I should forfeit all my interest, justify every complaint, and incur a disgrace which I could never obliterate.

I had now groaned under the most cruel oppression something more than four years; the cloaths which had been the purchase of my own money I had worn out; and my mistress thought it her interest not to furnish me with any better than would just serve me to go out on her errands, and follow her with a bundle. But as so much of my time was past, I thought it highly reasonable, and indeed necessary, that I should make a more decent

decent appearance, that I should attend the customers, take their orders and their measures, or at least sit on the work. After much premeditation, and many attempts, I at length surmounted my fears, and in such terms and manner as I thought least likely to give offence, I entreated that I might have such cloaths as would answer the purpose, and proposed to work so many hours extraordinary as would produce the money they should cost. But this request, however modest, was answered only with reproaches and insult. "I wanted, forsooth, to be a gentlewoman: yes, I should be equipped to set up for myself. This she might have expected, for taking a beggar from the parish; but I should see that she knew how to mortify my pride, and disappoint my cunning." I was at once grieved and angered at this treatment; and I believe, for the first time, expressed myself with some indignation and resentment. My resentment, however, she treated with derision and contempt, as an impotent attempt to throw off her authority: and declaring that she would soon shew me who was mistress, she struck me so violent a blow, that I fell from my chair. Whether she was frightened at my fall, or whether she suspected I should alarm the house, she did not repeat her blow, but contented herself with reviling the poverty and wretchedness which she laboured to perpetuate.

I burst into tears of anguish and resentment and made no reply; but from this moment my hatred became irreconcilable, and I secretly determined at all events to escape from a slavery, which I accused myself for having already endured too long.

The same, continued.

NUMB. 135. TUESDAY, February 19, 1754.

———*Latet anguis in herba.*

VIRG.

Beneath the grass conceal'd a serpent lies.

IT happened, that the next morning I was sent with some work as far as Chelsea: it was about the middle of May. Upon me, who had long toiled in the smoke and darkness of London, and had seen the sun-shine only upon a chimney, or a wall, the freshness of the air, the verdure of the fields, and the song of the birds, had the power of enchantment. I could not forbear lingering in my walk: and every moment of delay made me less willing to return; not indeed by increasing my enjoyment, but my fear: I was tenacious of the present, because I dreaded the future; and increased the evil which I approached at every step, by a vain attempt to retain and possess that which at every step I was leaving behind. I found, that not to look forward with hope, was not to look round with pleasure; and yet I still loitered away the hours which I could not enjoy, and returned in a state of anxious irresolution, still taking the way home, because I knew not where else to go, but still neglecting the speed which alone could make home less dreadful. My torment increased as my walk became shorter; and when I had returned as far as the lower end of the Mall in St. James's Park, I was quite overwhelmed with regret and despair, and sitting down on one of the benches I burst into tears.

As my mind was wholly employed on my own distress, and my apron held up to my eyes, it was some time before I discovered an elderly lady who had sat down by me. The moment I saw her, such is the force of habit, all thoughts of my own wretchedness gave way

way to a sense of indecorum ; and as she appeared by her dress to be a person in whose company it was presumption in me to sit, I started up in great confusion, and would have left the seat. This, however, she would not suffer ; but taking hold of my gown, and gently drawing me back, addressed me with an accent of tenderness, and soothed me with pity before she knew my distress. It was so long since I had heard the voice of kindness, that my heart melted as she spoke with gratitude and joy. I told her all my story ; to which she listened with great attention, and often gazed stedfastly in my face. When my narrative was ended, she told me that the manner in which I had related it, was alone sufficient to convince her that it was true ; that there was an air of simplicity and sincerity about me, which had prejudiced her in my favour as soon as she saw me ; and that, therefore, she was determined to take me home ; that I should live with her still she had established me in my business, which she could easily do by recommending me to her acquaintance ; and that in the mean time she would take care to prevent my mistress from being troublesome.

It is impossible to express the transport that I felt at this unexpected deliverance. I was utterly unacquainted with the artifices of those who are hackneyed in the ways of vice ; and the remembrance of the disinterested kindness of my first friend, by whom I had been brought up, came fresh into my mind : I therefore indulged the hope of having found such another without scruple ; and uttering some incoherent expressions of gratitude, which was too great to be formed into compliment, I accepted the offer, and followed my conductress home. The house was such as I had never entered before ; the rooms were spacious, and the furniture elegant. I looked round with wonder ; and blushing with a sense of my own meanness, would have followed the servant who opened the door into the kitchen, but her mistress prevented me. She saw my confusion, and encouraging me with a smile, took me up stairs into a kind of dress-

ing-room, where she immediately furnished me with clean shoes and stockings, a cap, handkerchief, ruffles and apron, and a night-gown of genteel Irish stuff, which had not been much worn, though it was spotted and stained in many places: they belonged, she said, to her cousin, a young lady for whom she had undertaken to provide; and insisted upon my putting them on, that I might sit down with her family at dinner; "for," said she, "I have no acquaintance to whom I could recommend a mantua-maker that I kept in my kitchen."

I perceived that she watched me with great attention while I was dressing, and seemed to be greatly delighted with the alteration in my appearance when I had done. "I see," said she, "that you was made for a gentlewoman, and a gentlewoman you shall be, or it shall be your own fault." I could only courtesy in answer to this compliment; but notwithstanding the appearance of diffidence and modesty in the blush which I felt burn upon my cheek, yet my heart secretly exulted in a proud confidence that it was true. When I came down stairs, I was introduced by my patroness (who had told me that her name was WELLWOOD) to the young lady her cousin, and three others; to whom, soon after we were seated, she related my story, intermixing much invective against my mistress, and much flattery to me, with neither of which, if the truth be confessed, I was much displeased.

After dinner, as I understood that company was expected, I entreated leave to retire, and was shewed up stairs into a small chamber very neatly furnished, which I was desired to consider as my own. As the company staid till it was very late, I drank tea and supped alone, one of the servants being ordered to attend me.

The next morning, when I came down stairs to breakfast, Mrs. Wellwood presented me with a piece of printed cotton sufficient for a sack and coat, and about twelve yards of slight silk for a night-gown, which, she said, I should make up myself as a specimen of my skill.

I attempted

I attempted to excuse myself from accepting this benefaction, with much hesitation and confusion; but I was commanded with a kind frown, and in a peremptory tone, to be silent. I was told, that, when business came in, I should pay all my debts; that in the mean time, I should be solicitous only to set up; and that a change of genteel apparel might be considered as my stock in trade, since without it my business could neither be procured nor transacted.

To work, therefore, I went; my cloaths were made and worn; many encomiums were lavished upon my dexterity and my person; and thus I was entangled in the snare that had been laid for me, before I discovered my danger. I had contracted debts which it was impossible I should pay; the power of the law could now be applied to effect the purposes of guilt; and my creditor could urge me to her purpose, both by hope and fear.

I had now been near a month in my new lodging; and great care had hitherto been taken to conceal whatever might shock my modesty, or acquaint me with the danger of my situation. Some incidents, however, notwithstanding this caution, had fallen under my notice, that might well have alarmed me; but as those who are waking from a pleasing dream, shut their eyes against the light, and endeavour to prolong the delusion by slumbering again, I checked my suspicions the moment they rose, as if danger that was not known would not exist; without considering that enquiry alone could confirm the good, and enable me to escape the evil.

The house was often filled with company, which divided into separate rooms; the visits were frequently continued till midnight, and sometimes till morning; I had, however, always desired leave to retire, which had hitherto been permitted, though not without reluctance; but at length I was pressed to make tea, with an importunity that I could not resist. The company was very gay, and some familiarities passed between the gentlemen and

ladies which threw me into confusion, and covered me with blushes; yet I was still zealous to impose upon myself, and therefore was contented with the supposition, that they were liberties allowed among persons of fashion, many of whose polite levities I had heard described and censured by the dear monitor of my youth, to whom I owed all my virtue and all my knowledge. I could not, however, reflect without solicitude and anxiety, that since the first week of my arrival I had heard no more of my business. I had, indeed, frequently ventured to mention it; and still hoped, that when my patroness had procured me a little set of customers among her friends, I should be permitted to venture into a room of my own; for I could not think of carrying it on where it would degrade my benefactress, of whom it could not without an affront be said, that she let lodgings to a mantua-maker; nor could I without indecorum distribute directions where I was to be found, till I had removed to another house. But whenever I introduced this subject of conversation, I was either rallied for my gravity, or gently reproached with pride, as impatient of obligation. Sometimes I was told with an air of merriment, that my business should be pleasure; and sometimes I was entertained with amorous stories, and excited by licentious and flattered descriptions, to a relish of luxurious idleness and expensive amusements. In short, my suspicions gradually increased; and my fears grew stronger, till my dream was at an end, and I could slumber no more. The terror that seized me, when I could no longer doubt into what hands I had fallen, is not to be expressed, nor indeed could it be concealed; the effect which it produced in my aspect and behaviour, afforded the wretch who attempted to seduce me no prospect of success; and as she despaired of exciting me by the love of pleasure to voluntary guilt, she determined to effect her purpose by surprize, and drive me into her toils by desperation.

It was not less my misfortune than reproach, that I
did

did not immediately quit a place in which I knew myself devoted to destruction, This, indeed, Mrs. Wellwood was very assiduous to prevent : the morning after I had discovered her purpose, the talk about my business was renewed ; and as soon as we had breakfasted, she took me out with her in a hackney-coach, under pretence of procuring me a lodging ; but she had still some plausible objection against all that we saw. Thus she contrived to busy my mind, and keep me with her the greatest part of the day ; at three we returned to dinner, and passed the afternoon without company. I drank tea with the family ; and in the evening, being uncommonly drowsy, I went to bed near two hours sooner than usual.

The same, continued.

NUMB. 136. SATURDAY, February 23, 1754.

— *Quis talia fando
Temperet a lacrimis ?*

VIRG.

And who can hear this tale without a tear ?

TO the transactions of this night I was not conscious ; but what they had been, the circumstances of the morning left me no room to doubt. I discovered with astonishment, indignation, and despair, which for a time suspended all my faculties, that I had suffered irreparable injury in a state of insensibility ; not so much to gratify the wretch by whom I had been abused, as that I might with less scruple admit another, and by reflecting that it was impossible to recover what I had lost, become careless of all that remained. Many artifices were used to soothe me ; and when these were found to be ineffectual, attempts were made to intimidate me with menaces. I knew not exactly what passed in the first fury of my distraction, but at length it quite exhausted

me. In the evening, being calm through mere languor and debility, and no precaution having been taken to detain me, because I was not thought able to escape, I found means to steal down stairs, and get into the street without being missed. Wretched as I was, I felt some emotions of joy when I first found myself at liberty; though it was no better than the liberty of an exile in a desert, where, having escaped from the dungeon and the wheel, he must yet, without a miracle, be destroyed by savages or hunger.—It was not long, indeed, before I reflected, that I knew no house that would receive me, and that I had no money in my pocket. I had not, however, the least inclination to go back. I sometimes thought of returning to my old mistress, the mantua-maker; but the moment I began to anticipate the malicious inference she would draw from my absence and appearance, and her triumph in the mournful necessity that urged me to return, I determined rather to suffer any other evil that could befall me.

Thus destitute and forlorn, feeble and dispirited, I continued to creep along till the shops were all shut, and the deserted streets became silent. The busy crowds, which had almost borne me before them, were now dissipated; and every one was retired home, except a few wretched outcasts like myself, who were either huddled together in a corner, or strolling about, not knowing whither they went. It is not easy to conceive the anguish with which I reflected upon my condition; and, perhaps, it would scarcely have been thought possible, that a person who was not a fugitive from justice, nor an enemy to labour, could be thus destitute even of the little that is essential to life, and in danger of perishing for want in the midst of a populous city, abounding with accommodations for every rank, from the peer to the beggar. Such, however, was my lot. I found myself compelled by necessity to pass the night in the streets, without hope of passing the next in any other place, or, indeed, of procuring food to support me till it arrived.

I had

I had now fasted the whole day; my languor increased every moment; I was weary and fainting; my face was covered with a cold sweat, and my legs trembled under me: but I did not dare to sit down, or to walk twice along the same street, lest I should have been seized by the watch, or insulted by some voluntary vagabond in the rage or wantonness of drunkenness or lust. I knew not indeed well how to vary my walk; but imagined that, upon the whole, I should be more safe in the city, than among the brothels in the Strand, or in streets which being less frequented are less carefully watched: for though I scarce ventured to consider the law as my friend, yet I was more afraid of those who should attempt to break the peace, than those who were appointed to keep it. I went forward, therefore, as well as I was able, and passed through St. Paul's Church-yard as the clock struck one; but such was my misfortune, that the calamity which I dreaded overtook me in the very place to which I had fled to avoid it. Just as I was crossing at the corner into Cheapside, I was laid hold on by a man not meanly dressed, who would have hurried me down towards the Old Change. I knew not what he said, but I strove to disengage myself from him without making any reply: my struggles, indeed, were weak; and the man still keeping his hold, and perhaps mistaking the feebleness of my resistance for some inclination to comply, proceeded to indecencies, for which I struck him with the sudden force that was supplied by rage and indignation; but my whole strength was exhausted in the blow, which the brute instantly returned, and repeated till I fell. Instinct is still ready in the defence of life, however wretched; and though the moment before I had wished to die, yet in this distress I spontaneously cried out for help. My voice was heard by a watchman, who immediately ran towards me, and finding me upon the ground, lifted up his lantern, and examined me with an attention, which made me reflect with great confusion upon the disorder of my dress, which before

had not once occurred to my thoughts: my hair hang loosely about my shoulders, my stays were but half-laced, and the rest of my cloaths were carelessly thrown on in the tumult and distraction of mind, which prevented my attending to trivial circumstances when I made my escape from Wellwood's. My general appearance, and the condition in which I was found, convinced the watchman that I was a strolling prostitute; and finding that I was not able to rise without assistance, he also concluded that I was drunk; he, therefore, set down his lantern, and calling his comrade to assist him, they lifted me up. As my voice was faltering, my looks wild, and my whole frame so feeble that I tottered as I stood, the man was confirmed in his first opinion; and seeing my face bloody, and my eyes swelled, he told me with a sneer, that to secure me from farther ill treatment, he would provide a lodging for me till the morning; and accordingly they dragged me between them to the Compter, without any regard to my entreaties or distress.

I passed the night in agonies, upon which even now I shudder to look back: and in the morning I was carried before a magistrate. The watchman gave an account of his having found me very drunk, crying out murder, and breeding a riot in the street at one o'clock in the morning: "I was scarcely yet sober," he said, "as his worship might see, and had been pretty handsomely beaten; but he supposed it was for an unsuccessful attempt to pick a pocket, at which I must have been very dextrous, indeed, to have succeeded in that condition."

This account, however injurious, was greatly confirmed by my appearance: I was almost covered with kennel dirt, my face was discoloured, my speech was inarticulate, and I was so oppressed with faintness and terror, that I could not stand without a support. The magistrate, however, with great kindness, called upon me to make my defence, which I attempted by relating
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the truth : but the story was told with so much hesitation, and was in itself so wild and improbable, so like the inartificial tales that are hastily formed as an apology for detected guilt, that it could not be believed ; and I was told, that except I could support my character by some credible witness, I should be committed to Bridewell.

I was thunderstruck at this menace ; and had formed ideas so dreadful of the place to which I was to be sent, that my dungeon at the mantua-maker's became a palace in the comparison ; and to return thither ; with whatever disadvantages, was now the utmost object of my hope. I, therefore, desired that my mistress might be sent for, and flattered myself that she would at least take me out of a house of correction, if it were only for the pleasure of tormenting me herself.

In about two hours the messenger returned, and with him my tyrant, who eyed me with such malicious pleasure, that my hopes failed me the moment I saw her, and I almost repented that she was come. She was, I believe, glad of an opportunity effectually to prevent my obtaining any part of her business, which she had some reason to fear ; and, therefore, told the justice who examined her, that “ she had taken me a beggar from the
“ parish four years ago, and taught me her trade ; but
“ that I had been always sullen, mischievous, and idle ;
“ that it was more than a month since I had clandestinely
“ left her service, in decent and modest apparel fitting
“ my condition ; and that she would leave his worship to
“ judge, whether I came honestly by the taudry rags
“ which I had on my back.” This account, however correspondent with my own, served only to confirm those facts which condemned me : it appeared incontestably, that I had deserted my service ; and been debauched in a brothel, where I had been furnished with cloaths, and continued more than a month, That I had been ignorant of my situation, prostituted without my consent, and at last had escaped to avoid farther injury, appeared to be fictitious circumstances, invented to palliate my offence.
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the person whom I had accused lived in another county; and it was necessary for the present, to bring the matter to a short issue: my mistress, therefore, was asked, whether she would receive me again, upon my promise of good behaviour; and upon her peremptory refusal, my mittimus was made out, and I was committed to hard labour. The clerk, however, was ordered to take a memorandum of my charge against Wellwood, and I was told that enquiry should be made about her.

After I had been confined about a week, a note was brought me without date or name, in which I was told, "that my malice against those who would have been my benefactors was disappointed; that if I would return to them, my discharge should be procured, and I should still be kindly received; but that if I persisted in my ingratitude, it should not be unrevenged." From this note I conjectured, that Wellwood had found means to stop an enquiry into her conduct which she had discovered to have been begun upon my information, and had thus learnt where I was to be found: I therefore returned no answer, but that I was contented with my situation, and prepared to suffer whatever PROVIDENCE should appoint.

During my confinement, I was not treated with great severity; and at the next court, as no particular crime was alledged against me, I was ordered to be discharged. As my character was now irretrievably lost, as I had no friend who would afford me shelter, nor any business to which I could apply, I had no prospect but again to wander about the streets, without lodging and without food. I therefore intreated, that the officers of the parish to which I belonged, might be ordered to receive me into the work-house, till they could get me a service, or find me some employment, by which my labour would procure me a subsistence. This request, so reasonable, and so uncommon, was much commended, and immediately granted; but as I was going out at the gate with my pass in my hand, I was met by a bailiff, with an emissary of Wellwood's

Wellwood's, and arrested for a debt of twenty pounds. As it was no more in my power to procure bail, than to pay the money, I was immediately dragged to Newgate. It was soon known that I had not a farthing in my pocket, and that no money either for fees or accommodations could be expected; I was, therefore, turned over to a place called the common side, among the most wretched and the most profligate of human beings. In Bridewell, indeed, my associates were wicked; but they were over-awed by the presence of their taskmaster, and restrained from licentiousness by perpetual labour: but my ears were now violated every moment by oaths, execrations, and obscenity; the conversation of Mother Wellwood, her inmates, and her guests, was chaste and holy to that of the inhabitants of this place; and in comparison with their life, that to which I had been solicited was innocent. Thus I began insensibly to think of mere incontinence without horror; and, indeed, became less sensible of more complicated enormities, in proportion as they became familiar. My wretchedness, however, was not alleviated, though my virtue became less. I was without friends and without money; and the misery of confinement in a noisome dungeon, was aggravated by hunger and thirst, and cold and nakedness. In this hour of trial, I was again assailed by the wretch, who had produced it only to facilitate her success. And let not those, before whom the path of virtue has been strewed with flowers, and every thorn removed by prosperity, too severely censure me, to whom it was a barren and a rugged road, in which I had long toiled with labour and anguish, if at last, when I was benighted in a storm, I turned at the first light, and hastened to the nearest shelter: let me not be too severely censured, if I now accepted liberty, and ease, and plenty, upon the only terms on which they could be obtained. I consented, with whatever reluctance and compunction, to return, and complete my ruin in the place where it was begun. - The action of debt was immediately withdrawn, my fees were paid,

paid, and I was once more removed to my lodging near Covent Garden. In a short time I recovered my health and beauty; I was again dressed and adorned at the expence of my tyrant, whose power increased in proportion to my debt: the terms of prostitution were prescribed me; and out of the money which was the price not only of my body but my soul, I scarce received more than I could have earned by weeding in a field. The will of my creditor was my law, from which I knew not how to appeal. My slavery was most deplorable, and my employment most odious; for the principles of virtue and religion, which had been implanted in my youth, however they had been choaked by weeds, could never be plucked up by the root; nor did I ever admit a dishonourable visit, but my heart sunk, my lips quivered, and my knees smote each other.

From this dreadful situation I am at length delivered. But while I lift up my heart in gratitude to HIM, who alone can bring good out of evil, I desire it may be remembered, that my deviation to ill was natural, my recovery almost miraculous. My first step to vice was the desertion of my service; and of this, all my guilt and misery were the consequence. Let none, therefore, quit the post that is assigned them by PROVIDENCE, or venture out of the straight way; the bye-path, though it may invite them by its verdure, will inevitably lead them to a precipice; nor can it, without folly and presumption, be pronounced of any, that their first deviation from rectitude will produce less evil than mine.

Such, Mr. Adventurer, is the story of my child, and such are her reflections upon it; to which I can only add, that he who abandons his offspring, or corrupts them by his example, perpetrates greater evil than a murderer, in proportion as immortality is of more value than life.

I am, SIR,

Your humble servant,

AGAMUS.

HUMAN

HUMAN LIFE.

NUMB. 140. SATURDAY, *March 9, 1754.**Define Mænalius, mea tibia, define cantus.*

VIRG.

Now cease, my pipe, now cease, Mænalian strains. WARTON.

WHEN this work was first planned, it was determined, that whatever might be the success, it should not be continued as a paper, till it became unwieldy as a book: for no immediate advantage would have induced the Adventurer to write what, like a newspaper, was designed but for a day; and he knew, that the pieces of which it would consist might be multiplied till they were thought too numerous to collect, and too costly to purchase, even by those who should allow them to be excellent in their kind. It was soon agreed, that four volumes, when they should be printed in a pocket size, would circulate better than more, and that scarce any of the purposes of publication could be effected by less; the work therefore was limited to four volumes, and four volumes are now completed.

A moral writer, of whatever abilities, who labours to reclaim those to whom vice is become habitual, and who are become veterans in infidelity, must surely labour to little purpose. Vice is a gradual and easy descent, where it first deviates from the level of innocence; but the declivity at every pace becomes more steep, and those who descend, descend every moment with greater rapidity. As a moralist, therefore, I determined to mark the first insensible gradation to ill; to caution against those acts which are not generally believed to incur guilt, but of which indubitable vice and hopeless misery are the natural and almost necessary consequences.

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As I was upon these principles to write for the Young and the Gay; for those who are entering the path of life, I knew that it would be necessary to amuse the imagination while I was approaching the heart; and that I could not hope to fix the attention, but by engaging the passions. I have, therefore, sometimes led them into the regions of fancy; and sometimes held up before them the mirror of life; I have concatenated events, rather than deduced consequence by logical reasoning; and have exhibited scenes of prosperity and distress, as more forcibly persuasive than the rhetoric of declamation.

But whatever was the design to which I directed my part of this work, I will not pretend, that the view with which I undertook it was wholly disinterested; or that I would have engaged in a periodical paper, if I had not considered that though it would not require deep researches and abstracted speculation, yet it would admit much of that novelty which nature can now supply, and afford me opportunity to excel, if I possessed the power; as the pencil of a master is as easily distinguished in still life, as in a Hercules or a Venus, a landscape or a battle. I confess, that in this work I was incited not only by a desire to propagate virtue, but to gratify myself: nor has the private wish, which was involved in the public, been disappointed. I have no cause to complain, that the *Adventurer* has been injuriously neglected; or that I have been denied that praise, the hope of which animated my labour and cheered my weariness: I have been pleased, in proportion as I have been known in this character; and as the fears in which I made the first experiment are past, I have subscribed this paper with my name. But the hour is hastening in which, whatever praise or censure I have acquired by these compositions, if they are remembered at all, will be remembered with equal indifference, and the tenor of them only will afford me comfort. Time, who is impatient to date my last paper, will shortly moulder the hand that is now writing it in the dust, and still the breast that now throbs
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at the reflection; but let not this be read as something that relates only to another, for a few years only can divide the eye that is now reading from the hand that has written. This awful truth, however obvious, and however reiterated, is yet frequently forgotten; for surely, if we did not loose our remembrance, or at least our sensibility, that view would always predominate in our lives, which alone can afford us comfort when we die.

JOHN HAWKESWORTH.

BROMLEY, in KENT,

March 4, 1754.

BEAUTIES

OF THE

WORLD.

SIMPLICITY.

NUMB. 26. THURSDAY, *June 28, 1753.*

SIMPLICITY is with justice esteemed a supreme excellence in all the performances of art, because by this quality they more nearly resemble the productions of nature: and the productions of nature have ever been accounted nobler, and of a higher order, in proportion to their Simplicity. Hence arises (if the ladies will permit me to philosophize a moment) the superior excellence of spirit to matter, which is evidently a combination of many particles, whereas the first is pure, uncompounded, and indivisible.

But let us descend from lofty speculations, and useless metaphysics, into common life and familiar arts, in order more fully to display the beauties of a just Simplicity, to which the present age seems not to pay a proper regard in various instances.

Nothing can be more tiresome and nauseous to a virtuoso of a true judgment and a just eye in painting, than the gawdy glitter of florid colours, and a vast profusion of light, unsubdued by shade, and undiversified with tints of a browner cast. It is recorded, that some of the capital pieces of Apelles were wrought in four colours

only. This excellent artist invented also a kind of darkening varnish, that might temper and chastise all dazzling splendor and unnecessary glare, and might give, as Pliny expresses it, a modesty and austerity to his works. Those who have been unaccustomed to the best models, are usually at first more delighted with the productions of the Flemish than the Italian school; and prefer Reubens to Raphael, till they feel by experience, that luscious and gay colouring defeats the very end of the art, by turning the attention from its principal excellencies; that is, from Truth, Simplicity, and Defini.

If these observations are rightly founded, what shall we say of the taste and judgment of those, who spend their lives and their fortunes in collecting pieces, where neither perspective, nor proportion, nor conformity to nature are observed; I mean the extravagant lovers and purchasers of China and Indian screens. I saw a sensible foreigner astonished at a large auction, with the exorbitant prices given for these splendid deformities, as he called them, while an excellent painting of Guido passed unnoticed, and was set aside, as unfashionable lumber. Happy should I think myself to be able to convince the fair connoisseurs that make the greatest part of Mr. Langford's audiences, that no genuine beauty is to be found in whimsical and grotesque figures, the monstrous offspring of wild imagination, undirected by nature and truth.

It is of equal consequence to observe simplicity in architecture as in painting. A multiplicity of minute ornaments; a vast variety of angles and cavities; clusters of little columns, and a crowd of windows, are what distinguishes Meanness of manner in building from Greatness; that is, the Gothic from the Grecian; in which every decoration arises from necessity and use, and every pillar has something to support.

*Mark, how the dread PANTHEON stands,
Amid the domes of modern hands!
Amid the toys of idle state,
How SIMPLY, how severely great!*

says

says the celebrated author of the ode to lord Huntingdon. Nothing, therefore, offends memore than to behold the revival of this barbarous taste, in several villas, temples, and pleasure-houses, that disgrace the neighbourhood of this metropolis. Nay, sometimes in the front of the same edifice to find a Grecian plan adulterated and defiled by the unnatural and impure mixture of Gothic whimsies.

Definit in pœcem mulier formosa supernè.

HOR.

Whoever considers the latest importations of music and musicians from Italy, will be convinced, that the modern masters of that country have lost that beautiful Simplicity, which is generally the ornament of every musical composition, and which really dignified those of their predecessors. They have introduced so many intricate divisions, wild variations, and useless repetitions, without any apparent necessity arising either from the words or from any other incident, that the chief ambition of the composer seems to be rather to surprize the ear than to please the judgment; and that of the performer, to shew his execution rather than his expression. It is from these motives that the hearer is often confounded, but not delighted, with sudden and unnatural transitions from the key, and returns to it as unnatural as the transitions themselves; while Pathos, the soul of music is either unknown or totally neglected. Those who have studied the works of Corelli among the modern ancients, and Handel in the present age, know that the most affecting passages of the former owe their excellence to Simplicity alone; and that the latter understands it as well, and attends to it as much, though he knows when to introduce with propriety those niceties and refinements, which for want of the propriety, we condemn in others.

In every species of writing, whether we consider style or sentiment, Simplicity is a beauty. The perfection of language, says the great father of criticism, consists in its being perspicuous but not low. A redundancy of metaphors

metaphors, a heap of sounding and florid epithets, remote allusions, sudden flashes of wit, lively and epigrammatic turns, dazzle the imaginations, and captivate the minds of vulgar readers, who are apt to think the simple manner unanimated and dull, for want of being acquainted with the models of the great antique. Xenophon among the Greeks, and Cæsar among the Romans, are at once the purest and most simple, as well as the most elegant writers, any age or nation can produce. *Nudi enim sunt, recti, & venusti omni ornatu orationis, tanquam veste detracto.* Among ourselves, no writer has perhaps made so happy and judicious a mixture of plain and figurative terms as Addison, who was the first that banished from the English, as Boileau from the French, every species of bad eloquence and false wit, and opened the gates of the temple of Taste to his fellow-citizens.

It seems to be the fate of polished nations, to degenerate and depart from a Simplicity of sentiment. For when the first and most obvious thoughts have been pre-occupied by former writers, their successors, by straining to be original and new, abound in far-fetched sentiment, and forced conceits. Some late instances in men of genius (for none but these are capable of committing this fault) give occasion to us to deprecate this event. I must add, under this head, that simplicity of fable is an indispensable quality in every legitimate drama. We are too much enamoured with what is called intrigue, business, and bustle, in our plays. We are disgusted with the thinness, that is, the unity of a plot. We must enrich it with episodes or under characters: and we never consider, how much our attention is diverted and destroyed by different objects, and our pity divided and weakened, by an intricate multiplicity of events and of persons. The Athenians, therefore, who could relish so simple a plot, as that of Philoctetes of Sophocles, had certainly either more patience, or more good sense (I will not determine which) than my present countrymen.

If we raise our thoughts to a subject of more importance

ance than writing, I mean dress, even in this sublime science, Simplicity should ever be regarded. It might be thought presumption in me to censure any part of Miss ****'s dress last night at Ranelagh; yet I could not help condemning that profusion of ornament, which violated and destroyed the unity and *τὸ ὅλον* (a technical term borrowed from the toilette) of so accomplished a figure.

To finish my panegyric on Simplicity in a manner that I know is agreeable to my fair readers, I mean with a stroke of morality, I would observe, that if this quality was venerated as it ought to be, it would at once banish from the earth all artifice and treachery, double dealing, and deceit. Let it therefore be established as a maxim, That Simplicity is of equal importance, in Morals and in Taste.

V I S I T I N G.

NUMB. 62. THURSDAY, *March 7, 1754.*

To Mr. FITZ - ADAM.

SIR,

I HAVE somewhere read of the saying of a philosopher, I believe it was in the Spectator, "That every one ought to do something in the world to shew that he has been in it." I am therefore, though a woman, desirous of leaving behind me the following testimony of my existence, and of convincing posterity that in point of birth I have had the start of them.

It is of late grown into fashion among the men to treat the business of Visiting with great disrespect: they look upon it as a mere female recreation, and beneath the dignity of their superior natures. Yet notwithstanding their contempt of it, and the odious name
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of gadding which they have given it, I do not find that they fail in their appearance at any of our assemblies, or that they are better able than us women to shut themselves up in their own houses, when there is any thing to be done or seen abroad. If they would content themselves with finding fault with the Name not the Thing, I should have no quarrel with them; the word Visit being of so various and uncertain a signification, that I am always at a loss in what sense to understand it.

A sister-in-law of mine, who lives about ten miles from town, sent me some time ago a very pressing letter, desiring my assistance, and that of my cook-maid, for a few days; her house, as she said, being likely to be put into great hurry and confusion from the preparations they were making for the reception of my lord Whimsy, who had sent my brother a card that he intended him a Visit the week following. I set out accordingly with my cook; and when every thing was got ready in the best and genteelest manner, that my brother's fortune would afford, for the entertainment of so noble a guest, down comes my lord as expected; who upon alighting from his chariot, gave orders to his coachman to keep the horses in motion, for that his stay should not exceed fifteen minutes. His lordship took a walk through the garden; seemed greatly pleased with its situation and design; very politely excused himself from making a longer stay, and took his leave with saying, that he hoped soon to do himself the pleasure of making him a second Visit.

It would be taking up too much of your time to enter minutely into the family distress upon so vexing a disappointment; let it suffice to tell you, that it was near a fortnight before my poor sister perfectly recovered it, or before she left off her hourly repeated question of "What shall we do with all this load of victuals?" My lord next day at White's was giving high encomiums on my brother's feat, and the goodness of the air in that part of Surry; and was pleased to say, that he thought

it the completest thing of its size within twenty miles of London. Upon which Sir Humphry Hobling, a distant relation of our's, proposed being of my lord's party at his next Visit. Accordingly, in about three weeks, a second card informs my brother of a second Visit.

By this time I and my maid, together with two or three supernumerary assistants and female humble cousins, were dismissed, after having staid a fortnight, by particular desire, to help to eat up the pasties, pyes, tarts, jellies, Syllabubs, &c. which had been provided for my lord, and were now looked upon as mere drugs in a family, which usually contented itself with two substantial dishes, or one and a pudding.

It was not in the least doubted that my lord's second Visit would be of the same nature with the first; his lordship's card being conceived exactly in the same words; there was therefore no need of fuss or preparation; my sister too had pretty well worn off the dread of making her appearance before so great a man. According to his appointment my lord arrived, and with him Sir Humphrey and Colonel Shuffle, a great favourite of my lord's, and a number of servants with portmanteaus, guns, pointers, setters, spaniels, &c.—My poor dear sister!—I wish you were a woman, Mr. Fitz-Adam, and had kept house in the country, that you might know how to pity her. The rumour of my lord's arrival having spread itself, several of the neighbouring gentlemen came the next day to dine with my brother, and to pay their compliments to his lordship; the greater part of whom, by Sir Humphrey's incessantly pushing about the claret, were rendered utterly incapable of returning to their homes that night. To shorten my story, my lord and the colonel, finding the air to agree with them every day better than the other, continued there a fortnight; and Sir Humphrey, having drank himself into a fit of the gout, is, with his lady and family (whom he sent for to attend him) at this day upon his visit.

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I have heard much of the copiousness of the English language, and would fain know why it is that people can find no term to express their design of staying fifteen days in your house, different from that which signifies fifteen minutes? Have they no way of expressing the time of their continuance but by the one word Visit? Surely, Mr. Fitz-Adam, a more correct and intelligible method of conveying upon cards or otherwise the visitor's design upon the visited might be found out; giving him to understand at sight what he has to do towards a proper reception: whether it be to order a fire in the best parlour; to see if the death warrant for poultry, roasting pigs, &c. be to be signed; if sheets, beds, and chambers are to be aired, or a month's provisions to be laid in. All this, I conceive, may be easily effected by a method, which, for the good of all masters and mistresses of families, I am now going to communicate.

When a fine lady, having a new-fashioned suit of cloaths, or a new piece of scandal to circulate, finds it necessary to call upon forty or fifty of her acquaintance in one day: or when a fine gentleman chuses to signify his intention of making a short Visit, like my lord Whimsy's first; I am for an abridgement of the word, and only calling it a Vis. When a gentleman or lady intends taking a family dinner with a country friend, or a dish of tea with a town one, I would have that called a Visit. But when a person proposes spending some days, weeks, or months at a house, I would call that a Visitation. So that for the future cards might very properly be written in the following form: "Lady Changeherfriend's compliments to lady Fiddlefaddle, and intends to Vis her ladyship this evening." "Lord Stiff's compliments to Sir Gregory Quibus at his house at Hampstead, and intends to Visit him the first fair day." "Captain Fearaball's compliments to Ralph Hardhead, Esq. at his seat near Burford Downs, and intends him a Visitation the beginning

“ of next month, to take a crack of hunting with him.” Thus, Mr. Fitz-Adam, will the terms of Visiting, Visitation, and Visitationing always carry an exact meaning with them, and be such as the lowest capacity cannot fail of understanding. I am, with great esteem,

DEAR SIR,

Your constant reader, and admirer,

SUSANNA FRETABIT.

P. S. If this letter should happen to please you, who are all the world to me, I may very shortly send you a few necessary remarks upon each of these three Visitationings; in which I may observe at large that the Visit seems to be chiefly confined within the bills of mortality, or to the inhabitants of large towns, and is applicable to the transacting of business in general. The Visit is more particularly for still life and set compliments. The Visitation is looked upon generally in a very indifferent light, and oftener thought a plague than a pleasure by the receiver: it is chiefly the invention of the worthy tribe of hearers (of whom you gave us lately so lively a description) led-captains, younger brothers brought up to no business, humble cousins, &c. The Visited in these cases, or more properly speaking, the Patients, have invented on their parts several curious hints towards shortening the length of a Visitation, besides those stale and threadbare ones, of bringing out after a certain time the brown loaf, and ordering the groom to say, that the corn is all out. My uncle Toby Frettabit, having received a Visitation from a gentleman and his lady, who were his relations, and finding it continued to the seventeenth morning, hit upon the expedient of calling aloud to his groom, under their chamber window, to be sure to feed his cousin's horses well, and get their chaise cleaned; “for very likely,” “Tom,” says he, raising his voice, “my cousins will embrace so fine a morning to go home in; for, you
“know,

"know, so very fine a day one seldom sees in a whole month at this time of the year." His cousins, it seems, took the hint, and very civilly decamped a few hours after.

TASTE FOR FLOWERS.

NUMB. 85. THURSDAY, *August 22, 1754.*

*Thum violaria, et
Myrtus, et omnis copia narium,
Spargent olivæis odorem,
Fertilibus domino priori.*

HOR.

MR. FITZ-ADAM,

WHEN I consider how remarkably the several periods, in the rise and declension of ancient states, have been characterized by the varying manners of their people, I am apt to believe, that an enquiry into the importance of our present taste for flowers, would be no very idle and uninteresting speculation. But as I would not willingly forestall any abler pen, on a subject that deserves to be considered by every patriot philosopher of the age, I shall endeavour to confine my present animadversions upon it within the narrow compass of my own private experience, and content myself with giving a short account of the motives which induced me to commence a florist at first, and of the advantages which I have since derived from the offices of my profession.

It is observable, that the laws of decency and politeness are, for the most part, nothing but mere local institutions, very much limited in their authority, and very arbitrary and fluctuating in their nature: and that no one who offers himself a candidate for fame in matters of taste and fashion, can succeed in his pretensions at first,

without accommodating them to the approbation of popular prejudice, or hold his reputation, after he has once procured it, on any safer tenure than the uncertain voice of the multitude. Now, I must own, I imagined (and perhaps many have been as much deceived in this point as myself) that the vegetable virtuoso's credit was more particularly subject to this precarious dependence, and that the chief security of its support consisted only in the accidental concurrence of numbers in an unaccountable and trifling pursuit. And it is very probable that I should never have been convinced of the contrary, had I not been fortunately induced to purchase a small collection of flowers, in order to escape the odious imputation of a tasteless singularity. But as many a commendable action has been undertaken at first on no better principle than the fear of shame, which has afterwards been prosecuted on a more generous motive; so was I brought at length to improve that collection in consequence of my own thorough conviction of its great importance, which was originally procured in compliance only with the fancies of other people.

Being rather of a contemplative turn, and not very apt to whistle away any of my vacant time, I was not long in discovering that the cultivation of flowers had in it a much finer mixture of the *utile dulci* than any other employment whatever. But before I attempt to shew in what particular respects it is mostly suited to instruct and delight, I would willingly remove two very common objections, notwithstanding, as their absurdity is almost as evident as any thing belonging to them, they may be thought hardly worthy of my notice. Supposing then, that such an inconsiderate and superficial observer of things may possibly be met with, as shall reckon it any disparagement to the intrinsic value of a flower, that it is exposed to a great variety of accidents from the inclemency of the weather, and perpetually subject to the irregular dominion of the solar influence; it will be sufficient to convince him of his mistake, if he

is not quite incapable of being convinced at all, only just to remind him of the uncertain condition of his own prosperity, and admonish him to reflect how little secure he is of being always preserved from the oppressive storms, or of enjoying the constant sunshine of fortune. And if that other objection, drawn from the supposed vanity of regarding any thing of such a short duration as the bloom of a flower, be admitted as conclusive, it must unavoidably prove a great deal too much; since it will not hold with equal force against every temporal enjoyment, and all worldly satisfactions whatever; but (which I must confess is a very shocking consideration to me) will utterly annihilate all those engaging qualities of the fair sex, which are most essentially necessary to recommend them to our love and admiration. Let me add, moreover, that if there be that real similitude, which the frequency of the allusion seems to make unquestionable, between human life and a flower, it follows, that no man can pretend to a right of despising the one, that would be thought to place any value on the other.

Nothing ought to be reckoned good any farther than as it contributes to our happiness. The value we put upon any possession or employment, is the only standard that can be properly applied to determine its real worth. Whatever therefore is best fitted to administer delight to any particular person, ought certainly to be regarded, by Him at least, as the chief ingredient of that *summum bonum*, which, though it be the common end of all our endeavours, has however been pursued by as many different means as there have been different men. But supposing that no allowances were to be made in favour of singular propensities, yet he that can enlarge the sphere of his enjoyments, by contracting the extent of his possessions, ought, in all reasonable construction, to be deemed a much happier man, than he who under a foolish persuasion that he is securing to himself an inexhaustible fund of delight, shall take incessant pains to augment those riches, and extend those territories,

which, after all, will as much disqualify him for enjoyment, as an unwieldy corpulency of person would incapacitate him for expedition. And one might easily produce many instances of men, who by a prudent conversion of such incumbrances into flowers, have received more satisfaction from the products of a small parterre, than from the income of a large estate; and found themselves as compleatly happy as a Corycius, after they had once reduced their concerns to the easy management of a single acre.

Folly may suggest what it please; but that alone ought to be esteemed a trifle, which is of no consequence; whereas there is nothing in nature unworthy of a wise man's regard, because the most inferior of all her productions, may, in some light or another, be made instrumental to his improvement.

Were we to reflect, in a proper manner, on the correlative importance of such objects, as may be thought useless and insignificant, when considered only with regard to themselves, we should discover a mediate sort of union between the widest links of that indefinite chain which holds together the constituents of the universe: we should perceive that all those things, which are most dissimilar in every other respect, do however agree in that common destination, whereby they become so many equally important parts of one stupendous whole: and we should find as fit a place for the discovery of truth in every flower-garden, as in the celebrated groves of Cadmus.

It has been from this school that I have procured the best part of my philosophy; and from this too have I learnt to improve and confirm my morals. The volume of nature is so full of passages above the explication of human learning, that the best proof of our having studied it with uncommon diligence and success, must consist chiefly in our being able to produce from it many uncommon instances of our ignorance; and I have the vanity, or I should rather say the modesty, to
boast,

boast, that I have discovered difficulties enough in one single leaf of it, to clear up my understanding from the stupifying influence of a conceited sufficiency, and to improve my reason into a perfect diffidence of its utmost force and penetration. Nor have I a flower in my possession that is less abounding in moral instruction, than in beauty and sweetness. I cannot observe that industrious nicety with which the bee examines into every thing that comes in his way, without considering it as a reproachful admonition to myself: and if I do not collect some useful lesson, that may support me under all the ensuing revolutions of my life, from every flower, that such an insect can extract provision from against the future exigences of his, I am ready to place it to the account of my negligence, and to think myself guilty of the most unpardonable folly, in suffering Him alone to profit from that, which I assume the absurd privilege of calling my own.

In short, there is such a close affinity between a proper cultivation of a flower-garden and a right discipline of the mind, that it is almost impossible for any thoughtful person that has made any proficiency in the one, to avoid paying a due attention to the other. That industry and care which are so requisite to cleanse a garden from all sorts of weeds, will naturally suggest to him how much more expedient it would be to exert the same diligence in eradicating all sorts of prejudices, follies, and vices from the mind, where they will be as sure to prevail without a great deal of care and correction, as common weeds in a neglected piece of ground. And as it requires more pains to extirpate some weeds than others, according as they are more firmly fixt, more numerous, or more naturalized to the soil; so those faults will be found the most difficult to be suppressed, which have been of the longest growth, and taken the deepest root; which are more predominant in number, and most congenial to the constitution.

CONVERSATION.

NUMB. 94. THURSDAY, *October 17, 1754.*

IN my paper of last Thursday, I took notice how much conversation had suffered from the singular disposition of mankind in our age to appear in every character except their natural one, and to consider Pedantry as reflecting more disgrace on the persons tinctured with it, than any other frailty, or even immorality, incident to our nature. I am, however, far from concluding this principle (universal as it is) to be the only obstruction to rational society; other causes, distinct in themselves, or operating in conjunction with it, have conspired to reduce conversation to the state we lament it in at present. I shall mention the most remarkable of these causes in the order they occur to me.

One great abuse of conversation, has visibly arisen from our mistaking its end, which is, the mutual entertainment and instruction of each other, by a friendly communication of sentiments. It is seriously to be wished that this end were pursued, and that every one would contribute with freedom and good-manners to the general improvement from his particular discoveries. On the contrary, we are apt to consider society in no other light than as it gives us an opportunity of displaying to advantage our wit, our eloquence, or any other real or imaginary accomplishment. It is our intention to procure admiration from it, not improvement; and to dazzle our companions with our own brightness, rather than to receive light by reflection from Them. I knew, indeed, an instance, the very opposite to this, in a late person of distinction, who to very great qualities had united the talents of a most agreeable companion. I could never perceive that he supported this character by any assumed superiority over his company: it was his

his singular faculty to discover the genius of other men : no latent merit escaped his penetration, though the proprietor seemed industrious to conceal it from the world, and even from himself. With this advantage, he had the art to engage every member of the company on that particular subject, which he was capable of maintaining with ease to himself, and benefit to society. He himself at the same time pretended to no more than a common part in that conversation, which derived its merit entirely from his address. The tendency of such behaviour to enlarge knowledge, as well as to procure esteem, cannot fail of appearing very evident to my readers.

There is another defect, very closely connected with the abuse above-mentioned, which has proved equally pernicious to conversation : I mean the peremptoriness and warmth that are employed in modern conferences. Indeed, whether we write or converse, the haughty manner, the self-sufficiency, and the contempt of our opponent, that we mix with our arguments, have considerably prevented the advancement of truth, and conviction of error. Modern disputants, by this method have subjected their cause, though perhaps founded in demonstration, to great disadvantages ; since they have not only the prejudices of mankind to combat, but have imprudently interested their passions too against them.— In debates, perhaps purely speculative, a person is obliged not only to defend the point in controversy, but even his understanding and moral character, which are united to the question by the management of his adversary. Sir Isaac Newton and Mr. Locke, ornaments to their country, their age, and human nature, have been frequently represented as men of weak heads and bad hearts, by persons esteeming themselves nothing less than philosophers. It does not indeed appear to the unprejudiced, that gravitation and cohesion have any visible connection with ethics ; that an attempt to ascertain the powers of the understanding, has a tendency

dency to undermine revelation; or that these writers deserved to be considered in any other light than as ingenious enthusiasts, if reason and universal experience had not confirmed their enquiries to be as true as they were beautiful. I have often thought that the reception of the Platonic philosophy in the world, may be attributed more to the manner of its delivery, than to the superior excellence of it. If we except the moral part, which is divinely treated, its discoveries in physics and other branches of science did not entitle it to be advanced above that of other sects, particularly the Aristotelian. The difference was, that the *ipse dixit* and dogmatical positions of the one, made it unpalatable; while modesty, politeness, and deference to the reason and dignity of mankind, rendered the other lovely even to its adversaries. They were induced by the address of it, to pursue the consequences of their own opinions, till they led them to absurdity, and were not ashamed of a conclusion which seemed to be the effect of their own examination. The same management inclined them to adopt with cheerfulness those principles, which were established on the ruins of their favourite prejudices. It is a little extraordinary that the success of this milder method of disputation should have had no greater influence on succeeding ages; especially since the Divine Founder of Christianity has, by his own example, so eminently recommended the same practice. The errors of mankind were treated by him with the tenderness of a parent; and even divine truth introduced into the mind by persuasion rather than authority. The delivery of them in parables was excellently calculated to divest men of prejudices and passions, and to exclude the consideration of self-interest from the question; at the same time that it shewed an indulgence to the understanding, by proposing chiefly general truths, and leaving their particular application to ourselves.

The fatal influence of politics on society, in a country divided into parties like our own, has been too often mentioned

mentioned to require illustration. I shall observe only, that it has been the occasion of excluding a variety of useful knowledge from conversation, even with the men of the most moderate principles. They have been cautious of engaging on any subject, which might accidentally lead to that of politics; and from the natural relation of one science to another, have by this means precluded themselves from almost every branch of instructive conversation. It was observable at the table of a late great man, that obscenity was too often the subject of discourse, which he himself appeared not sufficiently to discountenance. To some serious persons, who took offence at his conduct, he made the following apology: "I have attempted," says he, "in vain to start other subjects, and at the same time to preserve the harmony of my company. If, for instance, I introduce the state of ancient and modern learning, we enter very soon into a comparison of the governments they have flourished under, to the disadvantage of the present one, and the persons that conduct it. If the subject has been philosophy, I have sometimes apprehended that it would conclude with laying hands on the hilts of swords, from divisions on toleration, and occasional conformity. I am therefore under the necessity of conniving at a subject, in which alone whig and tory, churchman and dissenter, ministerial and anti-ministerial man unite together, with any degree of cheerfulness."

Another impediment to the revival of conversation may be ascribed to our notion of its being intended as a relaxation from every thing serious, useful, or moral. The mind has been compared to a bow, which is sometimes unbent to preserve its elasticity: and because the bow is useless in a state of remission, we make the same conclusion of the human mind. Whereas the mind is an active principle, and naturally impatient of ease; it may lose indeed its vigour by being employed too intently on particular subjects, but recovers itself again, rather

rather by varying its application, than by continuing inactive. History, poetry, and the lighter parts of science more agreeably relieve us from abstracted studies, than a total indolence and dissipation. It is this continued, though varied exercise of the mind, in the hours of leisure as well as of business, that seems to have given the ancients that superiority over the moderns, which we are more ready to acknowledge, than to enquire into the reason of.—Even Tully himself, if he had dedicated his retirement to those amusements that employ the modern world, might have been delivered to posterity with no greater reputation, than what he was entitled to from the character of an eminent pleader and politician. It was in that retirement, and in the hours of conversation, that he exhausted those subjects of reason and philosophy, which have rendered him the admiration of mankind. I was engaged lately in conversation with some friends on a particular branch of writing, that of dialogue. Every one admired the ease of the ancients in it, and condemned the moderns as stiff and unnatural. I agreed in opinion with them, but thought their reflections as much a satire on the age as the writers. Modern dialogue appears unnatural, because the scenes, the persons, and the subjects it associates, are seldom united in real life. It was natural for an ancient writer to represent Varro, Atticus, Brutus, &c. discussing subjects of the utmost importance to mankind, in porticos or gardens, because the great men of Rome frequently spent their retirement in this manner.—It would seem the very reverse to introduce in our days Sir Thomas requesting my lord duke to resume his arguments for the immateriality of the soul under the shade of a beech-tree, or entreating him to penetrate into the recesses of the wood, that he may pursue without interruption his enquiry into the foundation of morality. The reason is, that disquisitions of this kind do not frequently engage the thoughts of our great men: or if they really think of them, they appropriate thinking to the

the particular apartments they call their studies. When they chance to penetrate into the gloom of woods, it is in pursuit of game, not of truth. The conversation in gardens is not of an elevated kind; and the circular seats round spreading trees usually inspire other thoughts than abstracted ideas.

I shall close this subject, with lamenting the injury done to society, by our unnatural exclusion of the softer sex from every conversation either serious or instructive. The most enlightened ages of the world entertained juster notions of their merit: even Socrates, the father of ancient wisdom, was fond of acknowledging that he had learnt eloquence from Aspasia. I may add of the sex, that they derive some advantage over us from the very defects of their education: their minds operate with more freedom; and with genuine simplicity of uncorrupted nature. They are not fettered, like our's, by principles and systems, nor confined to the particular modes of thinking, that prevail in colleges and schools.—The liveliness too of their imagination entitles them to a place in the gravest, as well as the most cheerful company; I will not even except the Symposia of philosophers: for, to conclude a little learnedly, though demonstration itself may appear principally to depend on the judgement, yet the discovery of intermediate ideas, necessary to it, is more particularly the province of invention.

B I R T H.

NUMB. 114. THURSDAY, March 6, 1755.

THE notion of birth, as it is commonly called and established by custom, is also the manifest result of *the prejudices of the many, and of the designs of a few*. It is the child of Pride and Folly, coupled together by that industrious pander Self-love. It is surely the strongest instance,

instance, and the weakest prop of human vanity. If it means any thing, it means a long lineal descent from a founder, whose industry or good fortune, whose merit, or perhaps whose guilt, has enabled his posterity to live useless to society, and to transmit to theirs their pride and their patrimony. However, this extravagant notion, this chimerical advantage, the effect of blind chance, where prudence and option cannot even pretend to have the least share, is that Fly which, by a kind of Egyptian superstition, Custom all over Europe has deified, and at whose tawdry shrine good sense, good manners, and good nature are daily sacrificed.

The vulgar distinction between people of birth and people of no birth will probably puzzle the critics and antiquarians of the thirtieth or fortieth centuries, when in their judicious or laborious researches into the customs and manners of these present times, they shall have reason to suppose, that in the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries, the island of Great Britain was inhabited by two sorts of people, some born, but the much greater number unborn.—The fact will appear so *incredible*, that it will certainly be *believed*; the only difficulty will be how to account for it; and that, as it commonly does, will engross the attention of the learned. The case of Cadmus's men, will doubtless be urged as a case in point, to prove the possibility of the thing; and the truth of it will be confirmed by the records of the university of Oxford, where it will appear that an unborn person, called for that reason *Terræ Filius*, annually entertained that university with an oration in the theatre.

I therefore take with pleasure this opportunity of explaining and clearing up this difficulty to my remotest successors in the republic of letters, by giving them the true meaning of the several expressions of Great Birth, Noble Birth, Birth, and no Birth at all.

Great and illustrious birth is ascertained and authenticated by a pedigree, carefully preserved in the family, which takes at least an hour's time to unroll, and when unrolled,

unrolled, discloses twenty intermarriages of valiant and puissant Geoffreys and Hildebrands, with as many chaste and pious Blaunches and Mauds, before the conquest, not without here and there a dash of the Plantagenets. But if unfortunately the insolent worms should have devoured the pedigree as well as the persons of the illustrious family, that defect may be supplied by the authentic records of the herald's office, that inestimable repository of good sense and useful knowledge. If this great birth is graced with a peerage, so much the better; but if not, it is no great matter; for being so solid a good in itself, it wants no borrowed advantages, and is unquestionably the most pleasing sentiment that a truly generous mind is capable of feeling.

Noble birth implies only a peerage in the family. Ancestors are by no means necessary for this kind of birth; the patent is the midwife of it, and the very first descent is noble. The family arms, however modern, are dignified by the coronet and mantle; but the family livery is sometimes, for very good reasons, laid aside.

Birth, singly, and without an epithet, extends, I cannot positively say how far, but negatively, it stops where useful arts and industry begin. Merchants, tradesmen, yeomen, farmers, and ploughmen, are not born, or at least, in so mean a way, as not to deserve that name; and it is perhaps for that reason that their mothers are said to be *delivered*, rather than *brought to bed* of them. But baronets, knights, and esquires, have the honour of being born.

I must confess, that before I got the key to this fashionable language, I was a good deal puzzled myself with the distinction between birth, and no birth; and having no other guide than my own weak reason, I mistook the matter most grossly. I foolishly imagined that *well-born*, meant born with a sound mind in a sound body; a healthy, strong constitution, joined to a good heart and a good understanding.—But I never suspected that it could possibly mean the shrivelled, tasteless fruit of an old
genealogical

genealogical tree. I communicated my doubts, and applied for information to my late worthy and curious friend, the celebrated Mrs. Kennon, whose valuable collection of fossils and minerals lately sold, sufficiently proves her skill and researches in the most recondite parts of nature. She, with that frankness and humanity which were natural to her, assured me, that it was all a vulgar error, in which however the nobility and gentry prided themselves: but that in truth she had never observed the children of the quality to be wholesomer and stronger than others, but rather the contrary; which difference she imputed to certain causes, which I shall not here specify. This natural (and, I dare say, to the best of her observation, true) account confirmed me in my former philosophical error. But still, not thoroughly satisfied with it, and thinking that there must be something more in what was so universally valued, I determined to get some farther information by addressing myself to a person of vast, immense, prodigious birth, and descended *atavis regibus*, with whom I have the honour of being acquainted. As he expatiates willingly upon that subject, it was very easy for me to set him a-going upon it, inasmuch, that upon some few doubts which I humbly suggested to him, he spoke to me in the following manner:

“ I believe, Mr. Fitz-Adam, you are not (for nobody is) ignorant of the antiquity of my family, which by authentic records I can trace up to king Alfred, some of whose blood runs at this moment in my veins; and I will not conceal from you that I find infinite inward comfort and satisfaction in that reflection. Let people of no birth laugh as much as they please at these notions; they are not imaginary; they are real; they are solid; and whoever is well born, is glad that he is so. A merchant, a tradesman, a yeoman, a farmer, and such sort of people, may perhaps have common honesty and vulgar virtues; but, take my word for it, the more refined and generous sentiments of honour, courage,
“ and

“and magnanimity, can only flow in ancient and noble blood. What shall animate a tradesman or mean-born man to any great and heroic virtues? Shall it be the examples of his ancestors? He has none. Or shall it be that impure blood that rather stagnates than circulates in his veins? No; ancient birth and noble blood are the only true sources of great virtues. This truth appears even among brutes, who we observe never degenerate, except in cases of mis-alliances with their inferiors. Are not the pedigrees of horses, cocks, dogs, &c. carefully preserved, as the never-failing proofs of their swiftness and courage? I repeat it again, birth is an inestimable advantage, not to be adequately understood but by those who have it.”

My friend was going on, and to say the truth, growing dull, when I took the liberty of interrupting him, by acknowledging that the cogency of his arguments, and the self-evidence of his facts, had entirely removed all my doubts, and convinced me of the unspeakable advantages of illustrious birth; and unfortunately I added, that my own vanity was greatly flattered by it, in consequence of my being lineally descended from the first man. Upon this my friend looked grave, and seemed rather displeased; whether from a suspicion that I was jesting, or upon an apprehension that I meant to *out-descend* him, I cannot determine; for he contented himself with saying, “That is not a necessary consequence neither, Mr. Fitz-Adam, since I have read somewhere or other of Pre-adamites, which opinion did not seem to me an absurd one.”

Here I took my leave of him, and went home full of reflections upon the astonishing powers of self-love, that can extract comfort and pleasure from such groundless, absurd, and extravagant prejudices. In all other respects, my friend is neither a fool nor a madman, and can talk very rationally upon any rational subject. But such is the inconsistency both of the human mind and the human heart, that one must not form a general judgement of either, from one glaring error, or one shining excellence.

GOOD

GOOD AND BAD COMPANY.

NUMB. 125. THURSDAY, *May 22, 1755.*

HAD the many wise philosophers of antiquity, who have so often and so justly compared the life of man to a race, lived in the present times, they would have seen the propriety of that simile greatly augmented: for if we observe the behaviour of the polite part of this nation (that is, of *all* the nation) we shall see that their whole lives are one continued race; in which every one is endeavouring to distance all behind him, and to overtake, or pass by, all who are before him: every one is flying from his inferiors in pursuit of his superiors, who fly from Him with equal alacrity.

Were not the consequences of this ridiculous pride of the most destructive nature to the public, the scene would be really entertaining. Every tradesman is a merchant, every merchant is a gentleman, and every gentleman one of the nobles. We are a nation of gentry, *populus generosorum*: we have no such thing as common people among us: between vanity and gin, the species is utterly destroyed. The sons of our lowest mechanics, acquiring with their learning at charity-schools, the laudable ambition of become gentle-folks, despise their paternal occupations, and are all soliciting for the honourable employments of tidewaiters and excisemen. — Their girls are all milliners, mantua-makers, or lady's women; or presumptuously exercise that genteel profession, which used to be peculiarly reserved for the well-educated daughters of deceased clergymen. Attornies' clerk and city-'prentices dress like cornets of dragoons, keep their mistresses and their hunters, criticise at the play, and toast at the tavern. The merchant leaves his 'counting-house for St. James's; and the country gentleman his own affairs for those of the public, by which
neither

neither of them receive much benefit. Every commoner of distinction is impatient for a peerage, and treads hard upon the heels of quality, in dress, equipage, and expences of every kind. The nobility, who can aim no higher, plunge themselves into debt and dependence, to preserve their rank; and are even there quickly overtaken by their unmerciful pursuers.

The same foolish vanity, that thus prompts us to imitate our superiors, induces us also to be, or to pretend to be, their inseparable companions; or, as the phrase is, to keep the *best company*; by which is always to be understood, such company as are much above us in rank or fortune, and consequently despise and avoid us, in the same manner as we ourselves do our inferiors. By this ridiculous affectation, are all the pleasures of social life, and all the advantages of friendly converse utterly destroyed. We chuse not our companions for their wit or learning, their good-humour or good-sense, but for their power of conferring this imaginary dignity; as if greatness was communicable, like the powers of the load-stone, by friction; or by contract, like electricity. Every young gentleman is taught to believe it is more eligible, and more honourable, to destroy his time, his fortune, his morals, and his understanding at a gaming-house with the *best company*, than to improve them all in the conversation of the most ingenious and entertaining of his equals: and every self-conceited girl, in fashionable life, chuses rather to endure the affected silence and insolent head-ache of my lady duchess for a whole evening, than to pass it in mirth and jollity with the most amiable of her acquaintance. For since it is possible that some of my readers, who have not had the honour of being admitted into the *best company*, should imagine that amongst such there is ever the best conversation, the most lively wit, the most profound judgment, the most engaging affability and politeness; it may be proper to inform them, that this is by no means always the case; but that frequently in such company, little is said, and less

less attended to; no disposition appears either to please others, or to be pleased themselves; but that in the room of all the before-mentioned agreeable qualifications, cards are introduced, endued with the convenient power of reducing all men's understandings, as well as their fortunes, to an equality.

It is pleasant to observe how this race, converted into a kind of perpetual warfare, between the *good* and *bad company* in this country, has subsisted for half a century last past; in which the former have been perpetually pursued by the latter, and fairly beaten out of all their resources for superior distinction; out of innumerable fashions in dress, and variety of diversions; every one of which they have been obliged to abandon, as soon as occupied by their impertinent rivals. In vain have they armed themselves with lace and embroidery, and intrenched themselves in hoops and furbelows: in vain have they had recourse to full-bottomed periwigs, and toupees; to high heads, and low heads, and no heads at all: trade has bestowed riches on their competitors, and riches have procured them equal finery. Hair has curled as genteely on one side of Temple-bar as on the other, and hoops have grown to as prodigious a magnitude in the foggy air of Cheapside, as in the purer regions of Grosvenor-square and Hill-street.

With as little success have operas, oratorios, ridottos, and other expensive diversions been invented to exclude *bad company*: tradesmen, by enhancing their prices, have found tickets for their wives and daughters, and by this means have been enabled to insult the *good company*, their customers, at their own expence: and, like true conquerors, have obliged the enemy to pay for their defeat. But this stratagem has in some measure been obviated by the prudence of the *very best company*; who, for this and many other wise considerations, have usually declined paying them at all.

For many years was this combat between the *good* and *bad company* of this metropolis performed, like the

ancient tilts and tournaments, before his Majesty and the royal family, every Friday night in the drawing-room at St. James's; which now appears, as it usually fares with the seat of war, desolate and uninhabited; and totally deserted by both sides: except that on a twelfth-night the *bad company* never fail to assemble, to commemorate annually the victories they have there obtained.

The *good company* being thus every where put to flight, they thought proper at last to retire to their own citadels; that is, to form numerous and brilliant assemblies at their own hotels; in which they imagined that they could neither be imitated nor intruded on. But here again they were grievously mistaken; for no sooner was the signal given, but every little lodging-house in town, of two rooms and a closet on a floor, or rather of two closets and a cupboard, teemed with card-tables, and overflowed with company; and as making a crowd was the great point here principally aimed at, the smaller the houses, and the more indifferent the company, this point was the more easily effected. Nor could intrusion be better guarded against, than imitation; for by some means or other, either by the force of beauty or of dress, of wealth or impudence, of folly enough to lose great sums at play, or of knavery enough to win them; or of some such eminent or extraordinary qualifications, their plebeian enemies soon broke through the strongest of their barriers, and mingled in the thickest of their ranks, to the utter destruction of all superiority and distinction.

But though it may be owned that the affairs of the *good company* are now in a very bad situation, yet I would not have them despair, nor perpetually carry about the marks of their defeat in their countenances, so visible in a mixture of *fiercé* and dejection. They have still one asylum left to fly to, which, with all their advantages of birth and education, it is surprising they should not long since have discovered; but since they

have not, I shall beg leave to point it out; and it is this; that they once more retire to the long deserted forts of true British grandeur, their princely seats and magnificent castles in their several countries; and there, arming themselves with religion and virtue, hospitality and charity, civility, and friendship, bid defiance to their impertinent pursuers. And though I will not undertake that they shall not, even here, be followed in time, and imitated by their inferiors, yet so averse are all ranks of people at present to this sort of retirement, so totally disused from the exercise of these kind of arms, and so unwilling to return to it, that I will venture to promise, it will be very long before they can be overtaken or attacked; but that here, and here only, they may enjoy their favourite singularity unmolested, for half a century to come.

CIVILITY AND GOOD BREEDING.

NUMB. 148. THURSDAY, *October 30, 1755.*

CIVILITY and good-breeding are generally thought, and often used, as synonymous terms, but are by no means so.

Good-breeding necessarily implies civility; but civility does not reciprocally imply good-breeding. The former has its intrinsic weight and value, which the latter always adorns, and often doubles by its workmanship.

To sacrifice one's own self-love to other people's, is a short, but I believe, a true definition of civility: to do it with ease, propriety and grace, is good-breeding. The one is the result of good-nature; the other of good sense, joined to experience, observation and attention.

A ploughman will be civil, if he is good-natured, but cannot be well-bred. A courtier will be well-bred, though

though perhaps without good-nature, if he has but good sense.

Flattery is the disgrace of good-breeding, as brutality often is of truth and sincerity. Good-breeding is the middle point between those two odious extremes.

Ceremony is the superstition of good-breeding, as well as of religion; but yet, being an out-work to both, should not be absolutely demolished. It is always, to a certain degree, to be complied with, though despised by those who think, because admired and respected by those who do not.

The most perfect degree of good-breeding, as I have already hinted, is only to be acquired by great knowledge of the world, and keeping the best company. It is not the object of mere speculation, and cannot be exactly defined, as it consists in a fitness, a propriety of words, actions, and even looks, adapted to the infinite variety and combinations of persons, places, and things. It is a mode, not a substance: for what is good-breeding at St. James's, would pass for foppery or banter in a remote village; and the home-spun civility of that village, would be considered as brutality at court.

A cloystered pedant may form true notions of civility; but if amidst the cobwebs of his cell he pretends to spin a speculative system of good-breeding, he will not be less absurd than his predecessor, who judiciously undertook to instruct Hannibal in the art of war. The most ridiculous and most awkward of men are, therefore, the speculatively well-bred monks of all religions and all professions.

Good-breeding, like charity, not only covers a multitude of faults, but, to a certain degree, supplies the want of some virtues. In the common intercourse of life, it acts good-nature, and often does what good-nature will not always do; it keeps both wits and fools within those bounds of decency, which the former are too apt to transgress, and which the latter never know.

Courts are unquestionably the seats of good-breeding;

and must necessarily be so; otherwise they would be the seats of violence and desolation. There all the passions are in their highest state of fermentation. All pursue what but few can obtain, and many seek what but one can enjoy. Good-breeding alone restrains their excesses. There, if enemies did not embrace, they would stab. There, smiles are often put on, to conceal tears. There, mutual services are professed, while mutual injuries are intended; and there, the guile of the serpent simulates the gentleness of the dove: all this, it is true, at the expence of sincerity; but, upon the whole, to the advantage of social intercourse in general.

I would not be misapprehended, and supposed to recommend good-breeding, thus prophaned and prostituted to the purposes of guilt and perfidy; but I think I may justly infer from it, to what a degree the accomplishment of good-breeding must adorn and enforce virtue and truth, when it can thus soften the outrages and deformity of vice and falsehood.

I am sorry to be obliged to confess that my native country is not perhaps the seat of the most perfect good-breeding, though I really believe that it yields to none in hearty and sincere civility, as far as civility is (and to a certain degree it is) an inferior moral duty of doing as one would be done by. If France exceeds us in that particular, the incomparable author of *L'Esprit des Loix* accounts for it very impartially, and I believe very truly. *If my countrymen, says he, are the best-bred people in the world, it is only because they are the vainest.* It is certain, that their good-breeding and attentions, by flattering the vanity and self-love of others, repay their own with interest. It is a general commerce, usually carried on by a barter of attentions, and often without one grain of solid merit, by way of medium, to make up the balance.

It were to be wished, that good-breeding were in general thought a more essential part of the education of our youth, especially of distinction, than at present

it seems to be. It might even be substituted in the room of some academical studies, that take up a great deal of time, to very little purpose; or at least, it might usefully share some of those many hours that are so frequently employed upon a coach-box, or in stables. Surely those who by their rank and fortune are called to adorn courts, ought at least not to disgrace them by their manners.

But I observe, with concern, that it is the fashion for our youth of both sexes to brand good-breeding with the name of ceremony and formality. As such, they ridicule and explode it, and adopt in its stead an offensive carelessness and inattention, to the diminution, I will venture to say, even of their own pleasures, if they know what true pleasures are.

Love and friendship necessarily produce, and justly authorize familiarity; but then good-breeding must mark out its bounds, and say, thus far shalt thou go, and no farther; for I have known many a passion and many a friendship degraded, weakened, and at last (if I may use the expression) wholly *flattered away*, by an unguarded and illiberal familiarity. Nor is good-breeding less the ornament and cement of common social life; it connects, it endears, and at the same time that it indulges the just liberty, restrains that indecent licentiousness of conversation, which alienates and provokes. Great talents make a man famous, great merit makes him respected, and great learning makes him esteemed; but good-breeding alone can make him be loved.

I recommend it in a more particular manner to my country-women, as the greatest ornament to such of them as have beauty, and the safest refuge for those who have not. It facilitates the victories, decorates the triumphs, and secures the conquest of beauty; or in some degree atones for the want of it. It almost deifies a fine woman, and procures respect at least to those, who have not charms enough to be admired.

Upon the whole, though good breeding cannot, strictly speaking, be called a virtue, yet it is productive of so many good effects, that, in my opinion, it may justly be reckoned more than a mere accomplishment.

THE PYTHAGOREAN SYSTEM.

NUMB. 163. THURSDAY, *February 12, 1756.*

THERE was an ancient sect of philosophers, the disciples of Pythagoras, who held, that the souls of men, and all other animals, existed in a state of perpetual transmigration; and that when by death they were dislodged from one corporeal habitation, they were immediately reinstated in another, happier or more miserable, according to their behaviour in the former: so that when any person made his exit from the stage of this world, he was supposed only to retire behind the scenes to be new dressed, and to have a new part assigned him, more or less agreeable, in proportion to the merit of his performance in the last.

This doctrine of transmigration, I must own, was always a very favourite tenet of mine, and always appeared to me one of the most rational guesses of the human mind into a future state. I shall here therefore endeavour to shew the great probability of its truth, from the following considerations. First from its justice; secondly, from its utility; and lastly, from the difficulties we lie under to account for the sufferings of many innocent creatures without it.

First, then, the justice of this system exceeds that of all others: because, by it, the great law of retaliation may be more strictly adhered to: for by means of this metamorphosis, men may suffer in one life the very same injuries which they have inflicted in another; and that too in the very same persons, by a change only of situation. Thus, for instance, the cruel tyrant who in one
life

life has sported with the miseries of his slaves, may in the next feel all the miseries of slavery under a master as unmerciful as himself. The relentless judge may be imprisoned, condemned, and hanged in his turn. Divines may be compelled by fire and faggot to believe the creeds and articles they have composed for the edification of others; and soldiers may be plundered and ravished, in the persons of defenceless peasants, and innocent virgins. The lawyer, reviving in the character of a client, may be tormented with delay, expence, uncertainty, and disappointment; and the physician, who in one life has taken exorbitant fees, may be obliged to take physic in another. All those who under the honourable denomination of sportsmen, have entertained themselves with the miseries and destruction of innocent animals, may be terrified and murdered in the shape of hares, partridges, and woodcocks; and all those who under the more illustrious titles of heroes, have delighted in the devastation of their own species, may be massacred by each other in the forms of invincible gamecocks and pertinacious bull-dogs. As for statemen, ministers, and all great men devoted to great business, they, however guilty, cannot be more properly, nor more severely punished, than by being obliged to reassume their former characters, and to live the very same lives over again.

In the next place, the utility of this system is equal to its justice, and happily coincides with it: for by means of this transmigration, all the necessary inconveniences, and all the burthenfome offices of life being imposed on those only, who by their misbehaviour in a former state have deserved them, become at once just punishments to them, and at the same time benefits to society; and so all those who have injured the public in one life by their vices, are obliged in another to make reparation by their sufferings. Thus the tyrant, who by his power has oppressed his country in the situation of a prince, in that of a slave may be compelled

to do it some service by his labour. The highwayman who has stopped and plundered travellers, may expedite and assist them in the shape of a post-horse. The metaphorical Buck, who has terrified sober citizens by his exploits, converted into a real one, may make some compensation by his haunches; and mighty conquerors, who have laid waste the world by their swords, may be obliged, by a small alteration in sex and situation, to contribute to its repeopling, by the qualms of breeding, and the pains of child-birth.

For my own part, I verily believe this to be the case. I make no doubt but that Lewis the Fourteenth is now chained to an oar in the galleys of France, and that Hernando Cortez is digging gold in the mines of Peru or Mexico. That Turpin, the highwayman, is several times a day spurred backwards and forwards between London and Epping, and that lord *** and sir Harry **** are now actually roasting for a city feast. I question not but Alexander the Great, and Julius Cæsar, have died many times in child-bed since their appearance in those illustrious and depopulating characters; that Charles the Twelfth is at this instant a curate's wife in some remote village, with a numerous and increasing family; and that Kouli Khan is now whipped from parish to parish, in the person of a big-bellied beggar-woman, with two children in her arms, and three at her back.

Lastly, the probability of this system appears from the difficulty of accounting for the sufferings of many innocent creatures without it: for if we look round us, we cannot but observe a great and wretched variety of this kind; numberless animals subjected, by their own natures, to many miseries, and by our cruelties to many more; incapable of deserving them; called into being, as far as we can discover, only to be miserable for the service or diversion of others less meritorious than themselves; without any possibility of preventing,
deserving

deserving, or receiving recompence for their unhappy lot, if their whole existence is comprehended in the narrow and wretched circle of the present life. But the theory here inculcated, removes all these difficulties, and reconciles these seemingly unjust dispensations with the strictest justice: it informs us, that these their sufferings may be by no means undeserved, but the just punishments of their former misbehaviour in a state, where, by means of their very vices, they may have escaped them. It teaches us, that the pursued and persecuted fox was once probably some crafty and rapacious minister, who had purchased by his ill-acquired wealth that safety, which he cannot now procure by his flight: that the bull, baited with all the cruelties that human ingenuity, or human malevolence can invent, was once some relentless tyrant, who had inflicted all the tortures which he now endures: that the poor bird, blinded, imprisoned, and at last starved to death in a cage, may have been some unforgiving creditor; and the widowed turtle, pining away for the loss of her mate, some fashionable wife, rejoicing at the death of her husband, which her own ill-usage had occasioned.

Never can the delicious repast of roasted lobsters excite my appetite, whilst the ideas of the tortures in which those innocent creatures have expired, present themselves to my imagination. But when I consider that they must have once probably been Spaniards at Mexico, or Dutchmen at Amboyna, I fall to, both with a good stomach and a good conscience, and please myself with the thoughts, that I am thus offering up a sacrifice acceptable to the manes of many millions of massacred Indians.—Never can I repose myself with any satisfaction in a post-chaise, whilst I look upon the starved, foundered, ulcerated, and excoriated animals, who draw it, as mere horses, condemned to such exquisite and unmerited torments for my convenience; but when I reflect, that they once most undoubtedly have existed in the characters of turnkeys of Newgate,

or fathers of the holy inquisition, I gallop on with as much ease as expedition; and am perfectly satisfied, that in pursuing my journey, I am but the executioner of the strictest justice.

I very well know that these sentiments will be treated as ludicrous by many of my readers, and looked upon only as the productions of an exuberant imagination; but I know likewise, that this is owing to ill-grounded pride, and false notions of the dignity of human nature: for they are in themselves both just and serious, and carry with them the strongest probability of their truth: so strong is it, that I cannot but hope it will have some good effect on the conduct of those polite people, who are too sagacious, learned, and courageous, to be kept in awe by the threats of hell and damnation: and I exhort every fine lady to consider how wretched will be her condition, if after twenty or thirty years spent at cards, in elegant rooms, kept warm by good fires and soft carpets, she should at last be obliged to change places with one of her coach-horses; and every fine gentleman to reflect, how much more wretched would be his, if after wasting his estate, his health, and his life in extravagance, indolence, and luxury, he should again revive in the situation of one of his creditors.

DECORUM.

NUMB. 189. THURSDAY, *August 12, 1756.*

WE are accused by the French, and perhaps but too justly, of having no word in our language, which answers to their word *police*, which therefore we have been obliged to adopt, not having as they say, the thing.

It does not occur to me, that we have any one word in our language (I hope not from the same reason) to express the ideas, which they comprehend under their word

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les mœurs. Manners are too little, morals too much I should define it thus; *a general exterior decency, fitness and propriety of conduct, in the common intercourse of life.*

Cicero in his offices, makes use of the word *decorum* in this sense, to express what he tells us the Greeks signified by their word (I will not shock the eyes of my polite readers with Greek types) *Τὸ Πρᾶπον.*

The thing however is unquestionably of importance, by whatever word it may be dignified or degraded, distinguished or mistaken; it shall therefore be the subject of this paper to explain and recommend it; and upon this occasion I shall adopt the word *decorum.*

But as I have some private reasons for desiring not to lessen the sale of these my lucubrations, I must premise, that notwithstanding this serious introduction, I am not going to preach either religious or moral duties. On the contrary, it is a scheme of interest which I mean to communicate, and which if the supposed characteristic of the present age be true, must, I should apprehend, be highly acceptable to the generality of my readers.

I take it for granted, that the most sensible and informed part of mankind, I mean people of fashion, pursue singly their own interests and pleasures; that they desire as far as possible to enjoy them exclusively, and to avail themselves of the simplicity, the ignorance, and the prejudices of the vulgar, who have neither the same strength of mind, nor the same advantages of education. Now it is certain, that nothing would more contribute to that desirable end, than a strict observance of this *decorum*, which, as I have already hinted, does not extend to religious or moral duties, does not prohibit the solid enjoyment of vice, but only throws a veil of decency between it and the vulgar, conceals part of its native deformity, and prevents scandal, and bad example. It is a sort of pepper-corn quit-rent paid to virtue, as an acknowledgment of its superiority: but according to our present constitution, is the easy price of freedom, not the tribute of vassalage.

Those who would be respected by others, must first respect themselves. A certain exterior purity and dignity of character, commands respect, procures credit, and invites confidence; but the public exercise and ostentation of vice, has all the contrary effects.

The middle class of people in this country, though generally straining to imitate their betters, have not yet shaken off the prejudices of their education; very many of them still believe in a Supreme Being, in a future state of rewards and punishments, and retain some coarse, home-spun notions of moral good and evil. The rational system of materialism has not yet reached them; and in my opinion, it may be full as well it never should; for as I am not of levelling principles, I am for preserving a due subordination from inferiors to superiors, which an equality of profligacy must totally destroy.

A fair character is a more lucrative thing than people are generally aware of; and I am informed that an eminent money-scrivener has lately calculated with great accuracy the advantage of it, and that it has turned out a clear profit of thirteen and a half per cent. in the general transactions of life; which advantage, frequently repeated, as it must be in the course of the year, amounts to a very considerable object.

To proceed to a few instances. If the courtier would but wear the appearance of truth, promise less and perform more, he would acquire such a degree of trust and confidence, as would enable him to strike on a sudden, and with success, some splendid stroke of perfidy, to the infinite advantage of himself and his party.

A patriot, of all people, should be a strict observer of this *decorum*, if he would (as it is to be presumed he would) bear a good price at the court market. The love of his dear country, well acted and little felt, will certainly get him into good keeping, and perhaps procure him a handsome settlement for life; but if his prostitution be flagrant, he is only made use of in cases of the utmost necessity, and even then only by cullies. I must observe,

observe, by the bye, that of late the market has been a little glutted with patriots, and consequently they do not sell quite so well.

Few masters of families are, I should presume, desirous to be robbed indiscriminately by all their servants; and as servants in general are more afraid of the devil, and less of the gallows, than of their masters, it seems to be as imprudent as indecent to remove that wholesome fear, either by their examples, or their philosophical dissertations, exploding in their presence, though ever so justly, all the idle notions of future punishments, or of moral good and evil. At present, honest faithful servants rob their masters conscientiously only in their respective stations; but take away those checks and restraints which the prejudices of their education have laid them under, they will soon rob indiscriminately, and out of their several departments; which would probably create some little confusion in families, especially in numerous ones.

I cannot omit observing, that this *decorum* extends to the little trifling offices of common life; such as seeming to take a tender and affectionate part in the health or fortune of your acquaintance, and a readiness and alacrity to serve them, in things of little consequence to them, and of none at all to you. These intentions bring in good interest; the weak and the ignorant mistake them for the real sentiments of your heart, and give you their esteem and friendship in return. The wise indeed pay you in your own coin, or by a truck of commodities of equal value; upon which, however, there is no loss; so that upon the whole, this commerce, skilfully carried on, is a very lucrative one.

In all my schemes for the general good of mankind, I have always a particular attention to the utility that may arise from them to my fair fellow subjects, for whom I have the tenderest and most unfeigned concern; and I lay hold of this opportunity, most earnestly to recommend to them the strictest observance of this *decorum*. I will admit that a fine woman of a certain rank, cannot
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have too many real vices; but at the same time, I do insist upon it, that it is essentially her interest, not to have the appearance of any one. This *decorum*, I confess, will conceal her conquests, and prevent her triumphs; but, on the other hand, if she will be pleased to reflect that those conquests are known, sooner or later, always to end in her total defeat, she will not upon an average find herself a loser. There are indeed some husbands of such humane and hospitable dispositions, that they seem determined to share all their happiness with their friends and acquaintance; so that with regard to such husbands singly, this *decorum* were useless; but the far greater number are of a churlish and uncommunicative disposition, troublesome upon bare suspicions, and brutal upon proofs. These are capable of inflicting upon the fair delinquent the pains and penalties of exile and imprisonment at the dreadful mansion-seat, notwithstanding the most solemn protestations and oaths, backed with the most moving tears, that nothing really criminal has passed. But it must be owned that of all negatives, that is much the hardest to be proved.

Though deep play be a very innocent and even commendable amusement in itself, it is however, as things are yet constituted, a great breach, nay perhaps the highest violation possible of *decorum* in the fair sex. If generally fortunate, it induces some suspicion of dexterity; if unfortunate, of debt; and in this latter case, the ways and means for raising the supplies necessary for the current year, are sometimes supposed to be unwarrantable. But what is still much more important, is, that the agonies of an ill run will disfigure the finest face in the world, and cause most ungraceful emotions. I have known a best game, suddenly produced upon a good game, for a deep stake at Bragg or Commerce, almost make the vermilion turn pale, and elicit from lips, where the sweets of Hibernia dwelt, and where the loves and graces played, some murmured oaths, which though minced and mitigated

gated a little in their terminations, seemed to me, upon the whole, to be rather unbecoming.

Another singular advantage which will arise to my fair country-women of distinction from the observance of this *decorum*, is, that they will never want some creditable led captain to attend them at a minute's warning to operas, plays, Ranelagh and Vauxhall; whereas I have known some women of extreme condition, who, by neglecting the *decorum* had flattered away their characters to such a degree, as to be obliged upon those emergencies to take up with mere toad-eaters of very equivocal rank and character, who by no means graced their entry into public places.

To the young unmarried ladies, I beg leave to represent that this *decorum* will make a difference of at least five-and-twenty, if not fifty per cent. in their fortunes. The pretty men who have commonly the honour of attending them, are not in general the marrying kind of men; they love them too much or too little, know them too well, or not well enough, to think of marrying them. The husband-like men are a set of awkward fellows with good estates, and who not having got the better of vulgar prejudices, lay some stress upon the characters of their wives, and the legitimacy of their heirs to their estates and titles. These are to be caught only by *les mœurs*; the hook must be baited with the *decorum*; the naked one will not do.

I must own that it seems too severe to deny young ladies the innocent amusements of the present times, but I beg of them to recollect that I mean only with regard to outward appearances; and I should presume that *tête-à-têtes* with the pretty men might be contrived and brought about in places less public than Kensington-gardens, the two parks, the high roads, or the streets of London.

Having thus combined, as I flatter myself that I have, the solid enjoyments of vice, with the useful appearance of virtue, I think myself entitled to the thanks of my
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country in general, and to that just praise which Horace gives to the author, *qui miscuit utile dulci*: or in English, who joins the useful with the agreeable.

A N G E R.

NUMB. 196. THURSDAY, September 30, 1756.

IT is a vulgar notion, and worthy of the vulgar, for it is both false and absurd, that passionate people are the best natured people in the world. *They are a little hasty, it is true; a trifle will put them in a fury, and while they are in that fury, they neither know nor care what they say or do; but then as soon as it is over, they are extremely sorry and penitent for any injury or mischief they did.* This panegyric on these choleric good-natured people, when examined and simplified, amounts in plain common sense and English to this; that they are good-natured when they are not ill-natured; and that when in their fits of rage they have said or done things that have brought them to the jail or the gallows, they are extremely sorry for it. It is indeed highly probable that they are; but where is the reparation to those whose reputation, limbs, or lives, they have either wounded or destroyed? This concern comes too late, and is only for themselves. Self-love was the cause of the injury, and is the only motive of the repentance.

Had these furious people real good nature, their first offence would be their last; and they would resolve at all events never to relapse. The moment they felt their choler arising, they would enjoin themselves an absolute silence and inaction, and by that sudden check rather expose themselves to a momentary ridicule (which, by the way, would be followed by universal applause) than run the least risk of being irreparable mischievous.

I know it is said in their behalf that this impulse to wrath is constitutionally so sudden and so strong, that they

they cannot stifle it, even in its birth: but experience shews us, that this allegation is notoriously false; for we daily observe that these stormy persons both can and do lay those gusts of passion, when awed by respect, restrained by interest, or intimidated by fear. The most outrageous furioso does not give a loose to his anger in the presence of his sovereign, or his mistress; nor the expectant heir in the presence of the peevish dotard from whom he hopes for an inheritance. The soliciting courtier, though perhaps under the strongest provocations, from unjust delays and broken promises, calmly swallows his unavailing wrath, disguises it even under smiles, and gently waits for more favourable moments: nor does the criminal fly in a passion at his judge or his jury.

There is then but one solid excuse to be alledged in favour of these people; and if they will frankly urge it, I will candidly admit it, because it points out its own remedy. I mean, let them fairly confess themselves mad, as they most unquestionably are: for what plea can those that are frantic ten times a day bring against shaving, bleeding, and a dark room, when so many much more harmless madmen are confined in their cells at Bedlam for being mad only once in a moon? Nay, I have been assured by the late ingenious Dr. Monro, that such of his patients who were really of a good-natured disposition, and who in their lucid intervals were allowed the liberty of walking about the hospital, would frequently, when they found the previous symptoms of their returning madness, voluntarily apply for confinement, conscious of the mischief which they might possibly do if at liberty. If those who pretend not to be mad, but who really are so, had the same fund of good-nature, they would make the same application to their friends, if they have any.

There is in the *Ménagiana* a very pretty story of one of these angry gentlemen, which sets their extravagancy in a very ridiculous light.

Two gentlemen were riding together, one of whom, who was a cholerick one, happened to be mounted on a high-mettled horse. The horse grew a little troublesome, at which the rider grew very angry, and whipped and spurred him with great fury; to which the horse, almost as wrong-headed as his master, replied with kicking and plunging. The companion, concerned for the danger, and ashamed of the folly of his friend, said to him coolly, "Be quiet, be quiet, and shew yourself the wiser of the two."

This sort of madness, for I will call it by no other name, flows from various causes, of which I shall now enumerate the most general.

Light unbalanced heads are very apt to be overset by every gust, or even breeze of passion; they appretiate things wrong, and think every thing of importance but what really is so: hence those frequent and sudden transitions from silly joy to sillier anger, according as the present silly humour is gratified or thwarted. This is the never-failing characteristic of the uneducated vulgar, who often in the same half hour, fight with fury, and shake hands with affection. Such heads give themselves no time to reason, and if you attempt to reason with them, they think you rally them, and resent the affront. — They are, in short, overgrown children, and continue so in the most advanced age. Far be it from me to insinuate, what some ill-bred authors have bluntly asserted, that this is in general the case of the fairest part of our species, whose great vivacity does not always allow them time to reason consequentially, but hurries them into testiness upon the least opposition to their will. But at the same time, with all the partiality which I have for them, and nobody can have more than I have, I must confess that in all their debates I have much more admired the copiousness of their rhetoric, than the conclusiveness of their logic.

People of strong animal spirits, warm constitutions, and a cold genius (a most unfortunate and ridiculous, though

though common compound) are most irascible animals, and very dangerous in their wrath. They are active, puzzling, blundering, and petulantly enterprising and persevering. They are impatient of the least contradiction, having neither arguments nor words to reply with; and the animal part of their composition bursts out into furious explosions, which have often mischievous consequences. Nothing is too outrageous or criminal for them to say or do in these fits; but as the beginning of their frenzy is easily discoverable by their glaring eyes, inflamed countenances, and rapid motions, the company, as conservators of the peace (which, by the way, every man is, till the authority of a magistrate can be procured) should forcibly seize these madmen, and confine them in the mean time in some dark closet, vault, or coal-hole.

Men of nice honour, without one grain of common honesty, (for such there are) are wonderfully combustible. The honourable is to support and protect the dishonest part of their character. The consciousness of their guilt makes them both sore and jealous.

There is another very irascible sort of human animals, whose madness proceeds from pride. These are generally the people, who having just fortunes sufficient to live idle and useless to society, create themselves gentlemen, and are scrupulously tender of the rank and dignity which they have not. They require the more respect, from being conscious that they have no right to any. They construe every thing into a slight, ask explanations with heat, and misunderstand them with fury. "Who are you? What are you? Do you know who you speak to? I'll teach you to be insolent to a gentleman;" are their daily idioms of speech, which frequently end in assault and battery, to the great emolument of the Round-house and Crown-office.

I have known many young fellows, who at their first setting out in the world, or in the army, have simulated a passion which they did not feel, merely as an indication
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of spirit, which word is falsely looked upon as synonymous with courage. They dress and look fierce, swear enormously, and rage furiously, seduced by that popular word, spirit. But I beg leave to inform these mistaken young gentlemen, whose error I compassionate, that the true spirit of a rational being consists in cool and steady resolution, which can only be the result of reflection and virtue.

I am very sorry to be obliged to own, that there is not a more irritable part of the species, than my brother authors. Criticism, censure, or even the slightest disapprobation of their immortal works, excite their most furious indignation. It is true, indeed, that they express their resentment in a manner less dangerous both to others and to themselves.—Like incensed porcupines, they dart their quills at the objects of their wrath. The wounds given by these shafts are not mortal, and only painful in proportion to the distance from whence they fly. Those which are discharged (as by much the greatest numbers are) from great heights, such as garrets, or four-pair-of-stair rooms, are puffed away by the wind, and never hit the mark; but those which are let off from a first or second floor, are apt to occasion a little smarting, and sometimes festering, especially if the party wounded be unsound.

Our GREAT CREATOR has wisely given us passions, to rouse us into action, and to engage our gratitude to him by the pleasures they procure us; but at the same time he has kindly given us reason sufficient, if we will but give that reason fair play, to controul those passions; and has delegated authority to say to them, as he said to the waters, “Thus far shall ye go, and no farther.” The angry man is his own severest tormentor; his breast knows no peace, while his raging passions are restrained by no sense of either religious or moral duties. What would be his case, if his unforgiving example (if I may use such an expression) were followed by his ALL-MERCIFUL MAKER, whose forgiveness he can only hope for, in proportion as he himself forgives and loves his fellow-creatures?

BEAUTIES
OF THE
CONNOISSEUR.

CONSCIENCE.

NUMB. 28. THURSDAY, *August 8*, 1754.

————— *Sequar atris ignibus absens,
Omnibus umbra locis adero, dabis inprobe pœnas.* VIRG.

Thou to thy crime shalt feel the vengeance due:
With hell's black fires for ever I'll pursue;
In every place my injured shade shall rise,
And CONSCIENCE still present me to thine eyes.

TOM DARE-DEVIL, who was so much superior to the rest of our Bucks, that he gained the appellation of Stag, finished a course of continual debaucheries, and was carried off last week by a phrenetic fever. I happened to be present at his last moments, and the remembrance of him still dwells so strongly on my mind, that I see him, I hear him, in all the agonies of despair, starting, trembling, and uttering the most horrid execrations. His conscience at the approach of death had conjured up before him, "ten thousand devils with their red-hot spits," who assumed the shapes of all those whom he had injured, and "came hissing on him" to retaliate their wrongs. "Save me, save me," he would cry, "from
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“that bleeding form.—He was my friend—but I run him through the heart in a quarrel about a whore.”—“Take away that old fellow—He would have carried us to the round-house—I knocked him down with his own staff,—but I did not think the poor dog would have died by it.” When the nurse offered him a draught to take, “Why, said he, will you ply me with Champagne?—’tis a damnable liquor, and I’ll drink no more of it.” In one of his lucid intervals, he grasped my hand vehemently, and bursting into tears, “Would to God, said he, I had died twenty years ago.” At length his unwilling soul parted from the body; and the last words we heard from him were a faint ejaculation to his MAKER, whom he had blasphemed all his life. His shocking exit made me reflect on that fine passage in the Scriptures, “Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my latter end be like his.”

The behaviour of this unhappy wretch afforded a dreadful instance of the truth of that maxim, *There is no hell like a troubled conscience*. “There needs, indeed, no ghost to tell us this:”—But it were to be wished, that the conscience of every living reprobate could work on his imagination in the same manner, and raise up such horrid apparitions to torment him. Where is the wretch so hardened, who would not be dismayed at these terrors? Or who could persevere in a course of wickedness, when every fresh offence would create a new fury to haunt him for his crimes?

Let us, for instance, take a view of the most glaring circumstances in the life of that arch-infidel, Tom Daredevil; and let us at the same time conceive (if possible) what pangs he must have felt, had every flagitious act been attended with the same phantoms that distracted him on his death-bed. First, then, let us contemplate him as a parricide; for so he may be called, who by repeated disobedience broke the heart of a most affectionate father. Could filial ingratitude receive a sharper punishment, than in the midst of his debaucheries, to have his father

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continually

continually before his eyes, expostulating with him on his unnatural behaviour? "O my son," (might he have heard him say) "was it for this that thy mother, who died in giving thee life, begged me with her last breath to be kind to the boy? Was it for this that the country rung with joy for my being blessed with an heir?—O my child, who can I now call my heir? That estate, which I was so solicitous to improve for thy sake, is dissipated among jockeys, gamblers, pimps, and prostitutes. If you should ever have a son, may his ingratitude never make you think of me!"

Tom, indeed, took care never to have any vexation from children: He had too great a spirit to bear the shackles of matrimony, and lived in a state of celibacy among bagnios. Sometimes he made inroads on private life, and disturbed the peace of families by debauching the wives and daughters of his acquaintance. Among other gallant exploits, he decoyed up to town the daughter of a country gentleman, where he ruined her, and then left her to linger under an infamous disease. At length the fruits of his amour appeared in a child, which soon perished with its unhappy parent in a public hospital. By the same magic of the fancy, let us raise up this poor girl with the infant in her arms, while he is wantoning among his doxies, and lording it like a bashaw over the vassals of his lust. What remorse must this villain have felt, could he have imagined her to have addressed him in the following terms:—"Behold, in this loathsome carcase of this babe, the image of thyself; foul, rotten, and corrupt.—How could I suffer so contemptible a creature to draw me from the comfortable protection of my parents?—It was just, indeed, that I should fall a victim to my folly: But was this diseased infant quickened only to proclaim my dishonour and thy infamy?—Why hadst thou yet the power left to propagate misery even to the innocent?"

Tom had often signalized himself as a duellist: His conscience, as we have already mentioned, upbraided him

him at his dying moments with the murder of a particular friend. He had once ill luck at cards; and being irritated with his losses, and suspecting foul play on the part of his antagonist, he took him by the nose, which consequently produced a challenge. He is hastening to the field of battle:—but he fancies himself followed by the manes of his friend, whom on the same unhallowed ground he had lately sacrificed to that idol Honour. He hears him call—“ Turn, madman, turn, and look on me:—You may remember with what reluctance I met you—You forced me to the combat—and I was even pleased that the victory was your’s. You deprived me of life in an idle quarrel about a creature, whom, at your return from the murder of your friend, you detected in the arms of another.—It was Honour that induced you to wound the bosom of one you loved:—The same Honour now calls you to forgive a fellow, whom you despise, an opportunity to retaliate the injury done to me.—What folly is it to put your life into the hands of a scoundrel, who you suspect has already robbed you of your fortune?— But go on, and let your death rid the world of a monster, who is desperate enough to put his own life on the hazard, and wicked enough to attempt that of another.”— It happened, however, that Tom had no occasion for such a monitor, as the person whom he went to meet proved as great a coward, as he was a cheat; and our hero, after waiting a full hour in his pumps, and parrying with the air, had no other revenge for the loss of his money, than the satisfaction of pointing him for a scoundrel.

Though the hero of our story was cut off in the prime of his life, yet he may be said, like Nestor, to have outlived three generations. All the young fellows of spirit were proud to be enrolled in the list of his companions; but as their constitutions were more puny than his, three sets of them had dropt into the grave, and left him at the head of the fourth. He would often boast

of the many promising geniuses, who had fallen in the vain attempt of keeping pace with him in the various scenes of debauchery. In this light, we may consider him as an accessary to so many wanton murders. By the operation of his conscience, at every tavern door he might have met with an acquaintance to bar his passage; and in the midst of his jollity, like Macbeth, he might have dashed down his glass, and imagined that he saw a departed friend filling the vacant chair.

From the nature of the facts, which have already been recorded of Tom Dare-devil, the reader will easily conclude that he must have been an Atheist.—No creature, who believed in a SUPREME BEING, could have acted so vilely towards his fellow-creatures. Tom was president of an abominable club, who met together every Sunday night to utter the most horrid blasphemies. The members of this most scandalous society must have heard of the manner of their great tutor's death.—Let us imagine, therefore, that they could figure to themselves his ghost appearing to them, warning them of their errors, and exhorting them to repent. They might conceive him setting forth, in the most pathetic manner, the consequences of their folly, and declaring to them how convinced he now was of the certainty of those doctrines, which they daily ridiculed. Such an apparition would, indeed, have an effect upon common sinners: but in all probability a thorough-paced infidel would not be reclaimed, even “though one rose from the dead.”

What I have here supposed might have been the case of one particular reprobate, is in the power of every person to put in practice for himself. Nothing is a surer instance of the goodness of the CREATOR, than that delicate inward feeling, so strongly impressed on every reasonable creature. This internal sense, if duly attended to, and diligently cherished and kept alive, would check the sinner in his career, and make him look back with horror on his crimes. An ancient is

commended for wishing, "that he had a window in his breast, that every one might see into it." But it is certainly of more consequence to keep ourselves free from the reproach of our own hearts, than from the evil opinions of others. We should therefore consider Conscience as a Mirrour, in which every one may see himself reflected, and in which every action is represented in its proper colours.

S U I C I D E.

NUMB. 50. THURSDAY, January 9, 1755.

——— *Vita*
Percipit humanos odium, lucisque videndæ,
Ut sibi consciscant mærenti pectore luthum.

LUCRET.

O deaf to Nature, and to Heav'n's command !
 Against Thyself to lift the murd'ring hand !
 O damn'd despair !—to shun the living light,
 And plunge thy guilty soul in endless night !

THE last sessions deprived us of the only surviving member of a Society, which (during its short existence) was equal both in principles and practice to the *Mobacks* and *Hell-Fire-Club* of tremendous memory. This Society was composed of a few broken gamesters and desperate young rakes, who threw the small remains of their bankrupt fortunes into one common stock, and thence assumed the name of the *Last Guinea Club*. A short life and a merry one, was their favourite maxim ; and they determined, when their finances should be quite exhausted, to die as they had lived, like gentlemen. Some of their members had the luck to get a reprieve by a good run at cards, and others by snapping up a rich heiress or a dowager ; while the rest, who were not cut off in the natural way by duels or the gallows, very resolutely made their *quietus* with laudanum or the pistol.

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The last that remained of this Society, had very calmly prepared for his own execution: he had cocked his pistol, deliberately placed the muzzle of it to his temple, and was just going to pull the trigger, when he bethought himself, that he could employ it to better purpose upon Hounslow Heath. This brave man, however, had but a very short respite, and was obliged to suffer the ignominy of going out of the world in the vulgar way, by an halter.

The enemies of play will perhaps consider those gentlemen, who boldly stake their whole fortunes at the gaming-table, in the same view with these desperadoes; and they may even go so far as to regard the polite and honourable assembly at White's, as a kind of Last Guinea Club. Nothing, they will say, is so fluctuating as the property of a gamester, who (when luck runs against him) throws away whole acres at every cast of the dice, and whose houses are as unsure a possession, as if they were built with cards. Many, indeed, have been reduced to the Last Guinea at this genteel gaming-house; but the most inveterate enemies to White's must allow, that it is but now and then that a gamester of quality, who looks upon it as an even bet whether there is another world, takes his chance, and dispatches himself, when the odds are against him in this.

But however free the gentlemen of White's may be from any imputation of this kind, it must be confessed, that Suicide begins to prevail so generally, that it is the most gallant exploit by which our modern heroes chuse to signalize themselves; and in this, indeed, they behave with uncommon prowess. They meet every face of death, however horrible, with the utmost resolution: some blow their brains out with a pistol; some expire, like Socrates, by poison; some fall, like Cato, on the point of their own swords; and others, who have lived like Nero, affect to die like Seneca, and bleed to death. The most exalted geniuses I ever remember to have heard of, were a party of reduced gamesters, who brave-

ly resolved to pledge each other in a bowl of laudanum. I was lately informed of a gentleman, who went among his usual companions at the gaming-table the day before he made away with himself, and coolly questioned them which they thought the genteelest method of going out of the world. There is, indeed, as much difference between a mean person and a man of quality in their manner of destroying themselves, as in their manner of living. The poor sneaking wretch, starving in a garret, tucks himself up in his list garters; a second, crost in love, drowns himself, like a blind puppy, in Rosamond's Pond; and a third cuts his throat with his own razor. But the man of fashion always dies by a pistol; and even the cobbler of any spirit goes off by a dose or two extraordinary of gin.

From the days of Plato down to these, a Suicide has always been compared to a soldier on guard deserting his post; but I should rather consider a set of these desperate men, who rush on certain death, as a body of troops sent out on the Forlorn Hope. This false courage, however noble it may appear to the desperate and abandoned, in reality amounts to no more than the resolution of the highwayman, who shoots himself with his own pistol, when he finds it impossible to avoid being taken. All practicable means, therefore, should be devised to extirpate such such absurd bravery, and to make it appear every way horrible, odious, contemptible, and ridiculous.—Every man in his sober senses must wish, that the most severe laws that could possibly be contrived, were enacted against Suicides. This shocking bravado never did (and I am confident never will) prevail among the more delicate and tender sex in our own nation: though history informs us, that the Roman ladies were once so infatuated, as to throw off the softness of their nature, and commit violence on themselves, till the madness was curbed, by exposing their naked bodies in the public streets. This, I think, would afford an hint for fixing the like marks of ignominy on
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our Male-Suicides; and I would have every lower wretch of this sort dragged at the cart's tail, and afterwards hung in chains at his own door, or have his quarters put up *in terrorem* in the most public places, as a rebel to his Maker. But that the Suicide of quality might be treated with more respect, he should be indulged in having his wounded corpse and shattered brains lay (as it were) in state for some days; of which dreadful spectacle we may conceive the horror from the following picture drawn by *Dryden*, in one of his Fables:

*The SLAYER OF HIMSELF too saw I there :
The gore congeal'd was clotted in his hair :
With eyes half clos'd, and mouth wide ope, he lay,
And grim as when he breath'd his fallen soul away.*

The common murderer has his skeleton preserved at Surgeons-Hall, in order to deter others from being guilty of the same crime; and I think it would not be improper to have a charnel-house set apart to receive the bones of these more unnatural Self-Murderers, in which monuments should be erected, giving an account of their deaths, and adorned with the glorious ensigns of their rashness, the rope, the knife, the sword, or the pistol.

From reading the public prints, a foreigner might be naturally led to imagine, that we are the most lunatic people in the whole world. Almost every day informs us, that the coroner's inquest has sat on the body of some miserable Suicide, and brought in their verdict *Lunacy*; but it is very well known, that the inquiry has not been made into the state of mind of the deceased, but into his fortune and family.—The law has indeed provided, that the deliberate Self-Murderer should be treated like a brute, and denied the rites of burial: but among hundreds of *Lunatics by purchase*, I never knew this sentence executed but on one poor cobbler, who hanged himself in his own stall. A pennyless poor

wretch, who has not left enough to defray the funeral charges, may perhaps be excluded the church-yard; but Self-Murder by a pistol genteelly mounted, or the Paris-hilted sword, qualifies the polite owner for a *sudden death*, and entitles him to a pompous burial, and a monument setting forth his virtues, in *Westminster Abbey*.

The cause of these frequent Self-Murders among us has been generally imputed to the peculiar temperature of our climate. Thus a dull day is looked upon as a natural order of execution; and Englishmen must necessarily shoot, hang, and drown themselves in *November*. That our spirits are in some measure influenced by the air, cannot be denied; but we are not such mere Barometers, as to be driven to despair and death by the small degree of gloom that our winter brings with it. If we have not so much sunshine as some countries in the world, we have infinitely more than many others; and I do not hear that men dispatch themselves in dozens in Russia or Sweden; or that they are unable to keep up their spirits even in the total darkness of Greenland. Our climate exempts us from many diseases, to which other more southern nations are naturally subject; and I can never be persuaded, that being born near the North-pole is a physical cause for Self-Murder.

Despair, indeed, is the natural cause of these shocking actions; but this is commonly despair brought on by wilful extravagance and debauchery. These first involve men in difficulties, and then death at once delivers them of their lives and their cares.—For my part, when I see a young profligate wantonly squandering his fortune in bagnios, or at the gaming-table, I cannot help looking on him as hastening his own death, and in a manner digging his own grave. As he is at last induced to kill himself, by motives arising from his vices, I consider him as dying of some disease, which those vices naturally produce. If his extravagance has been chiefly in luxurious eating and drinking, I imagine him poisoned by his wines, or surfeited by a favourite dish;
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and if he has thrown away his estate in bawdy-houses, I conclude him destroyed by rottenness and filthy diseases.

Another real and principal cause of the frequency of Suicide, is the noble Spirit of Free-thinking, which has diffused itself among all ranks of people. The libertine of fashion has too refined a taste, to trouble himself at all about a soul or an hereafter: but the vulgar infidel is at wonderful pains to get rid of his bible, and labours to persuade himself out of his religion. For this purpose, he attends constantly at the Disputant Societies, where he hears a great deal about free-will, free-agency, and predestination, till at length he is convinced, that man is at liberty to do as he pleases, lays his misfortunes to the charge of Providence, and comforts himself that he was inevitably destined to be tied up in his own garters.—The courage of these heroes proceeds from the same principles, whether they fall by their own hands, or by those of Jack Ketch. The Suicide, of whatever rank, looks death in the face without shrinking; as the gallant rogue affects an easy unconcern under Tyburn, throws away the psalm-book, bids the cart drive off with an oath, and swings like a gentleman.

If this madness should continue to grow more and more epidemical, it will be expedient to have a Bill of Suicide, distinct from the common Bill of Mortality, brought in yearly; in which should be set down the number of Suicides, their methods of destroying themselves, and the likely causes of their doing so. In this, I believe, we should find but few martyrs to the weather; but their deaths would commonly be imputed to despair, produced by some causes similar to the following. In the little sketch of a Bill of Suicide underneath, I have left blanks for the date of the year, as well as for the number of Self-Murderers, their manner of dying, &c. which would naturally be filled up by the proper persons, if ever this scheme should be put in execution.

A Bill of SUICIDE for the Year——

Of Newmarket Races - - - - -	Of a Tour through France and
Of Kept Mistresses - - - - -	Italy - - - - -
Of Electioneering - - - - -	Of Lord Belingbroke - - - - -
Of Lotteries - - - - -	Of the Robin Hood Society - -
Of French Claret, French Lace.	Of an Equipage - - - - -
French Cocks, and French	Of a Dog-Kennel - - - - -
Disease - - - - -	Of Covent-Garden - - - - -
Of WHITE's - - - - -	Of Plays, Operas, Concerts,
Of Chinese Temples, &c. - - -	Masquerades, Routs, Drums,
Of a Country Seat - - - - -	&c. - - - - -
Of a Town House - - - - -	Of keeping the best Company - -
Of Fortune Hunting - - - - -	

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CITIZEN AT VAUXHALL.

NUMB. 68. THURSDAY, May 15, 1755.

———*Nunc et campus, et arceæ,
I cauteque sub noctem susurri
Composita rejiciuntur horâ.*

HOR.

Now Venus in Vauxha'll her altar rears,
While fiddles drown the music of the spheres :
Now girls hum out their loves to ev'ry tree,
" Young Jockey is the lad, the lad for me."

THE various seasons of the year produce not a greater alteration in the face of nature, than in the polite manner of passing our time. The diversions of winter and summer are as different as the dog-days and those at Christmas; nor do I know any genteel amusement, except Gaming, that prevails during the whole year. As the long days are now coming on, the theatrical gentry, who contributed to dissipate the gloom of our winter evenings, begin to divide themselves into strolling companies; and are packing up their tragedy wardrobes, together with a sufficient quantity of thunder and lightning, for the delight and amazement of the country. In the mean time, the several public Gardens

near

near this metropolis are trimming their trees, levelling their walks, and burnishing their lamps, for our reception. At Vauxhall, the artificial ruins are repaired; the cascade is made to spout with several additional streams of block-tin; and they have touched up all the pictures, which were damaged last season by the fingering of those curious *Connoisseurs*, who could not be satisfied without *feeling* whether the figures were alive. The magazine at Cuper's, I am told, is furnished with an extraordinary supply of gunpowder, to be shot off in squibs and sky-rockets, or whirled away in blazing funs and Catharine wheels; and it is not to be doubted, in case of a war, but that Neptune and all his Tritons, will assist the British navy; and as we before took Porto-Bello and Cape-Briton, we shall now gain new victories over the French fleet every night, upon that canal.

Happy are they, who can muster up sufficient, at least to hire tickets at the door, once or twice in a season! Not that these pleasures are confined to the rich and the great only: for the lower sort of people have their Ranelaghs and their Vauxhalls, as well at the quality. Perrot's inimitable Grotto may be seen for only calling for a pot of beer; and the royal diversion of duck-hunting may be had in the bargain, together with a decanter of Dorchester, for your six-pence at Jenny's Whim. Every skittle-alley half a mile out of town, is embellished with green arbours and shady retreats; where the company is generally entertained with the melodious scraping of a blind fiddler. And who can resist the luscious temptations of a fine juicy ham, or a delicious buttock of beef stuffed with parsley, accompanied with a foaming decanter of sparkling home-brew'd, which is so invitingly painted at the entrance of almost every village alehouse?

Our Northern climate will not, indeed, allow us to indulge ourselves in all those pleasures of a garden, which are so feelingly described by our poets. We dare not

lay ourselves on the damp ground in shady groves, or by the purling stream; but are obliged to fortify our inside against the cold by good substantial eating and drinking. For this reason, the extreme costliness of the provisions at our public Gardens has been grievously complained of by those gentry, to whom a supper at these places is as necessary a part of the entertainment, as the singing or the fire-works. Poor Mr. John fees with an heavy heart the profits of a whole week's card-money, devoured in tarts and cheese-cakes, by Mrs. Housekeeper, or My Lady's Own Woman: and the substantial Cit, who comes from behind the counter two or three evenings in the summer, can never enough regret the thin wafer-like slices of beef and ham, that taste of nothing but the knife.

I was greatly diverted last Saturday evening, at Vauxhall, with the shrewd remarks made on this very head by an honest citizen, whose wife and two daughters had, I found, prevailed on him to carry them to the Garden. As I thought there was something curious in their behaviour, I went into the next box to them, where I had an opportunity of seeing and over-hearing every thing that past.

After some talk—"Come, come," said the old don, "it is high time, I think, to go to supper." To this the ladies readily assented; and one of the misses said, "Do let us have a chick, papa."—"Zounds (said the father) they are half crown a-piece, and no bigger than a sparrow." Here the old lady took him up—"You are so stingy, Mr. Rose, there is no bearing you. When one is out upon pleasure, I love to appear like somebody, and what signifies a few shillings once and away, when a body is about it?" This reproof so effectually silenced the old gentleman, that the youngest Miss had the courage to put in a word for some ham likewise. Accordingly, the waiter was called, and dispatched by the old lady, with an order for a chicken and a plate of ham.

When

When it was brought, our honest cit twirled the dish about three or four times, and surveyed it with a very settled countenance; then taking up the slice of ham, and dangling it to and fro on the end of his fork, asked the waiter, "How much there was of it." "A shilling's worth, Sir," said the fellow.—"Prithee (said the don) how much dost think it weighs?—An ounce?—A shilling an ounce! that is sixteen shillings *per* pound! A reasonable profit truly!—Let me see—suppose now the whole ham weighs thirty pounds:—at a shilling *per* ounce, that is, sixteen shillings *per* pound, why your master makes exactly twenty-four pounds of every ham; and if he buys them at the best hand, and salts them and cures them himself, they don't stand him in ten shillings a-piece." The old lady bade him hold his nonsense, declared herself ashamed for him, and asked him if people must not live: then taking a coloured handkerchief from her own neck, she tucked it into his shirt-collar (whence it hung like a bib) and helped him to a leg of the chicken. The old gentleman, at every bit he put into his mouth, amused himself with saying—"There goes two-pence--there goes three-pence--there goes a groat. Zounds! a man at these places should not have a swallow so wide as a tom-tit."

This scanty repast, we may imagine, was soon dispatched; and it was with much difficulty our citizen was prevailed on to suffer a plate of beef to be ordered. This too was no less admired, and underwent the same comments with the ham. At length, when only a very small bit was left, as they say, for manners in the dish, our don took a piece of an old news-paper out of his pocket, and gravely wrapping up the meat in it, placed it carefully in his letter-case. "I'll keep thee, as a curiosity to my dying-day; and I'll shew thee to my neighbour Horseman, and ask him if he can make as much of his steaks." Then rubbing his hands, and shrugging up his shoulders—"Why now,"

says he, "to-morrow night I may eat as much cold
"beef as I can stuff, in any tavern in London, and
"pay nothing for it." A dish of tarts, cheese-cakes,
and custards, next made their appearance at the request
of the young ladies, who paid no sort of regard to the
father's remonstrance, "that they were four times as
"dear as at the pastry-cooks."

Supper being ended, madam put her spouse in mind
to call for wine.—"We *must* have some wine, my
"dear, or we shall not be looked upon, you know."
"Well, well," says the don, "that's right enough.
"But do they sell their liquor too by the ounce?—
"Here, drawer, what wine have you got?" The fel-
low, who by this time began to smoke his guests, an-
swered—"We have exceeding good French wine of
"all sorts, and please your honour. Would your ho-
"nour have a bottle of Champagne, or Burgunpy, or
"Claret, or"—"No, no, none of your wishy-washy
"outlandish rot-gut for me:" interrupted the citizen.—
"A tankard of the Alderman beats all the red Claret
"wine in the French king's cellar.—But come, bring
"us a bottle of sound old Port: And, d'ye hear? let
"it be good."

While the waiter was gone, the good man most
sadly lamented, that he could not have his pipe; which
the wife would by no means allow, "because (she said)
"it was ungenteel to smoke, where any ladies were in
"company." When the wine came, our citizen
gravely took up the bottle, and holding it above his
head, "Aye, aye," said he, "the bottom has had a
"good kick.—And mind how confoundedly it is pinched
"on the sides.—Not above five gills, I warrant.—An
"old soldier at the Jerusalem would beat two of them.
"—But let us see how it is brewed." He then poured
out a glass; and after holding it up before the candle,
smelling to it, sipping it twice or thrice, and smacking
his lips, drank it off: but declaring that second thoughts
were best, he filled another bumper; and tossing that
off,

off, after some pause, with a very important air, ventured to pronounce it drinkable. The ladies, having also drank a glass round, affirmed it was very good, and felt it warm in the stomach: and even the old gentleman relaxed into such good humour by the time the bottle was emptied, that out of his own free will and notion he most generously called for another Pint, but charged the waiter "to pick out an honest one."

While the glass was thus circulating, the family amused themselves with making observations on the Garden. The citizen expressed his wonder at the number of lamps, and said it must cost a great deal of money every night to light them all: the eldest miss declared, that for her part she liked the Dark Walk best of all, because it was *solentary*: little miss thought the last song mighty pretty, and said she would buy it, if she could but carry home the tune: and the old lady observed, that there was a great deal of good company indeed; but the gentlemen were so rude, that they perfectly put her out of countenance, by staring at her through their spy-glasses. In a word, the tarts, the cheese-cakes, the beef, the chicken, the ounce of ham, and every thing seemed to have been quite forgot, till the dismal moment approached, when the reckoning was called for. As this solemn business concerns only the gentleman, the ladies kept a profound silence; and when the terrible account was brought, they left the paymaster undisturbed, to enjoy the misery by himself: only the old lady had the hardness to squint at the sum total, and declared "It was pretty reasonable, *considering*."

Our citizen bore his misfortune with a tolerable degree of patience. He shook his head as he run over every article, and swore he would never buy meat by the ounce again. At length, when he had carefully summed up every figure, he bade the drawer bring change for six-pence: then pulling out a leathern purse from a snug pocket, in the inside of his waistcoat, he drew

drew out slowly, piece by piece, thirteen shillings; which he regularly placed in two rows upon the table. When the change was brought, after counting it very carefully, he laid down four half-pence in the same exact order; then calling the waiter,—“There,” says he, “there’s your damage—thirteen and two-pence—” “And, hearkye, there’s three-pence over for yourself.” The remaining penny he put into his coat-pocket: and and chinking it—“This,” says he, “will serve me to-morrow, to buy a paper of tobacco.”

The family now prepared themselves for going; and as there were some slight drops of rain, madam buttoned up the old gentleman’s coat, that he might not spoil his laced waistcoat; and made him flap his hat, over which she tied his pocket handkerchief, to save his wig: And as the coat itself (she said) had never been worn but three Sundays, she even parted with her own cardinal, and spread it the wrong side out over his shoulders. In these accoutrements, he sallied forth, accompanied by his wife, with her upper petticoat thrown over her head, and his daughters with the skirts of their gowns turned up, and their heads muffled up in coloured handkerchiefs. I followed them quite out of the Garden: and as they were waiting for their hack to draw up, the youngest miss asked, “When shall we come again, papa?” “Come again? (said he) What a pox, would you ruin me? Once in one’s life is enough; and I think I have done very handsome. Why, it would not have cost me above four-pence half-penny to have spent my evening at Sot’s Hole; and what with the cursed coach-hire, and all together, here’s almost a pound gone, and nothing to shew for it.”—“Fye, Mr. Rose, I am quite ashamed for you,” replies the old lady: “You are always grudging me and your girls the least bit of pleasure; and you cannot help grumbling, if we do but go to Little Hornsey to drink tea. I am sure, now they are women grown up, they ought to see a little of the world;—”

“and

“and they *shall*.” The old don was not willing to pursue the argument any further; and the coach coming up, he was glad to put an end to the dispute, by saying—
 “Come, come, let us make haste, wife; or we shall not get home time enough to have my best wig combed out again;—and to-morrow, you know is Sunday.”

W

GOOD-NATURE.

NUMB. 75. THURSDAY, *July 3, 1755.*

Non tu corpus eras sine pectore.---

HOR.

Without a mind a man 'is but an ape,
 A mere brute body in an human shape.

GOOD-NATURE is to the mind, what beauty is to the body; and an agreeable disposition creates a love and esteem for us in the rest of mankind, as an handsome person recommends us to the good graces of the fair sex. It may be further observed, that any little defect in point of figure is sooner overlooked, than a sourness in the temper: and we conceive a more lasting disgust at a morose churlishness of manners, than at an hump-back or a pair of bandy legs. Good-nature is, indeed, so amiable a qualification, that every man would be thought to possess it: and the ladies themselves would no more like to be accused of a perverse turn of mind, than of an unhappy cast of features. Hence it proceeds, that those unfortunate stale virgins, usually called Old Maids, have both these heavy censures thrown upon them; and are at once condemned as ugly and ill-natured.

Some persons are (according to the strict import of the phrase itself) born Good-natured. These fortunate people are easy in themselves, and agreeable to all about them. They are, as it were, constitutionally pleasing; and can no more fail of being affable and engaging in conversation, than an Hamilton or a Coventry can be otherwise

otherwise than beautiful and charming. Yet it is the duty even of those who are naturally endowed “with soft parts of conversation,” to be careful not to deprave or abuse them. They must not rely too confidently on their native sweetness of disposition: for we should no more esteem a man who discovered a negligence of pleasing, than we should admire a beauty, who was an intolerable flatterer. Nor, on the other hand, should they let their Good-nature run to an excess of compliment and extravagant civility: for an engaging temper has been as often spoiled by this troublesome politeness, as a fine shape has been squeezed into frightful distortions by tight stays, and a fine complexion entirely ruined by paint.

But if this care is requisite, even in those few who are blest with this native complacency and good humour, how necessary is it for the generality of mankind to labour at rectifying the irregularities in their temper? For this purpose, it would be fully sufficient, if they would employ half the art to cultivate their minds, that is daily used to set off their persons. To this important end, not only the female delicacies of paint and essence are called in as auxiliaries to the embroidered suits and French perukes, but this anxiety to supply any personal defect has set the invention of artificers to work with so much earnestness that there is scarce any external blemish, which may not be removed or concealed: and however unkindly nature may have dealt with you, you may by their assistance be made a model for a statuary; or a pattern for a painter to study.—If you want an inch in height, your shoe-maker can supply it; and your hosier can furnish you with a pair of calves, that may put an Irishman to the blush. An irregularity in your shape can be made invisible by your tailor, or at least by the artist near the Hay-market, who daily gives notice that he makes steel stays for all those who are *INCLINED to be crooked*. There are various beautifying lotions and cosmetics, that will cure spots and freckles

kles in the complexion, and combs and unguents, that will change red hair to the finest brown. Do you want an eye? Taylor will fill the vacant socket with as bright a piercer as the family of the Pentweazles can boast. Or is your mouth *deficient* for want of teeth? Paul Julion (to use his own phrase) will *rectify your head*, and will fix a set in your gums as even and as white as ever adorned the mouth of a chimney-sweeper. These and many other inventions, no less curious and extraordinary, have been devised; and there are no operations, however painful, which have not been submitted to with patience, to conquer personal deformities. I know a gentleman, who went through the agony of having his leg broken a second time, because it had been set awry; and I remember a lady, who died of a cancer in her breast, occasioned by the application of repelling plasters to keep back her milk, that the beauty of her neck might not be destroyed. I most heartily wish the same resolution was discovered in improving the disposition. Tully, in that part of his *Offices* where he speaks of Grace, tells us, "that it is destroyed by any violent *"perturbations either of the body or mind."* It is a pity, that mankind cannot be reconciled to this opinion; since it is likely, they would spare no pains in cultivating their minds, if it tended to adorn their persons. Yet it is certain, that a man makes a worse figure with an ignorant pate, than an unpowdered peruque: and that knowledge is a greater ornament to the head, than a bag or a smart cocked hat; that anger sets like a blood-shot in the eyes, while Good-nature lights them up with smiles, and makes every feature in the face charming and agreeable.

The difficulty of being convinced that we want this this social turn, is the grand reason, that so little pains are taken to acquire and perfect it. Would a man once be persuaded of any irregularity in his temper, he would find the blemishes of the mind more easily corrected and amended, than the defects and deformities of the body: but,

but, alas ! every man is, in his own opinion, sensible and good-humoured. It is, indeed, possible to convince us, that we have a bad complexion or an awkward deportment, which we endeavour to amend by washes and a dancing-master ; but when the mind is accused, self-adulation, the most fatal species of flattery, makes us cajole ourselves in a belief, that the fault is not in our own disposition, but in that of our companions ; as the mad inhabitants of Moorfields conclude all that come to visit them out of their senses. This foolish flattery it is, that makes us think ourselves inflexibly in the right, while we are obstinately wrong, and prevents our receiving or communicating any pleasure in society. A whimsical person complains of the fickleness of his acquaintance, and constantly accuses them of fancy and caprice ; and there never was an instance of a positive untoward man, that did not continually rail at the perverseness and obstinacy of the rest of the world. A modern Buck damns you for a sullen fellow, if you refuse a pint bumper, and looks upon you as a sneaking scoundrel, if you decline entering into any of his wild pranks, and do not chuse to lay out all night in the round-house. The untractable humourist, while he disgusts all that are about him, conceives himself to be the person affronted, and laments that there is no harmony in the conversation, though he is himself the only one that plays out of tune. It is true, indeed, that “ the eye sees not itself : ” but when this blind partiality is carried so far as to induce us to believe those guilty of the folly who make us sensible of it, it is surely as absurd as to imagine, that the hair-lip or carbuncled nose a man sees in the glass, belongs to the figure in the mirror, and not to his own face.

Perfection is no more to be expected in the minds of men than in their persons : natural defects and irregularities in both must be overlooked and excused. But then equal attention should be paid to both ; and we should not be anxious to cloath the person, and at the same time let the mind go naked. We should be equally

assiduous

assiduous to obtain knowledge and virtue, as to put on lace and velvet; and when our minds are completely dressed, we should take care that Good-nature and complacency influence and direct the whole: which will throw the same grace over our virtues and good qualities, as fine cloaths receive from being cut according to the fashion. In order to acquire these good qualities, we should examine ourselves impartially, and not erect ourselves into judges, and treat all the rest of mankind like criminals. Would it not be highly ridiculous in a person of quality to go to court in a ruff, a cloak, a pair of trunk hose, and the habit worn in the days of Queen Elizabeth, and while he strutted about in this antiquated garb, to accuse all the rest of the world of being out of the fashion?

I cannot conclude better than with a passage from *Swift's Tale of a Tub*, where the strict analogy between the cloathing of the mind and body is humourously pointed out. "Man (says he) is a *Micro-coat*. As to his body there can be no doubt; but examine even the acquirements of his mind, you will find them all contribute in their order towards furnishing out an exact dress. To instance no more; is not *Religion* a Cloak, *Honesty* a pair of Shoes worn out in the dirt, *Self-Love* a furtout, *Vanity* a Shirt, and *Conscience* a pair of Breeches, which, though a cover for lewdness as well as nastiness, is easily slipped down for the service of both?"

O

SOCIAL INTERCOURSE.

NUMB. 78. THURSDAY, July 24, 1755.

Ætatis cuiusque notandi sunt tibi mores.

HOR.

What foibles wait on life through ev'ry stage?
Our youth a wild fire, and a frost our age!

To Mr. TOWN.

SIR,

NOTHING is more necessary, in order to wear off any particularities in our behaviour, or to root out any perverseness in our opinions, than mixing with persons of ages and occupations different from our own. Who-soever confines himself entirely to the society of those who are engaged in the same pursuits, and whose thoughts naturally take the same turn with his own, acquires a certain stiffness and pedantry of behaviour, which is sure to make him disagreeable, except in one particular set of company. Instead of cramping the mind by keeping it within so narrow a circle, we should endeavour to enlarge it by every worthy notion and accomplishment; and temper each qualification with its opposite; as the four elements are compounded in our natural frame.

The necessity of this free conversation, to open and improve the mind, is evident from the consequences which always follow a neglect of it. The employment each man is engaged in, wholly engrosses his attention, and tinges the mind with a peculiar die, which shews itself in all the operations of it, unless prevented by natural good sense, or a liberal education. The physician, the lawyer, and the tradesman, will appear in company, though none of those occupations are the subject of discourse; and the clergyman will grow morose and severe,
who

who seldom or never converses with the laity. If no particular profession claims this influence over us, some darling passion or amusement gives a colour to our thoughts and actions, and makes us odious, or at least ridiculous. Fine ladies, for instance, by despising the conversation of sensible men, can talk of nothing but routs, balls, assemblies, birth-day suits, and intrigues; and fine gentlemen, for the same reason, of almost nothing at all. In like manner, the furious partizan, who has not been weaned from a mad attachment to particular principles, is weak enough to imagine every man of a different way of thinking a fool and a scoundrel; and the sectary or zealot devotes to eternal damnation all those who will not go to heaven in the same road with himself, under the guidance of Whitefield, Wesley, or Count Zinzendorff. To the same cause we owe the rough country squire, whose ideas are wholly bent on guns, dogs, horses and game; and who has every thing about him of a piece with his diversions. His hall must be adorned with stags' heads, instead of busts and statues; and in the room of family pictures, you will see prints of the most famous stallions and race-horses: all his doors open and shut with foxes' feet; and even the bottoms of his cloaths are impressed with the figures of dogs, foxes, stags, and horses. To this absurd practice of cultivating only one set of ideas, and shutting ourselves out from any intercourse with the rest of the world, is owing that narrowness of mind, which has infected the conversation of the polite world with insipidity, made roughness and brutality the characteristics of a mere country gentleman, and produced the most fatal consequences in politics and religion.

But if this commerce with the generality of mankind is so necessary to remove any impressions, which we may be liable to receive from any particular employment or darling amusement, what precautions ought to be used, in order to remedy the inconveniences naturally incident to the different ages of life! It is not certain, that a person

person will be engaged in any profession, or given up to any peculiar kind of pleasure; but the mind of every man is subject to the inclinations arising from the several stages of his existence, as well as his body to chronical distempers. This, indeed, Mr. Town, is the principal cause of my writing to you: for it has often given me great concern to see the present division between the young and old; to observe elderly men forming themselves into clubs and societies, that they may be more securely separated from youth; and to see young men running into dissipation and debauchery, rather than associate with age. If each party would labour to conform to the other, from such a coalition many advantages would accrue to both.—Our youth would be instructed by the experience of age, and lose much of that levity, which they retain too long; while at the same time the wrinkled brow of the aged would be smoothed by the sprightly cheerfulness of youth; by which they might supply the want of spirits, forget the loss of old friends, and bear with ease all their worldly misfortunes. It is remarkable, that those young men are the most worthy and sensible, who have kept up any intercourse with the old; and that those old men are of the most cheerful and amiable disposition, who have not been ashamed to converse with the young.

I will not pretend to decide which party is most blameable in neglecting this necessary commerce with each other; which, if properly managed, would be at once so beneficial and delightful: but it undoubtedly arises from a certain selfishness and obstinacy in both, which will not suffer them to make a mutual allowance for the natural difference of their dispositions. Their inclinations are, indeed, as different as their years; yet each expects the other to comply, though neither will make any advances.—How rarely do we see the least degree of society preserved between a father and a son! a shocking reflection, when we consider that nature has endeavoured to unite them by parental affection on one side, and filial

filial gratitude on the other. Yet a father and son as seldom live together with any tolerable harmony, as an husband and wife; and chiefly for the same reason: for though they are both joined under the same yoke, yet they are each tugging different ways. A father might as well expect his son to be as gouty and infirm as himself, as to have the disposition which he has contracted from age; and a son might as reasonably desire the vigour and vivacity of five and twenty, as his own love of gaiety and diversions, in his father. It is therefore evident, that a mutual endeavour to conform to each other, is absolutely requisite to keep together the cement of natural affection, which an untractable stubbornness so frequently dissolves; or at least, if it does not disturb the affection, it constantly destroys the society between father and son.

This unhappy and unnatural division is often the subject of complaint in persons of both ages: but is still unremedied, because neither reflect on the cause whence it proceeds. Old men are perpetually commenting on the extreme levity of the times, and blaming the young, because they do not admire and court their company: which, indeed, is no wonder, since they generally treat their youthful companions as mere children, and expect such a slavish deference to their years, as destroys that equality by which cheerfulness and society subsists. Young men do not like to be chid by a proverb, or reprov'd by a wrinkle: but though they do not chuse to be corrected by their grave seniors like school-boys, they would be proud to consult them as friends: which the injudicious severity of old age seldom will permit, not deigning to indulge them with so great a degree of freedom and familiarity. Youth, on the other hand, shun the company of age, complaining of the small regard and respect paid to them, though they often act with so little reserve and such unbecoming confidence, as not to deserve it. Suppose the old were pleased with the natural flow of spirits
and

and lively conversation of youth, still some respect may be challenged as due to them; nor should the decency and sobriety of their characters ever be insulted by any improper or immodest conversation.

I am an old man myself, Mr. Town, and I have an only boy, whose behaviour to me is unexceptionable: permit me, therefore, to dwell a moment longer on my favourite subject, and I will conclude. With what harmony might all parents and children live together, if the father would strive to soften the rigour of age, and remember that his son must naturally possess those qualities, which ever accompany youth; and if the son would, in return, endeavour to suit himself to those infirmities, which his father received from old age! If they would reciprocally study to be agreeable to each other, the father would insensibly substitute affection in the room of authority, and lose the churlish severity and peevishness incident to his years: while the son would curb the unbecoming impetuosity of his youth, change his reluctance to obey into a constant attention to please, and remit much of his extreme gaiety in conformity to the gravity of his father. Wherever such a turn of mind is encouraged, there must be happiness and agreeable society: and the contrary qualities of youth and age, thus blended, compose the surest cement of affection; as colours of the most opposite tints, by a skilful mixture, each giving and receiving certain shades, will form a picture, the most heightened and exquisite in its colouring.

I am, sir,

Your most humble servant,

JOHN BEVIL.

NEW YEAR.

NUMB. 101. THURSDAY, *January 1, 1756.*

Janique bisfrontis imago.

VIRG.

In two-fac'd JANUS we this moral find;
While we look forward we should look behind.

AS the appointed time of our publication now happens to fall on New-years-day, I cannot open the business of the year with a better grace, than by taking the present hour for the subject of this paper: a subject, which pleases me the more, as it also gives me an opportunity of paying my readers the compliments of the season, and most sincerely wishing them all a *happy new year, and a great many of them.* But, in order to make these civilities of more consequence than a bare compliment, I will also endeavour to give them a little wholesome advice; by which they may be most likely to ensure to themselves that happiness, and to go through the ensuing year with ease and tranquillity.

No God in the heathen Pantheon was expressed by more proper emblems, or more significantly represented, than Janus; whom we may fairly style in our language the God of the New Year. The medals, on which the image of this Deity was engraved, bore two faces, not ogling each other, like those on the shillings of Philip and Mary, nor cheek by jowl like the double visage on the coin of William and Mary, but turned from each other; one looking forwards, as it were, into futurity, and the other taking a retrospective view of what was past. There cannot be devised a stronger, or more sensible lesson of moral instruction, than this figure teaches us. This double view comprehends in itself the sum of human prudence;

dence ; for the most perfect reason can go no higher than wisely to guess at the future, by reflecting on the past ; and morality is never so likely to persevere in a steady and uniform course, as when it sets out with a fixed determination of mutually regulating the New Year by a recollection of the Old, and at the same time making the succeeding a comment on the last.

Most of the faults in the general conduct of mankind, and their frequent miscarriages in their most favourite enterprizes, will be found, upon examination, to result from an imperfect and partial view of what relates to their duty or undertakings. Some regulate their actions by blind guess, and rashly presuming on the future, without the least attention to the past. With these the impetuosity of the passions gives their reason no scope to exert itself, but, neglecting the premises, they jump to a conclusion. Others, who are often taken for men of deep reflection and marvellous understanding, meditate so profoundly on the past, that they scarce take any notice either of the present or the future. To these two characters, whose misconduct arises from two such contrary sources, may indeed be added a third, whose wild irregular behaviour is founded on no fixed principles, but proceeds from a total absence of thought and reflection. These easy creatures act entirely at random, neither troubling themselves with what has been, what is, or what will be ; and, as the image of Janus seems to bear two heads, these thoughtless vacant animals may almost be said to have no head at all.

But that the necessity of taking this comprehensive view of our affairs may appear in the stronger light, let us consider the many difficulties, in which men of any of the above characters are involved, from a total neglect or partial survey of matters that should influence their conduct. The first sort of men, who nourish great expectations from the future, and suffer hope to lay their prudence to sleep, are very common : indeed,

almost

almost every man, like the dairy-maid with her pail of milk, pleases himself with calculating the advantages he shall reap from his undertakings. There is scarce a servitor at either university, who, when he takes orders, does not think it more than possible he may one day be a bishop, or at least head of a college, though perhaps at first he is glad to snap at a curacy. Every walking attendant on our hospitals flatters himself that a few years will settle him in high practice and a chariot: and among those few gentlemen of the inns of the court, who really deserve the name of students, there is hardly one who sits down to Lord Coke without imagining that he may himself, some time or other, be Lord Chancellor. At this early period of life, these vain hopes may perhaps serve as spurs to diligence and virtue; but what shall we say to those people, who, in spite of experience and repeated disappointment, still place their chief dependance on groundless expectations from their future fortune? This town swarms with people who rely almost solely on contingencies: and our gaols are often filled with wretches, who brought on their own poverty and misfortunes, by promising themselves great profit from some darling scheme, which has at last been attended with bankruptcy. The present extravagance of many of our spend-thrifts is built on some ideal riches, of which they are soon to be in possession: and which they are laying out as freely as the girl in the farce squanders the ten thousand pounds she was to get in the lottery. I am myself acquainted with a young fellow, who had great expectations from an old uncle. He had ten thousand pounds of his own in ready money; and as the old gentleman was of an infirm constitution, and turned of sixty, the nephew very considerably computed, that his uncle could hardly last above five years, during which time he might go on very genteelly at the rate of 2000*l.* per annum. However, the old gentleman held together above seven years, the two last of which our young spark had no consolation, but the daily hopes of his uncle's

death:

death. The happy hour at length arrived ; the will was tore open with rapture ; when, alas ! the fond youth discovered, that he had never once reflected, that though he had a ticket in the wheel, it might possibly come up a blank, and had the mortification to find himself disinherited.

I shall not dwell so particularly on the ridiculous folly of those profound speculatists, who fix their attention entirely on what is past, without making their reflections of service either for the present or the future, because it is not a very common or tempting species of absurdity : but shall rather advise the reader to consider the time past, as the school of experience, from which he may draw the most useful lessons for his future conduct. This kind retrospect would teach us to provide with foresight against the calamities to which our inexperience has hitherto exposed us, though at the same time it would not throw us so far back, as to keep us lagging, like the old style, behind the rest of the world. To say the truth, those sage persons who are given to such deep reflection, as to let to-day and to-morrow pass unregarded by meditating on yesterday, are as ridiculous in their conduct, as country beaux in their dress, who adopt the two modes, just after they are become unfashionable in London.

But there is no task so difficult, as to infuse ideas into a brain hitherto entirely unaccustomed to thinking : for how can we warn a man to avoid the misfortunes which may hereafter befall him, or to improve by the calamities he has already suffered, whose actions are not the result of thought, or guided by experience ? These persons are, indeed, of all others, the most to be pitied. They are prodigal and abandoned in their conduct, and by vicious excesses ruin their constitution, till at length poverty and death stare them in the face at the same time ; or if, unfortunately, their crazy frame holds together after the utter destruction of their fortune, they finish a thoughtless life by an act of desperation, and a pistol puts an end to their miseries.

Since then good fortune cannot be expected to fall into our laps, and it requires some thought to ensure to ourselves a likelihood of success in our undertakings, let us look back with attention on the Old Year, and gather instructions from it in what manner to conduct ourselves through the New. Let us also endeavour to draw from it a lesson of morality: and I hope it will not be thought too solemn a conclusion of this paper, if I advise my readers to carry this reflection even into religion. This train of thought, that teaches us at once to reflect on the past, and look forward to the future, will also naturally lead us to look up with awe and admiration towards that Being, who has existed from all eternity, and shall exist world without end. No consideration can give us a more exalted idea of the Power, who first created us, and whose providence is always over us. Let us then consider with attention this Pagan image, by which we may add force to our morality, and prudence to our ordinary conduct; nor let us blush to receive a lesson from Heathens, which may animate our zeal and reverence for the Author of Christianity.

T A S T E.

NUMB. 120. THURSDAY, *May 13, 1756.*

Judicium subtile videndis artibus.---

HOR.

A subtle fancy and a judgment chaste,
Form the nice mixture of a genuine taste.

TASTE is at present the darling idol of the polite world, and the world of letters; and, indeed, seems to be considered as the quintessence of almost all the arts and sciences. The fine ladies and gentlemen dress with Taste; the architects, whether Gothic or Chinese, build with Taste; the painters paint with Taste; the poets write with Taste; critics read

with Taste; and, in short, fiddlers, players, singers, dancers, and mechanics themselves, are all the sons and daughters of Taste. Yet in this amazing superabundancy of Taste, few can say what it really is, or what the word itself signifies. Should I attempt to define it in the style of a *Connoisseur*, I must run over the names of all the famous poets, painters, and sculptors, ancient and modern; and after having pompously harangued on the excellencies of Apelles, Phidias, Praxiteles, Angelo, Rubens, Poussin, and Dominichino, with a word or two on all tasteful compositions, such as those of Homer, Virgil, Tasso, Dante, and Ariosto, I should leave the reader in wonder of my profound erudition, and as little informed as before. But as deep learning, though more flaming and pompous, is perhaps not always so useful as common sense, I shall endeavour to get at the true meaning of the word Taste, by considering what it usually imports in familiar writings and ordinary conversation.

It is supposed by Locke, and other close reasoners, that words are intended as signs of our ideas: but daily experience will convince us, that words are often used to express no ideas at all. Thus many persons, who talk perpetually of Taste, throw it out as a mere expletive, without any meaning annexed to it. Bardolph, when demanded the meaning of the word *accommodated*, wisely explains it by saying that "*accommodated*, sir, is —a—a—a—*accommodated*, sir, is as if one should say —a—*accommodated*:" and if, in like manner, you ask one of these people, *What is Taste?* they will tell you that "Taste is a kind of a sort of a—a—a; in short, Taste is Taste." These talkers must be considered as absolute blanks in conversation, since it is impossible to learn the explanation of a term from them, as they affix no determinate meaning to any expression.

Among men of sense, whose words carry meaning in their sound, Taste is commonly used in one of these

two significations. First, when they give any person the appellation of a Man of Taste, they would intimate that he has a turn for the polite arts, as well as the lesser elegancies of life; and that from his natural bent to those studies, and his acquired knowledge in them, he is capable of distinguishing what is good or bad in any thing of that kind submitted to his judgment. The meaning at other times implied by a Man of Taste is, that he is not only so far an adept in those matters, as to be able to judge of them accurately, but is also possessed of the faculty of executing them gracefully. These two significations will perhaps be more easily conceived, and clearly illustrated, when applied to our Sensual Taste. The Man of Taste, according to the first, may be considered as a *Bon Vivant*, who is fond of the dishes before him, and distinguishes nicely what is savoury and delicious, or flat and insipid, in the ingredients of each: according to the second, he may be regarded as the Cook, who from knowing what things will mix well together, and distinguishing by a nice Taste when he has arrived at that happy mixture, is able to compose such exquisite dishes.

Both these significations of the word will be found agreeable to the following definition of it, which I have somewhere seen, and is the only just description of the term that I ever remember to have met with: "Taste consists in nice harmony between the Fancy and the Judgment." The most chastised Judgment, without Genius, can never constitute a Man of Taste; and the most luxuriant Imagination, unregulated by Judgment, will only carry us into wild and extravagant deviations from it. To mix oil, vinegar, butter, milk, eggs, &c. incoherently together, would make an Olio not to be relished by any palate; and the man who has no goût for delicacies himself, will never compose a good dish, though he should ever so strictly adhere to the rules of La Chapelle, Hannah

Q 4.

Glasse,

Glasse, and Martha Bradley. I confine myself at present chiefly to that signification of the word, which implies the capacity of exerting our own faculties in the several branches of Taste, because *that* always includes the other.

Having thus settled what Taste is, it may not be unentertaining to examine modern Taste by these rules: and perhaps it will appear, that, on the one hand, its most pleasing flights and ravishing elegancies are extravagant and absurd; and that, on the other hand, those who affect a correct Taste in all their undertakings, proceed mechanically, without genius. The first species of Taste, which gives a loose to the imagination, indulges itself in caprice, and is perpetually striking new strokes, is the chief regulator of the fashion. In dress, it has put hunting poles into the hands of our gentlemen, and erected coaches and windmills on the heads of our ladies. In equipage, it has built chariots of *papier maché*, and, by putting spotted Danish horses into the harness, has made our beaux look like Bacchus in his car drawn by leopards. The ornaments, both on the outside and inside of our houses, are all Gothic or Chinese: and whoever makes a pagod of his parlour, throws a plank or two with an irregular cross-barred paling over a dirty ditch, or places battlements on a root-house or a stable, fits up his house and garden entirely in Taste.

The second sort of Men of Taste are to be found chiefly among the *Literati*; and are those, who, despising the modern whims to which fashion has given the name of Taste, pretend to follow, with the most scrupulous exactness, the chaste models of the ancients. These are the Poets, who favour us with correct, epithetical, and *tasteful* compositions; whose works are without blemish, and conformable to the precise rules of Quintilian, Horace, and Aristotle: and as they are intended merely for the perusal of persons of the most refined Taste, it is no wonder that they are above the
level

level of common understandings. These too are the critics, who, in their comments upon authors, embarrass us with repeated allusions to the study of *Virtù*: and these too are the *Connoisseurs* in Architecture, who build ruins after Vitruvius, and necessities according to Palladio.—One gentleman of this cast has built his villa upon a bleak hill, with four spacious porticos, open on each side to court the four winds; because, in the sultry regions of Italy, this model has been thought most convenient: and another has, in great measure, shut out the light from his apartments, and cut off all prospect from his windows, 'by erecting a high wall before his house, which in Italy has been judged necessary to screen them from the sun.

Architecture seems indeed to be the main article in which the efforts of Taste are now displayed.—Among those who are fond of exerting their fancies in capricious innovations, I might instance the many pretty whims, of which an infinite variety may be seen within ten miles of London. But as a proof of the noble and judicious Taste among us, I shall beg leave to describe, in the style of a *Connoisseur*, a most amazing curiosity, erected in a very polite quarter of this town.

In the midst of a noble and spacious area stands a grand Obelisk. The Base forms a perfect square with right angles; the Body of it is cylindrical; but the Capital is an Heptagon, and has several curious lines and figures described on each of its seven planes or superficies, which serve to terminate as many most magnificent and striking Views. This superb Column, no less remarkable than the famous Pillar of Trajan, seems (from the several Gnomons and other Hieroglyphics stuck about it) to have been originally dedicated to the sun; but is now known among the vulgar, by the more common name of *The Seven Dials*.

B E A U T I E S

O F T H E

I D L E R.

FRIENDSHIP.

NUMB. 23. SATURDAY, *September 23, 1758.*

LIFE has no pleasure higher or nobler than that of Friendship. It is painful to consider, that this sublime enjoyment may be impaired or destroyed by innumerable causes, and that there is no human possession of which the duration is less certain.

Many have talked, in very exalted language, of the perpetuity of Friendship, of invincible Constancy, and unalienable Kindness; and some examples have been seen of men who have continued faithful to their earliest choice, and whose affection has predominated over changes of fortune, and contrariety of opinion.

But these instances are memorable, because they are rare. The Friendship which is to be practised or expected by common mortals, must take its rise from mutual pleasure, and must end when the power ceases of delighting each other.

Many accidents, therefore, may happen, by which the ardour of kindness will be abated, without criminal baseness or contemptible inconstancy on either part.

To

To give pleasure is not always in our power ; and little does he know himself, who believes that he can be always able to receive it.

Those who would gladly pass their days together, may be separated by the different course of their affairs ; and Friendship, like Love, is destroyed by long absence, though it may be encreased by short intermissions. What we have missed long enough to want it, we value more when it is regained ; but that which has been lost till it is forgotten, will be found at last with little gladness, and with still less if a substitute has supplied the place. . A man deprived of the companion to whom he used to open his bosom, and with whom he shared the hours of leisure and merriment, feels the day at first hanging heavy on him : his difficulties oppress, and his doubts distract him ; he sees time come and go without his wonted gratification, and all is sadness within, and solitude about him. . But this uneasiness never lasts long ; necessity produces expedients, new amusements are discovered, and new conversation is admitted.

No expectation is more frequently disappointed, than that which naturally arises in the mind, from the prospect of meeting an old Friend after long separation. We expect the attraction to be revived, and the coalition to be renewed ; no man considers how much alteration time has made in himself, and very few enquire what effect it has had upon others. . The first hour convinces them, that the pleasure, which they have formerly enjoyed, is for ever at an end ; different scenes have made different impressions ; the opinions of both are changed ; and that similitude of manners and sentiment is lost, which confirmed them both in the approbation of themselves.

Friendship is often destroyed by opposition of interest, not only by the ponderous and visible interest which the desire of wealth and greatness forms and maintains, but by a thousand secret and slight competitions, scarcely known to the mind, upon which they operate. There

is scarcely any man without some favourite trifle which he values above greater attainments, some desire of petty praise which he cannot patiently suffer to be frustrated. This minute ambition is sometimes crossed before it is known, and sometimes defeated by wanton petulance; but such attacks are seldom made without the loss of Friendship; for whoever has once found the vulnerable part will always be feared, and the resentment will burn on in secret, of which shame hinders the discovery.

This, however, is a slow malignity, which a wise man will obviate as inconsistent with quiet, and a good man will repress as contrary to virtue; but human happiness is sometimes violated by some more sudden strokes.

A dispute begun in jest, upon a subject which a moment before was on both parts regarded with careless indifference, is continued by the desire of conquest, till vanity kindles into rage, and opposition rankles into enmity. Against this hasty mischief, I know not what security can be obtained: men will be sometimes surprized into quarrels; and though they might both hasten to reconciliation, as soon as their tumult had subsided, yet two minds will seldom be found together, which can at once subdue their discontent, or immediately enjoy the sweets of peace, without remembering the wounds of the conflict.

Friendship has other enemies. Suspicion is always hardening the cautious, and Disgust repelling the delicate. Very slender differences will sometimes part those whom long reciprocation of civility or beneficence has united. Lonelove and Ranger retired into the country to enjoy the company of each other, and returned in six weeks, cold and petulant; Ranger's pleasure was to walk in the fields, and Lonelove's to sit in a bower; each had complied with the other in his turn, and each was angry that compliance had been exacted.

The most fatal disease of Friendship is gradual decay, or dislike hourly encreased by causes too slender for complaint, and too numerous for removal. Those who are
angry

angry may be reconciled ; those who have been injured, may receive a recompence ; but when the desire of pleasing and willingness to be pleased is silently diminished, the renovation of Friendship is hopeless ; as, when the vital powers sink into languor, there is no longer any use of the Physician.

D E A T H.

NUMB. 41. SATURDAY, *January 27, 1759.*

THE following Letter relates to an affliction perhaps not necessary to be imparted to the Public ; but I could not persuade myself to suppress it, because I think I know the sentiments to be sincere, and I feel no disposition to provide for this day any other entertainment.

*At tu quisquis ceis, miseri qui cruda pœtæ
Credideris fletu funera digna tuo,
Hæc postrema tibi sit flendi causa, fletusque
Lenis inoffenso vitæque morsque gradu.*

Mr. IDLER,

NOTWITHSTANDING the warnings of Philosophers, and the daily examples of losses and misfortunes which life forces upon our observation, such is the absorption of our thoughts in the business of the present day, such the resignation of our reason to empty hopes of future felicity, or such our unwillingness to foresee what we dread, that every calamity comes suddenly upon us, and not only presses us as a burthen, but crushes as a blow.

There are evils which happen out of the common course of nature, against which it is no reproach not to be provided. A flash of lightning intercepts the traveller in his way. The concussion of an earthquake heaps the ruins of cities upon their inhabitants. But other miseries time brings, though silently yet visibly, forward
by

by its even lapse, which yet approach us unseen because we turn our eyes away, and seize us unresisted because we could not arm ourselves against them, but by setting them before us.

That it is vain to shrink from what cannot be avoided, and to hide that from ourselves which must some time be found, is a truth which we all know, but which all neglect, and perhaps none more than the speculative reasoner, whose thoughts are always from home, whose eye wanders over life, whose fancy dances after meteors of happiness kindled by itself, and who examines every thing rather than his own state.

Nothing is more evident than that the decays of age must terminate in death; yet there is no man, says Tully, who does not believe that he may yet live another year; and there is none who does not, upon the same principle, hope another year for his parent or his friend: but the fallacy will be in time detected; the last year, the last day must come. It has come, and is past. The life which made my own life pleasant is at an end, and the gates of death are shut upon my prospects.

The loss of a friend upon whom the heart was fixed, to whom every wish and endeavour tended, is a state of dreary desolation, in which the mind looks abroad impatient of itself, and finds nothing but emptiness and horror. The blameless life, the artless tenderness, the pious simplicity, the modest resignation, the patient sickness, and the quiet death, are remembered only to add value to the loss, to aggravate regret for what cannot be amended, to deepen sorrow for what cannot be recalled.

These are the calamities, by which Providence gradually disengages us from the love of life. Other evils fortitude may repel, or hope may mitigate; but irreparable privation leaves nothing to exercise resolution or flatter expectation. The dead cannot return, and nothing is left us here but languishment and grief.

Yet such is the course of nature, that whoever lives long must outlive those whom he loves and honours.

Such

Such is the condition of our present existence, that life must one time lose its associations, and every inhabitant of the earth must walk downward to the grave, alone and unregarded, without any partner of his joy or grief, without any interested witness of his misfortunes or success.

Misfortune, indeed, he may yet feel; for where is the bottom of the misery of man? But what is success to him that has none to enjoy it? Happiness is not found in self-contemplation; it is perceived only when it is reflected from another.

We know little of the state of departed souls, because such knowledge is not necessary to a good life. Reason deserts us at the brink of the grave, and can give no further intelligence. Revelation is not wholly silent. *There is joy in the Angels of Heaven over one Sinner that repenteth*; and surely this joy is not incommunicable to souls disentangled from the body, and made like Angels.

Let Hope therefore dictate, what Revelation does not confute, that the union of souls may still remain; and that we who are struggling with sin, sorrow, and infirmities, may have our part in the attention and kindness of those who have finished their course, and are now receiving their reward.

These are the great occasions which force the mind to take refuge in Religion: when we have no help in ourselves, what can remain but that we look up to a higher and a greater Power? and to what hope may we not raise our eyes and hearts, when we consider that the Greatest POWER is the BEST?

Surely there is no man who, thus afflicted, does not seek succour in the *Gospel*, which has brought *Life and Immortality to light*. The precepts of *Epicurus*, who teaches us to endure what the Laws of the Universe make necessary, may silence, but not content us. The dictates of *Zeno*, who commands us to look with indifference on external things, may dispose us to conceal our sorrow, but cannot assuage it. Real alleviation of the
loss

loss of friends, and rational tranquillity in the prospect of our own dissolution, can be received only from the promises of him in whose hands are life and death, and from the assurance of another and better state, in which all tears will be wiped from the eyes, and the whole soul shall be filled with joy. Philosophy may infuse stubbornness, but Religion only can give Patience.

I am, &c.

FLIGHT OF TIME.

NUMB. 43. SATURDAY, *February 10, 1759.*

THE natural advantages which arise from the position of the Earth which we inhabit, with respect to the other planets, afford much employment to mathematical speculation, by which it has been discovered, that no other confirmation of the system could have given such commodious distributions of light and heat, or imparted fertility and pleasure to so great a part of a revolving sphere.

It may be perhaps observed by the moralist, with equal reason, that our globe seems particularly fitted for the residence of a Being, placed here only for a short time, whose task is to advance himself to a higher and happier state of existence, by unremitted vigilance of caution and activity of virtue.

The duties required of man are such as human nature does not willingly perform, and such as those are inclined to delay who yet intend some time to fulfil them. It was therefore necessary that this universal reluctance should be counteracted, and the drowsiness of hesitation wakened into resolve; that the danger of procrastination should be always in view, and the fallacies of security be hourly detected.

To

To this end all the appearances of nature uniformly conspire. Whatever we see on every side, reminds us of the lapse of Time and the flux of Life. The day and night succeed each other, the rotation of seasons diversifies the year, the sun rises, attains the meridian, declines, and sets; and the moon every night changes its form.

The Day has been considered as an image of the Year, and the Year as the representation of Life. The Morning answers to the Spring, and the Spring to Childhood and Youth: the Noon corresponds to the Summer, and the Summer to the Strength of Manhood. The Evening is an emblem of Autumn, and Autumn of declining Life. The Night with its Silence and Darkness shews the Winter, in which all the powers of Vegetation are benumbed; and the winter points out the time when Life shall cease, with its hopes and pleasures.

He that is carried forward, however swiftly, by a motion equable and easy, perceives not the change of place but by the variations of objects. If the wheel of life, which rolls thus silently along, passed on through undistinguishable uniformity, we should never mark its approaches to the end of the course. If one hour were like another; if the passage of the Sun did not shew that the day is wasting; if the change of seasons did not impress upon us the flight of the year; quantities of duration equal to days and years would glide unobserved. If the parts of time were not variously coloured, we should never discern their departure or succession, but should live thoughtless of the past, and careless of the future, without will, and perhaps without power to compute the periods of life, or to compare the time which is already lost with that which may probably remain.

But the course of time is so visibly marked, that it is observed even by the birds of passage, and by nations who have raised their minds very little above animal instinct: there are human beings, whose language does not supply them with words by which they can number
five,

five, but I have read of none that have not names for Day and Night, for Summer and Winter.

Yet it is certain, that these admonitions of nature, however forcible, however importunate, are too often vain; and that many who mark with such accuracy the course of time, appear to have better sensibility of the decline of life. Every man has something to do which he neglects; every man has faults to conquer which he delays to combat.

So little do we accustom ourselves to consider the effects of time, that things necessary and certain often surprize us like unexpected contingencies. We leave the beauty in her bloom, and after an absence of twenty years, wonder, at our return, to find her faded. We meet those whom we left Children, and can scarcely persuade ourselves to treat them as men. The Traveller visits in age those countries through which he rambled in his youth, and hopes for merriment at the old place. The Man of Business, wearied with unsatisfactory prosperity, retires to the town of his nativity, and expects to play away the last years with the companions of his childhood, and recover youth in the fields where he once was young.

From this inattention, so general and so mischievous, let it be every man's study to exempt himself. Let him that desires to see others happy, make haste to give while his gift can be enjoyed, and remember that every moment of delay takes away something from the value of his benefaction. And let him who proposes his own happiness, reflect, that while he forms his purpose the day rolls on, and *the night cometh when no man can work.*

SELF DENIAL.

NUMB. 52. SATURDAY, *April* 14, 1759.

Responfare cupidinibus.

HOR.

THE practice of self-denial, or the forbearance of lawful pleasure, has been considered by almost every nation, from the remotest ages, as the highest exaltation.

tion of human virtue : and all have agreed to pay respect and veneration to those who abstained from the delights of life, even when they did not censure those who enjoyed them.

The general voice of mankind, civil and barbarous, confesses that the mind and body are at variance, and that neither can be made happy by its proper gratifications, but at the expence of the other ; that a pampered body will darken the mind, and an enlightened mind will macerate the body. And none have failed to confer their esteem on those who prefer intellect to sense, who controul their lower by their higher faculties, and forget the wants and desires of animal life for rational disquisitions or pious contemplations.

The earth has scarce a country so far advanced towards political regularity as to divide the inhabitants into classes, where some orders of men or women are not distinguished by voluntary severities, or where the reputation of their sanctity is not increased in proportion to the rigour of their rules, and the exactness of their performance.

When an opinion to which there is no temptation of interest spreads wide, and continues long, it may be reasonably presumed to have been infused by Nature or dictated by Reason. It has been often observed that the fictions of imposture, and illusions of fancy, soon give way to time and experience ; and that nothing keeps its ground but truth, which gains every day new influence by new confirmation.

But truth, when it is reduced to practice, easily becomes subject to caprice and imagination, and many particular acts will be wrong, though their general principle be right. It cannot be denied that a just conviction of the restraint necessary to be laid upon the appetites has produced extravagant and unnatural modes of mortification, and institutions which, however favourably considered, will be found to violate Nature without promoting Piety.

But

But the doctrine of self-denial is not weakened in itself by the errors of those who misinterpret or misapply it, the encroachment of the appetites upon the understanding is hourly perceived and the state of those whom sensuality has enslaved, is known to be in the highest degree despicable and wretched.

The dread of such shameful captivity may justly raise alarms, and wisdom will endeavour to keep danger at a distance. By timely caution and suspicious vigilance, those desires may be repressed, to which indulgence would soon give absolute dominion; those enemies may be overcome, which, when they have been a while accustomed to victory, can no longer be resisted.

Nothing is more fatal to happiness or virtue, than that confidence which flatters us with an opinion of our own strength, and by assuring us of the power of retreat, precipitates us into hazard. Some may safely venture further than others into the regions of delight, lay themselves more open to the golden shafts of pleasure, and advance nearer to the residence of the Syrens; but he that is best armed with constancy and reason is yet vulnerable in one part or other, and to every man there is a point fixed, beyond which, if he passes, he will not easily return. It is certainly most wise, as it is most safe, to stop before he touches the utmost limit, since every step of advance will more and more entice him to go forward, till he shall at last enter the recesses of voluptuousness, and sloth and despondency close the passage behind him.

To deny early and inflexibly, is the only art of checking the importunity of desire, and of preserving quiet and innocence. Innocent gratifications must be sometimes withheld; he that complies with all lawful desires will certainly lose his empire over himself, and in time either submit his reason to his wishes, and think all his desires lawful, or dismiss his reason as troublesome and intrusive, and resolve to snatch what he may happen to wish, without enquiry about right and wrong.

No man whose appetites are his masters, can perform the duties of his nature with strictness and regularity; he that would be superior to external influences, must first become superior to his own passions.

When the Roman General sitting at supper with a plate of turnips before him, was solicited by large presents to betray his trust, he asked the messengers whether he that could sup on turnips was a man likely to sell his country? Upon him who has reduced his senses to obedience, temptation has lost its power, he is able to attend impartially to virtue, and execute her commands without hesitation.

To set the mind above the appetites is the end of abstinence, which one of the Fathers observes to be not a virtue, but the ground work of virtue. By forbearing to do what may innocently be done, we may add hourly new vigour or resolution, and secure the power of resistance when pleasure or interest shall send their charms to guilt.

EXPECTATION OF PLEASURE.

NUMB. 58. SATURDAY, *May 26, 1759.*

PLEASURE is very seldom found where it is sought. Our brightest blazes of gladness are commonly kindled by unexpected sparks. The flowers which scatter their odours from time to time in the paths of life, grow up without culture from seeds scattered by chance.

Nothing is more hopeless than a scheme of merriment. Wits and humourists are brought together from distant quarters by preconcerted invitations; they come attended by their admirers, prepared to laugh and applaud. They gaze a-while on each other, ashamed to be silent, and afraid to speak: every man is discontented with himself, grows angry with those that give him pain, and resolves that he will contribute nothing

thing to the merriment of such worthless company. Wine inflames the general malignity, and changes fullness to petulance, till at last none can bear any longer the presence of the rest. They retire to vent their indignation in safer places, where they are heard with attention; their importance is restored, they recover their good humour, and gladden the night with wit and jocularities.

Merriment is always the effect of a sudden impression. The jest which is expected, is already destroyed. The most active imagination will be sometimes torpid under the frigid influence of melancholy, and sometimes occasions will be wanting to tempt the mind, however volatile, to sallies and excursions. Nothing was ever said with uncommon felicity, but by the co-operation of chance; and, therefore, wit as well as valour must be content to share its honours with fortune.

All other pleasures are equally uncertain; the general remedy of uneasiness is change of place; almost every one has some journey of Pleasure in his mind, with which he flatters his expectation. He that travels in theory has no inconvenience; he has shade and sunshine at his disposal, and wherever he alights, finds tables of plenty and looks of gaiety.—These ideas are indulged till the day of departure arrives, the chaise is called, and the progress of happiness begins.

A few miles teach him the fallacies of imagination. The road is dusty, the air is sultry, the horses are sluggish, and the postillion brutal. He longs for the time of dinner, that he may eat and rest. The Inn is crowded, his orders are neglected, and nothing remains but that he devour in haste what the cook has spoiled, and drive on in quest of better entertainment. He finds at night a more commodious house, but the best is always worse than he expected.

He at last enters his native province, and resolves to feast his mind with the conversation of his old friends, and the recollection of juvenile frolics. He stops at the
house

house of his friend, whom he designs to overpower with pleasure by the unexpected interview. He is not known till he tells his name, and revives the memory of himself by gradual explanation. He is then coldly received, and ceremoniously feasted. He hastes away to another, whom his affairs have called to a distant place, and having seen the empty house, goes away disgusted, by a disappointment which could not be intended, because it could not be foreseen. At the next house, he finds every face clouded with misfortune, and is regarded with malevolence as an unreasonable intruder, who comes not to visit but to insult them.

It is seldom that we find either men or places such as we expect them. He that has pictured a prospect upon his fancy, will receive little pleasure from his eyes; he that has anticipated the conversation of a wit, will wonder to what prejudice he owes his reputation. Yet it is necessary to hope, though hope should always be deluded; for hope itself is happiness: and its frustrations, however frequent, are yet less dreadful than its extinction.

PHYSICAL EVIL MORAL GOOD.

NUMB. 89. SATURDAY, *December 29, 1759.*

Ἀίχμη καὶ ἀπείχμη.

EPICT.

HOW Evil came into the world; for what reason it is that life is overspread with such boundless varieties of misery; why the only thinking being of this globe is doomed to think merely to be wretched, and to pass his time from youth to age in fearing or in suffering calamities, is a question which Philosophers have long asked, and which Philosophy could never answer.

Religion informs us, that Misery and Sin were produced together. The depravation of human will was followed
by

by a disorder of the harmony of Nature ; and by that Providence which often places antidotes in the neighbourhood of poisons, vice was checked by misery, lest it should swell to universal and unlimited dominion.

A state of Innocence and Happiness is so remote from all that we have ever seen, that though we can easily conceive it possible, and may therefore hope to attain it, yet our speculations upon it must be general and confused. We can discover that where there is universal Innocence, there will probably be universal Happiness ; for why should Afflictions be permitted to infest beings who are not in danger of corruption from Blessings, and where there is no use of Terror nor cause of Punishment ? But in a world like our's, where our Senses assault us, and our Hearts betray us, we should pass on from crime to crime, heedless and remorseless, if Misery did not stand in our way, and our own Pains admonish us of our folly.

Almost all the moral Good which is left among us, is the apparent effect of physical Evil.

Goodness is divided by Divines into Soberness, Righteousness, and Godliness. Let it be examined how each of these Duties would be practised if there were no physical Evil to enforce it.

Sobriety, or Temperance, is nothing but the forbearance of Pleasure, and if Pleasure was not followed by Pain, who would forebear it ? We see every hour those in whom the desire of present indulgence overpowers all sense of past, and all foresight of future misery. In a remission of the Gout the Drunkard returns to his Wine, and the Glutton to his Feast ; and if neither Disease nor Poverty were felt or dreaded, every one would sink down in idle sensuality, without any care of others, or of himself. To eat and drink, and lie down to sleep, would be the whole business of mankind.

Righteousness, or the system of social Duty, may be subdivided into Justice and Charity. Of Justice one of the heathen Sages has shewn, with great acuteness, that it was impressed upon mankind only by the inconveniences

niences which Injustice had produced. "In the first ages," says he, "men acted without any rule but the impulse of Desire, they practised Injustice upon others, and suffered it from others in their turn; but in time it was discovered, that the pain of suffering wrong was greater than the pleasure of doing it; and mankind, by a general compact, submitted to the restraint of laws, and resigned the pleasure to escape the pain."

Of Charity, it is superfluous to observe, that it could have no place if there were no want; for of a virtue which could not be practised, the omission could not be culpable. Evil is not only the occasional, but the efficient cause of charity; we are incited to the relief of misery by the consciousness that we have the same nature with the sufferer, that we are in danger of the same distresses, and may some time implore the same assistance.

Godliness, or Piety, is elevation of the mind towards the Supreme Being, and extension of the thoughts of another life. The other life is future, and the Supreme Being is invisible. None would have recourse to an invisible power, but that all other subjects had eluded their hopes. None would fix their attention upon the future, but that they are discontented with the present. If the senses were feasted with perpetual Pleasure, they would always keep the mind in subjection. Reason has no authority over us, but by its power to warn us against Evil.

In Childhood, while our minds are yet unoccupied, Religion is impressed upon them, and the first years of almost all who have been well educated are passed in a regular discharge of the duties of piety. But as we advance forward into the crowds of life, innumerable delights solicit our inclinations, and innumerable cares distract our attention; the time of youth is passed in noisy frolics; Manhood is led on from hope to hope, and from project to project; the dissoluteness of pleasure, the inebriation of success, the ardour of expectation, and the vehemence of competition, chain down the mind alike to

the present scene, nor is it remembered how soon this mist of trifles must be scattered, and the bubbles that float upon the rivulet of life be lost for ever in the gulph of eternity. To this consideration scarce any man is awakened but by some pressing and resistless evil. The death of those from whom he derived his pleasures, or to whom he destined his possessions, some disease which shews him the vanity of all external acquisitions, or the gloom of age, which intercepts his prospects of long enjoyment, forces him to fix his hopes upon another state, and when he has contended with the tempest of life till his strength fails him, he flies at last to the shelter of religion.

That misery does not make all virtuous, experience too certainly informs us; but it is no less certain that of what Virtue there is, Misery produces far the greater part. Physical Evil may be therefore endured with patience, since it is the cause of moral Good; and Patience itself is one Virtue by which we are prepared for that state in which Evil shall be no more.

HORROUR OF THE LAST.

NUMB. 103. SATURDAY, April 5, 1760.

Respicere ad longæ jussit spatia ultima vitæ

JUV.

MUCH of the Pain and Pleasure of mankind arises from the conjectures which every one makes of the thoughts of others; we all enjoy praise which we do not hear, and resent contempt which we do not see. The Idler may, therefore, be forgiven, if he suffers his Imagination to represent to him what his readers will say or think when they are informed that they have now his last paper in their hands.

Value is more frequently raised by scarcity than by use. That which lay neglected when it was common, rises

rises in estimation as its quantity becomes less. We seldom learn the true want of what we have, till it is discovered that we can have no more.

This essay will, perhaps, be read with care, even by those who have not yet attended to any other; and he that finds this late attention recompensed, will not forbear to wish that he had bestowed it sooner.

Though the Idler and his readers have contracted no close friendship, they are perhaps both unwilling to part. There are few things not purely evil, of which we can say, without some emotion of uneasiness, this is the last. Those who never could agree together, shed tears when mutual discontent has determined them to final separation; of a place which has frequently been visited, though without pleasure, the last look is taken with heaviness of heart; and the Idler, with all his chilness of tranquillity, is not wholly unaffected by the thought that his last essay is now before him.

This secret horror of the last is inseparable from a thinking being; whose life is limited, and to whom death is dreadful. We always make a secret comparison between a part and the whole; the termination of any period of life reminds us, that life itself has likewise its termination; when we have done any thing for the last time, we involuntarily reflect that a part of the days allotted us is past, and that as more is past there is less remaining.

It is very happily and kindly provided, that in every life there are certain pauses and interruptions, which force consideration upon the careless, and seriousness upon the light; points of time where one course of action ends and another begins: and by vicissitude of fortune, or alteration of employment, by change of place, or loss of friendship, we are forced to say of something, *this is the last*.

An even and unvaried tenour of life always hides from our apprehension the approach of its end. Succession is not perceived but by variation; he that lives to-day as he lived yesterday, and expects that as the present day is, such will be the morrow, easily conceives time as running in a circle,

a circle, and returning to itself. The uncertainty of our duration is impressed commonly by dissimilitude of condition; it is only by finding life changeable that we are reminded of its shortness.

This conviction, however forcible at every new impression, is every moment fading from the mind; and partly by the inevitable incursion of new images, and partly by voluntary exclusion of unwelcome thoughts, we are again exposed to the universal fallacy; and we must do another thing for the last time, before we consider that the time is nigh when we do no more.

As the last Idler is published in that solemn week which the Christian world has always set apart for the examination of the conscience, the review of life, the extinction of earthly desires, and the renovation of holy purposes, I hope that my readers are already disposed to view every incident with seriousness, and improve it by meditation; and that when they see this series of trifles brought to a conclusion, they will consider that, by outliving the Idler, they have passed weeks, months, and years, which are now no longer in their power; that an end must in time be put to every thing great as to every thing little; that to life must come its last hour, and to this system of being its last day, the hour at which probation ceases; and repentance will be vain; the day in which every work of the hand, and imagination of the heart, shall be brought to judgment, and an everlasting futurity shall be determined by the past.

THE END.



